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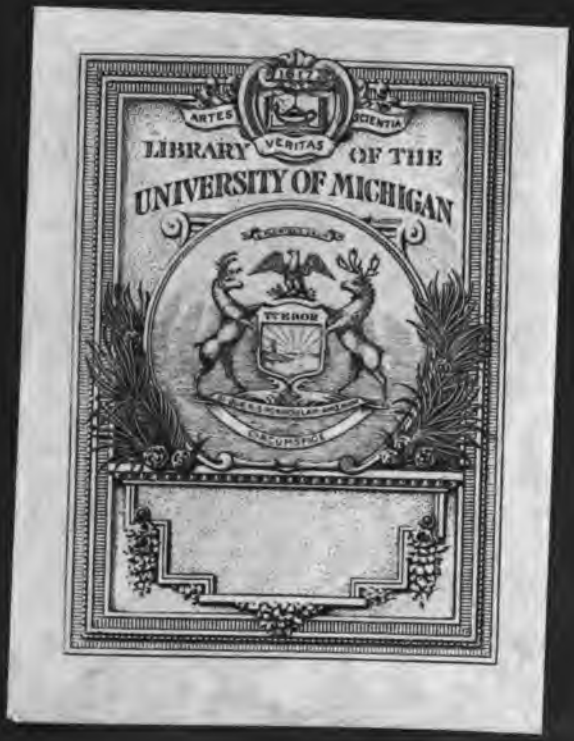
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LAPP WOMAN IN TRAVELLING DRESS

UNDER THE RAYS

OF

THE AURORA BOREALIS:

IN THE LAND OF THE LAPPS AND KVÆNS.

BY

SOPHUS TROMHOLT.

ORIGINAL EDITION,

WITH A MAP, AND 150 ILLUSTRATIONS, PORTRAITS, DIAGRAMS, &c.,
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

EDITED BY

CARL SIEWERS.

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UNDER THE RAYS

OF THE

AURORA BOREALIS.

CHAPTER I.

WINTER EXCURSIONS IN PULK.

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DARK was the picture I drew of Koutokæino in the depths of the Polar night. The gloom of darkness

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brooded on the mind, the depression of monotony sketched the contours. But the truth was I had no livelier colours on my pallet; there was no sunshine to draw by, no budding forms to depict, if the picture was to be true to reality. And now, when the sun has at last returned, the scene is changed as if by magic: the powerful voice of the all-inspiring god has called forth the bright colours and the bubbling spring of life. Should I now paint the landscape with faithful colours my brush must be dyed with the glow of the lovely sun, in order to depict the wonderful brilliancy of colour which is reflected from sky and earth. The snow-white shroud of winter still envelops the earth, but the slopes glow in the purple tint of the rising sun, while the hoary crystals of the rime glitter with the lustre of diamonds, sapphires, and rubies from the virgin snow and every tiny shrub.

Probably you will smile incredulously at my assertion, that Nature can change her garb so quickly in the sad deserts of Lapland; but if you journeyed hither you would be compelled to admit that the touch of my brush is not too bold, the colours of my pallet not too bright, in truth, that the reality far exceeds my feeble sketch.

Hitherto Nature has slumbered in her plain robe of night; by dawn of day she has arisen, and donned her loveliest garb!

As the reader, however, has no opportunity of comparing original and copy, I must beg him once for all to trust to my descriptions, as I endeavour faithfully to depict with photographic accuracy, and that I only, where circumstances absolutely demand it, use a slight *retouche:* the picture remains true to life, only accidental blots

and irregularities are removed with a careful hand, in order not to damage the harmony of the whole.

And now, gentle reader, I ask you to accompany me on some excursions in Pulk from Koutokæino, which brought a pleasant change into the monotonous winter-life. When one has been confined so long in the solitary prison of darkness, the prospect of a journey cheers the captive, as the promise of a coming holiday a schoolboy.

Our first journey goes to Autzie; but you need not take the trouble to look for the name on any map besides my own, as you will not find it. Autzie is, nevertheless, a little settlement—it cannot be called a village—about ten miles east of Koutokæino, comprising in all five log-cabins, housing about the same number of River Lapp families.

Perhaps you may say that this seems hardly worth the journey, and that the sight of five huts and a dozen dirty Lapps would not tempt you far? You malcontent! If you only knew how contented he becomes who has for five long dark months been chained to a single lonely spot in the snowy deserts of Lapland, you would embrace the offer of a trip to Autzie to behold five wretched huts and their inhabitants as gladly as a flight from fog-enveloped London to the sunny shores of the Riviera.

To the prisoner in the lonely cell a fly or a spider is a whole world of entertainment and pleasure.

But we are off to Autzie.

Dawn is just breaking in the south-east, as "Little" Jossa, my constant companion on such excursions, ties two reindeer to the fence by the merchant's dwelling, where they

enjoy the consumption of a couple of large trusses of moss. However, I am now ready to start, and the reindeer, not at all pleased at their meal being interrupted, rear, and kick with their fore-legs at Jossa, as he approaches with the harness. He is, however, accustomed to this, and having administered a few well-directed whacks to the rebellious animals, he soon succeeds in his object. "Rolf" was to be permitted to accompany me on this occasion—but who is Rolf?

To answer this question I must be allowed a slight digression, which I believe the nature of the subject will justify.

Rolf was my faithful follower from civilised Europe into the recesses of Ultima Thule; Rolf has shared all my troubles and my solitude; Rolf is, to cut the matter short, a splendid specimen of the magnificent St. Bernard canine race. He may be seen in some of my views from Koutokæino.

Much pleasure Rolf has afforded me, both during my journey to and stay in Lapland, but much trouble he caused me, too, to get him there. He was presented to me the year before at Odense, in Denmark, and I must admit I was at that time pleased with the prospect of having such a sturdy companion in my journey to the Far North. But everything depended on getting him imported into Norway! This was, as I will presently explain, no easy matter.

About ten years ago *rabies canina* raged fearfully in Denmark, and accordingly the Norwegian authorities passed an Act prohibiting under terrible penalties and instant death species of the canine race bred in a foreign

land to enter Norway. The disease has years ago passed away, and I suppose the worthy Norwegian legislators have forgotten all about the Dog Act.

However that may be, I inquired of the police authorities in the little village in Jutland, where I then was, whether the regulation issued by the Norwegian authorities was still in force, and if so, whether circumstances would permit the writer, as a poor student of the sky, to take his sole friend and companion with him on his journey into the innermost holes of the kingdom.

The guardians of the peace did not seem to be aware of any such law, and after a great deal of curious inspection of my canine friend, as if he were the last-discovered missing link, and the turning over of some musty ledgers, the worthy functionaries resumed their stools and tried to look busy—with tearing up bits of paper. In this pleasant occupation I left them.

I then telegraphed to the Commissioner of Police in Christiansand, in South Norway, explaining the circumstances, and begging him to grant a dispensation in my favour, on account of the special case; in fact I tried to soften his hardened heart as far as telegraphic language would permit. His reply was as brief as mine was long—No!

In despair I telegraphed to the Mayor of Gothenburg, inquiring whether dogs might be imported into Norway viâ Sweden. The answer was satisfactory, as far as it went—there was nothing to prevent it. Delighted I and Rolf travelled to Fredrikshavn, on the Sound, had both a good dinner at the hotel, and as the second bell sounded walked quietly down to the steamer.

"The dog cannot come on board!" roared the captain from the bridge. "What?" "It is prohibited to import dogs into Sweden from anywhere, unless accompanied by a veterinary certificate attested by a Swedish consul." I showed him the telegram from the Mayor of Gothenburg—in vain. I pleaded that I had to be in Bergen at a certain date to catch the steamer to the North—all in vain. If I could not get the necessary certificates the dog could not go, the inexorable captain declared. The port was at one end of the mile-long street, the consul and the vet. lived at the other. A quick decision was imperative, the third bell sounded. I decided to travel on to Gothenburg alone, leaving Rolf behind, and wait there a day, until the certificates were obtained, showing that he was harmless to either dog or man in the kingdom of Sweden, when he could follow by the next steamer, although my time was very precious. Rolf was consigned to the care of a native gentleman in blouse and clogs, who promised for a certain sum of King Christian's coin to see everything arranged.

I arrived safely in Gothenburg, and the next night Rolf followed duly attested, a matter which cost a good deal of money; but vets. and consuls must live too, of course.

The same night there was a steamer for Christiania. I sent my luggage down, following with the dog. But my precautions were thrown away. The captain refused to let the dog get into Norway; he had "heard about him," he said. It was no use expostulating, so back I went to the hotel with my dog, resolved to try my luck with the railway.

Next morning I took a seat in the train for Christiania,

keeping Rolf in the carriage. No questions were asked, and we passed the frontier in safety, arriving in Christiania in the evening. I had succeeded at last, after much trouble and expense.

The same night I was obliged to go on board the steamer for Christiansand, which I did in constant dread of Rolf's nationality being discovered, as he would undoubtedly have been mercilessly shot on the spot if it had. At last I had succeeded in getting the dog as far as Christiansand, to the very place whence I had received such a discourteous refusal of his admission, but the detour I had had to make was long and costly. In Christiansand I hardly dared to show myself in public with the dog in daylight, and I confess that it was not until on board another steamer bound for Bergen that I breathed more freely.

And from Bergen Rolf followed me in the steamer along the long, rugged coast of Norway, the friend and object of admiration of everybody, being caressed by ladies and fed by children. He walked with me over Beskades, and sat at my feet in the river canoe as we ran up to Koutokæino.

Although my appearance among the Lapps was undoubtedly a sensational event throughout the land, it was, I believe, fully eclipsed by that of Rolf. The tiny Lapp dogs were at first particularly indignant at the intrusion of this big newcomer, but having learnt that Rolf could be as good and playful a friend as terrible an enemy, they decided to submit to the inevitable, and in future permitted him to exercise the most despotic sway in their territories.

Such a reciprocal state of toleration could not, I regret to say, be established between Rolf and the reindeer. The latter, whose knowledge of a dog was confined to the wretched variety of *canis familiaris* possessed by the Lapps, looked upon Rolf as a new species of wolf, while Rolf on his side, as soon as his first surprise on beholding the horned creatures had subsided, took into his head that they were bent upon carrying me away from him, a plan which he was determined to frustrate. This mutual misunderstanding of the situation led often to the most lamentable collisions between the two parties.

The Lapps, too, looked upon Rolf with suspicion, and indeed, with some justification. It was not only that his footprints in the snow often were taken for those of a wolf, but whenever Rolf came within sight of a herd of reindeer the effect was similar to that of a bomb falling in a crowd. It has happened more than once that a knife has been cast at Rolf when he has—I must say, in his defence, unintentionally—brought confusion into a Raide.

But to return. As I began, Rolf was to be allowed to follow me to Autzie. I believed that by this time he would be sufficiently familiar with the sight of reindeer not to cause any great trouble. Little Jossa certainly shook his head in doubt, saying: "Voj, voj stuora bæna, stuora bæna"—i.e., Oh, oh, big dog, big dog—but I heeded not the warning.

As a cannon-ball leaves the muzzle of a gun we sped up-hill by the church. Rolf was hardly able to keep pace with the terrified animals. Rolf believes that the reindeer are bent upon a forcible abduction, a thing

which he intends to prevent at any cost; while the reindeer, on their side, fancy that a big wolf is pursuing them. No wonder, therefore, that our progress was rapid.

Jossa smacks his reindeer angrily with the rein, in order to moderate its wild, licentious scamper, while I get nearly hoarse with shouting to Rolf to be quiet; but he only barks with all his might and main in response, and endeavours to keep up with the two Pulks, which shoot over the smooth snow-covered fields with the speed of an ordinary train.

When the reindeer is frightened it runs in a very peculiar manner. Raising its ears and the little stumpy tail, it lifts the fore-legs very high and steps out like a well-bred carriage-horse, which produces a half-skimming, half-galloping action which looks very charming, being quite different to the ordinary gallop.

Both reindeer and dog were at last tired after their wild race. We rested awhile, when truce was proclaimed between the two parties, but they did certainly not look at each other with friendly eyes.

We were again off; Rolf wheeling round and round my reindeer, barking furiously, whilst the animal in one moment shies timidly, and in the next boldly kicks the dog with his fore-legs. After each such attack, Rolf makes for Jossa's reindeer in front, which was even more timid than mine, and having caused the utmost confusion in that quarter, returns to renew his attentions to mine.

What a grand race! It took us, thanks to Rolf, only about twenty minutes to cover the nine to ten miles to Autzie.

Close to Autzie there was a long, steepish hill, where it was hardly possible to avoid a collision with the Pulk and the Vappus in front, as my own seemed bent upon getting to the bottom first. The only thing one can do under such circumstances is to put one's legs outside the Pulk, and let them act as a drag, but if one has to look after a dog as well as a reindeer and Pulk in such a

VIEW OF AUTZIE.

difficulty, the chances are that the driver may reach the bottom with a broken rib or two. We succeeded, however, in getting down without any serious accidents, but my body bore witness to the journey for some time afterwards. How many times we were thrown out into the snow I ceased counting, but this is thought nothing of on such a journey. I fancy, however, I should have had a bad time of it, and worse consequences, if I had

been dressed in the accepted European garb of the nineteenth century. The Lapp fur-coat offers remarkable protection.

We are now in Autzie. What the place is like the reader may get some idea of from my illustration, the only one in existence, I feel confident. The little wooden huts, the long-legged hayricks, and the surrounding undulating hills, where the straggling birch-tree underwood peeps out of the snow, form a strange but sad picture.

I visited, of course, every family in their wretched, narrow habitations. In the farmhouse in front on the illustration lives the oldest man in the Koutokæino district, and one of its few historical celebrities. The name of this worthy is Clement Gundersen. He was in his younger days verger at Koutokæino church, and his son has succeeded to the office. Clement himself declares that he is a hundred years old, but I should say he is about ninety. I shall, however, speak further of this veteran in the next chapter, in the events of which he played an important part.

I had been told that on a mountain, Belljaschvarre, near Autzie, there was still to be found a "Sieite," viz., large cairns or stone blocks placed in high, isolated places, which the heathen Lapps raised as altars for offering reindeer to their fell gods. There are still a few to be found in this part of Finmarken, or Norwegian Lapland.

I was rather anxious to see this altar at Belljaschvarre, and requested Jossa, therefore, to harness my reindeer, himself following on foot as guide.

The drive up the mountain was very slow, but the sun rising at that moment cast such an enchanting glow over the weird landscape, that one might fancy oneself in the realms of the Ice King of the fairy tale, and I noticed not our progress. Like a carpet woven of purple velvet, the snow spread before me in the glow of the rising sun, enveloping the mountains far away in a lovely violet haze, while every shrub and object around sparkled with crystals of every hue and colour, as in the enchanted garden of Aladdin.

The "Sieite" itself offered, as most altars of this kind, little of interest. It was, I believe, an enormous block of rock, which time and weather had split into fragments and fissures. Formerly there had been a little stone, white as marble, on the top of it, which was, no doubt, the sacrificial stone of worship, but in spite of all my inquiries I could not trace it; nobody knew what had become of it. By digging in the snow around the altar I found remains of decayed reindeer horns and bones, remnants of fetich saturnalias.

If the drive up the mountain was slow the one down was doubly quick, although I had Little Jossa before me in the Pulk. Rolf was carefully confined at Autzie, to avoid his causing any further damage. When we got down to the foot of the mountain the sun had already sunk behind the horizon.

I consumed my frugal meal which I had brought with me in one of the dark little rooms, where the women were engaged in weaving laces for the Komager, or making thread from reindeer sinews by drawing them across their teeth, whilst the men were busy cutting out

some tools with large clasp-knives. When I looked at the glittering blades and the dusky faces, and remembered that I was alone among this horde of semi-savages, I could not repress a sigh of anxiety. But I confess candidly there was no cause for it. The Lapp is so good-natured that none visiting his domains need fear either violence or murder, even if the wanderer be a solitary one, and gain might apparently result therefrom.

When we were about to start for home Jossa insisted that Rolf should be tied to my Pulk, so that he should not make the reindeer restless. We tried this arrangement as we were ready to journey up the hill previously referred to. The incline is, however, so great that one ought to walk up by the side of the Pulk. Well, I did not get a chance of even attempting it, as at the very outset my reindeer bolted madly up the hill, in consequence of the dog behind him, and, being at once shot out of the Pulk, I had to follow in a rather undignified manner—flat on my stomach—in order not to let go the rein. When I at last succeeded in regaining my seat I fancied there was something wrong with my eye, which caused me some apprehension, as I believed it was injured. I rubbed and rubbed until I quite accidentally discovered that one of the glasses of my snow-spectacles had taken leave of its setting during the abrupt capering up the hill.

To drive with Rolf in this manner was, I found, impossible, if I did not want to strangle him. I therefore fastened my reindeer to Jossa's Pulk instead, and held the leash of the dog in my hand. This method was, however, not without drawbacks, as Rolf was now on one, then on the other side, while the reindeer ran fast and

slow by turns, and I had to give my whole attention to the dog to keep it clear of the leash and not choke him. Anyone with so much on his mind might well be excused from not always keeping the Pulk straight; when I therefore say that I was thrown out at least a dozen times during the journey home, I am afraid my statement might be impeached with some amount of justice.

When I invited the reader to accompany me on the journey to Autzie I warned him not to expect too much in the way of stirring events. Perhaps my story is rather of a dog than a journey. That may be; but in justification I must plead that Rolf, too, filled a *rôle*, although a modest one, during my sojourn in Lapland, and that I, therefore, as a faithful reporter, am bound to allot him a chapter of my work.

If not tired of my trip, follow me next on a journey to the top of the lofty Gargovarre mountain, where we will visit another "Sieite," which, according to the Lapps, was an idol carved like a human head, with eyes, nose and mouth.

The morning is as bright as the former ones we have had for several weeks. The sun is just peeping over the hills in the south-east, colouring the upper parts of the ridges with a glorious golden tint, while the lower ones are still hidden in the violet veil of shadow. Above towers the lofty cupola of heaven, dyed in the purest azure blue, which colour contrasts charmingly with the snow-white earth. From every chimney—below which the Lapps are now engaged in preparing coffee—the smoke rises perpendicularly high into the frosty air, undisturbed by the faintest breath of wind, looking like

steam in the tender rays of the sun. In short, heaven and earth, every line in the landscape, and the tiniest crystal needles glittering in the virgin snow and the hoar-frost, lend all their charms to produce every beauty of a perfect winter's day, when the glass is some forty degrees below freezing point, such as only the Arctic regions can boast of.

The reindeer, ornamented with tasteful red and yellow ribbons, tassels, and bows, have been ready since the previous night, and Little Jossa is now giving them the finishing touches.

I am myself as anxious as the reindeer to start, as the distance to Gargovarre is very nearly fifty miles, and I have to be back before night.

Rolf has been carefully confined in the vicarage, as his behaviour during the trip to Autzie is still so fresh in the mind of Jossa and myself that neither of us are anxious to have his company.

Little Jossa is holding the Pulks in readiness, I have the rein twisted around my wrist, he throws himself into the Pulk, and is off like a flash of lightning. I at once follow his example, but my reindeer, making a terrible bound sideways, from some cause or another, flings me violently by the side of the Pulk, unable to prevent myself being dragged in the opposite direction of that in which I want to go. In a second I discover the cause of this sudden metamorphosis; it is Rolf again. He has "smelt a rat," and has broken out of the vicarage. Seeing me thrown out of the Pulk, he makes after the unsuspecting Jossa, who is a good quarter of a mile off.

He is soon caught up by Rolf, who, with his angry

barking and tremendous springs, makes Jossa's reindeer so rebellious that he, too, has, against his inclination, to exchange the Pulk for the snow. Rolf, satisfied that he has thus had his revenge for the trick practised on him, then comes delighted and proud towards me, who still stands on the same spot, rein in hand. A small boy comes by bound for school, and foolishly I ask him to hold the dog, which is almost twice as big as himself. He grasps Rolf innocently by the collar, while I again jump into the Pulk. The consequences were calamitous. In the same moment the little boy lies sprawling on the snow. Rolf is again broken loose, and, determined to frustrate this second plan of deception, attacks my reindeer furiously.

Now a *pas de quatre* began between the reindeer, Rolf, the Pulk, and myself. The reindeer at one moment leaps timidly sideways, and in the next bounds boldly forward with the horns near the ground, or kicks with its forelegs—Rolf wheeling madly around it, now retreating in fear, then attacking with double energy—the Pulk executing all sorts of unexpected and capricious bounds and oscillations—and, finally, the writer, endeavouring to avoid and keep both together, at the same time doing his utmost to avoid a collision with the horns or legs of the reindeer, dodging the erratic leaps of the Pulk, calling to the dog, coaxing, commanding him, and tugging at the rein right and left.

Suddenly Vuotta-raipe, the single running string holding the reindeer and the Pulk together, broke. The animal, feeling more free in its movements, made a sudden leap, which caused the rein to cut through my

fur gloves right to the bone of my thumb, and before I had realised the consequences, I had committed the greatest blunder a reindeer driver is capable of, viz., to let go the rein. We were now one less.

The animal, free from every restraint, shot off with the speed of a frightened hare, and to crown it all, Rolf starts in pursuit. In less time than it takes to relate they were both lost to view, and I was alone.

The whole was the work of a moment. Jossa, who at once came back to assist me, threw himself without a moment's hesitation in the Pulk, following the track of the flying reindeer and the pursuing dog. The Pulk and myself were the sole occupants of the field.

Eventually Rolf returned, and received his deserved reward. We were again two, but where was the third?

I waited until noon—no Jossa. Then I took my travelling furs off. I waited till dark—no, no Jossa. Morning broke, noon passed by, and sun set on the second day, but still no Jossa came. It was almost morning of the third day when his exhausted reindeer stood panting at my door! He brought the fugitive with him. It was one of those outbreaks of the mixture of wildness and tameness of which the nature of the reindeer is made up. It felt the connecting link, the rein or the lasso, between its wild nature and the hand of man, rent asunder—and it was once more the free, roaming stag of snowy Lapland.

Jossa related that, shortly after the start, he had been so unlucky as to lose the track of the reindeer; he searched everywhere; he travelled east, he travelled west; he asked in the camp to which the animal belonged for

news—in vain; it was not till the afternoon of the second day that he found it. The rein had caught in a shrub and held it prisoner.

Once more, then, patient reader, we are ready to start for Gargovarre! The reindeer are ornamented as before, they have been in readiness since the previous night, and Little Jossa is, etc., etc., in fact, the situation is exactly as the previous one, only four days later. This time Rolf was, however, unable to get out, so that we started with no other mishaps than those which always attend a drive with reindeer.

On the first bit of the journey the reindeer seems to have lost every vestige of sense and instinct, and in opposition to its wild galloping and capricious bounds right and left the driver is helpless. He must entrust his body and fate to the animal, and can only hope that there is no stone or tree within miles. When, however, the first excitement is over, it goes more steady, though the race is always wild and irregular, somewhat akin to what a drive in a boat harnessed to a porpoise might be.

But what a delightful sensation, when one is once accustomed to it, to skim thus for miles across wide tracts of land. It is the finest mode of locomotion I know of. Let others have the narrow railway carriage or the confined saloon of a steamer, but give me this invigorating, daring run over a snow-covered desert without roads or hindrances. Nothing is in the way; but forward! over plain, hill and dale! the more reckless the better! What harm is done if one is thrown out of the Pulk and carried a few yards along on the back or otherwise? it is but a pleasant change, and one is soon again in the

seat. And down the sloping hill! Ah! how we drive! The fastest train would be left behind here! The reindeer and the Pulk run a race to get down first, sometimes the back of the Pulk is in front, sometimes the forelegs of the reindeer, and should even Pulk, man, reindeer, and Vuotta-raipe all roll down together in a single heap, it is but fun. Only forward!

It is quite surprising that this little animal can manage to draw such a heavy load for any length of time, and resist the severe blows of the pointed Pulk on its legs and body without succumbing. Gentle to the reindeer the Lapp is not; he has not a spark of that affection for his beast of burden which the Arab has for his horse, and still the reindeer is far more to the nomad of the Arctic regions than the thorough-bred steed to the son of Sahara.

With only a few halts we covered in less than two hours the distance to Galanito, viz., thirty miles. It should not be forgotten, however, that the detours of the reindeer make journeys in Lapland considerably longer. At Galanito there are a few scattered huts occupied by Settled Lapps. The reindeer were unharnessed at one of them, and received their well-earned fodder of moss, whilst Jossa went in search of a man to guide me to the Sieite on Gargovarre, he himself being ignorant of the route.

Jossa ran from house to house as gaily as if he had had a week's rest, instead of a drive of nearly two hundred miles in four days, but returns in a few minutes with the disappointing message that not a single man is at home. What's to be done, I ask? Jossa seemed

not a bit put out; he disappears, and in a few moments returns with—I was on the point of saying a *petticoated* person, but remembering that these appendages are dispensed with in these parts of the globe, I will say, female guide. I recognised her at once. It was Thuri Marit, a young Lapp lady, my friend and companion on my boat journey up to Koutokæino the previous autumn. She had on that occasion with her a squalling babe, which caused us much amusement—truth compels me to say a not at all uncommon encumbrance of young Lapp maidens.

Thuri Marit is a Lapp beauty of some twenty-five summers. The florid colour of her cheek eclipses that of the rose and rivals that of red-ink; her black uncombed hair grows as profusely as a primeval forest, which the imagination may populate with every monster; her hands are black—there, you have her portrait. Briefly, she looked as if she had never undonned her furry garb since I saw her last, and had lived in a kennel ever since.

Thuri Marit says she knows where the Sieite stands, she has seen it often, and will take me safely to it. She did not understand a single word of Swedish or Norwegian, and I, on my side, not an excessive amount of Lappish. However, Jossa having emphatically reminded me that "hold the reindeer" is called "doalla hærge," and "where is the road?" "goost la gaidno?" I consigned myself to the care of the Lapp Amazon with the conviction that there was little about me to attract her, and perhaps carry me off, as was once the misfortune of a Norwegian lady who had kindled the flame of love in the breast of her Lapp driver. As regards strength, I am sure Thuri

Marit might have knocked an ox down with the greatest ease. My fair guide was then given Jossa's reindeer and Pulk, to which she tied her Ski, and as soon as I had got into mine we started at a rapid pace up-hill.

After half an hour's drive over hill and dale we reached a great ice-covered lake, behind which we saw Gargovarre raise her giant form to the sky. I estimated that the height of the mountain was about a thousand feet above the surrounding country, but as this is rather low and flat it looks at least two thousand feet high. It rises abruptly on all sides, but on the northern side the incline is smallest. By this road we therefore began the ascent.

Thuri Marit tied on her Ski, and I my reindeer to the back of her Pulk. She then went on in front leading the first reindeer, whilst I, having no Ski, had to sit in the second Pulk.

The march was most fatiguing both for the woman and the animals, the snow being so loose that the reindeer every moment sunk into it to the belly, while the Pulk left a furrow behind some two feet in depth. Moreover, we constantly ascended, and the slopes were closely covered with underwood and shrubs. I had a presentiment of what the journey down would be like.

But to Thuri Marit the work seemed mere play, and she trudged indefatigably on, only stopping now and then for a moment when the animals sunk too deep, or got into collision with some shrub hidden in the snow. I could, lying comfortably in the Pulk, not help pitying these two and four-legged creatures, who struggled so hard for my sake without I being able to lend either hand or foot. Well then, after a great deal of toiling, we

at last reached the plateau of the mountain, where the ground was easier, only a big boulder being now and then encountered. But we had as yet not reached the summit. In another half hour Thuri Marit indicated, with a gesture of the hand, that we were on the top of Gargovarre.

What a grand, fantastic panorama Nature unrolled before me! I have stood on the Monument of London, on the Triumphal Arch in Paris; I have beheld the desert from the Pyramid of Cheops; I have gazed on waterfalls, glaciers, forests, volcanoes, geysers, and oceans from the lofty cones of Saxony, Switzerland, Scotland, the Faroe Islands, Scandinavia, and Iceland, but neither the living, animated picture spread before my eyes in the two great hives of civilisation, nor the wonderful, picturesque phenomena of Nature I beheld in yonder lands, impressed me as much as the view from the barren top of Gargovarre, looking at all silent Lapland.

Here is no toiling, bustling throng, no silvery river flowing through smiling cities or between verdant banks—the great heaving ocean is absent—but before you lies the great, solitary proof of Nature's immensity, the silent demonstration of her greatness.

White and black; those are the only two colours Nature employs here, and perhaps for that very reason the picture impresses the mind the more.

Behold those tiny lakes between the hills, covered with an armour of silvery ice, glistening in the sun's rays, where nude, black shrubs look woefully forth from the virgin snow. Ice, hill, and shrub are the sole patterns in the white carpet—they are the only constituents of the

great work of Nature; but what a master-hand has been at work here, to blend the poorest detail into an awe-inspiring whole!

In every direction your eye sweeps the immense plateau at your feet; from the central cone on which you stand to where heaven and earth meet there is but a repetition of forms, and as the eye travels, each grows smaller and smaller, the contours less distinct; but still every one is perfectly symmetrical, cast as it were in the same mould, but with ever-varying proportion. The same form, the same impressive monotony, stamps the whole as the true work of Creation.

A breathless silence reigns, not a sound falls on the ear, no cloud is visible on the blue vault of heaven, whence the sun casts a dazzling splendour over the immense grave of Nature. In the centre stand the only representatives of life: Thuri Marit, myself, and the reindeer.

"Mutto gost læ Sieite, Thuri Marit?" (but where is the Sieite, Thuri Marit) I exclaimed at last. "Ja, gost la Sieite," that was the question. It seemed that anybody else would know that better than Thuri Marit.

"Im mon diede" (I don't know) was all the information I could obtain in reply to my query.

Thuri Marit examined some of the thousand blocks scattered around us, went right and left in search of the right one, but without result.

Having on several occasions had an opportunity of seeing what a wonderful animating effect a drop of brandy, a "Dram," has on the Lapp mind, it occurred to me that perhaps it might also contribute to quicken the

eye and memory of Thuri Marit. I had only some rum with me, and I hesitated a little at the idea of offering it to a woman *sans façon.* However, I ventured on the offer.

"Sidakgo jugastaga, Thuri Marit?" I asked timidly.

Oh, yes, certainly! there was nothing in the way.

"Dat læ sagga buorre" (it's very nice), said Thuri Marit.

And so she began again to look, while I also took a walk round to see if I could find the old stone monster. But no, every search was in vain, we found nothing but ordinary blocks.

"Sidakgo jugastaga vela, Thuri Marit?" I asked again. The second glass did, however, have no more effect than the first. The Sieite was, and remained hidden. There's luck in odd numbers, I thought. "Sidakgo ain jugastaga vela?" I said again.

Thuri Marit said that she was getting "garrim." As I expressed my inability to understand what she meant, she threw herself flop on her back with the most remarkable gestures. This I failed less to understand, and no doubt gave a facial expression to my bewilderment. Again she went down, going through the same evolutions, and, probably, this time with more expressiveness, as it suddenly dawned on me that she desired to convey to my mind the condition in which no lady of propriety is usually seen. Her fears on this point seemed, however, very limited in proportion to the desire for more. Number three was, she averred, better than the two others.

Again we searched. Thuri Marit had now become quite

jolly, and began to "juöike" in the gayest manner. "Lo—o, li—a, lo, lo, lo—o, li—a, lo—o, lo—i—lo,"—it sounded over the land from the top of Gargovarre in the crisp pure air.

Suddenly a Ski runner makes his appearance among us. It was Morten Tornensis, a young Lapp from Galanito, who, having returned home and heard of our exploit, had set off in quest of us. He, too, knew where the Sieite had been, but where was it now? Neither in his case could drink produce any response.

It was no use staying any longer, and I therefore ordered the return.

Good-bye, weird panorama! Shall I ever see you again?

We began the descent thus. I in the first Pulk, Thuri Marit in the second, and to this Morten fastened a rope, the end of which he holds, and in this manner slides down on his Ski.

Of course a stone soon comes in my way, and there I lay, being dragged some twenty yards over the snow; but I was soon again in my seat.

Thuri Marit "juöiks" to her heart's content. A nightingale might have envied her voice. Lo, lo, li—a, lu—a, lo, lo, comes from behind me.

The run becomes more and more reckless, my reindeer seems to be beyond control, although *he*, honest fellow, had certainly had no "Dram."

We had now reached the forest regions, the Pulk shoots forward, and the reindeer springs quicker, in order to escape it. If I pass scot free through this I shall be much surprised, I thought—Thuri Marit juöiks still—in

the same instant I run my head against a branch of a tree. I do not heed it; onward we travel at the same reckless rate. Thuri Marit juöiks still, the speed becomes more and more rapid, the Pulk cracks in every joint as it jolts against the trees on both sides, a loud crash follows—and a dead stop. The point of the Pulk had run into the fissure of a double-stemmed tree, Vuotta-raipe breaks, and I, making a summersault in the air, let go the rein, of which the animal immediately takes advantage. When sufficiently recovered I utter a fearful yell, in order to call my companions' attention to my plight, and soon both are by my side, calling my attention to my eye, from which the blood trickles down, whilst I call to them to stop the reindeer, which has by then luckily got the rein twisted around a shrub.

I preferred to walk the remaining distance down the hill, however difficult it was to wade through the deep snow.

It was, by-the-bye, a dangerous journey I had ventured on; in fact, neck or nothing, as one reindeer ought to have been tied at the back of the last Pulk to act as a drag, when the incline was so great and there were trees all round; but Thuri Marit forgot all precautions in her hilarity.

I am glad to say I got off after all with a bandaged eye; but he who becomes accustomed to drive with reindeer gets reckless.

The rest of the road we covered without difficulties. Thuri Marit kept on juöiking till we got to Galanito; and from Galanito to Koutokæino we drove all the while on the frozen river, whose high banks had a damping influence on the imagination.

Picture to yourself such a drive over mile-wide, snow-covered wastes, whilst the crescent moon casts her subtle, mystic glimmer over the landscape, and the aurora shoots her flaming colonnades into the star-studded sky, and you will admit that the barren North possesses beauties which the South fails to rival, and which, once beheld, become indelibly stamped on the mind of him who loves Nature.

CHAPTER II.

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN LAPLAND.

SUSCEPTIBILITY OF THE LAPP — A REMARKABLE PARSON — HIS APOSTLES—STRANGE DOCTRINES—"THE SAINTS"—THEIR CREED —EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS—WHIPPING A GIRL—THE STORM GATHERS—AN EXCELLENT PASTOR—SAINTLY EXCESSES—SHOCKING SCENES—A PASTOR AND HIS FLOCK—AN INTERVIEW—THE FAITH DEVELOPS—BLASPHEMOUS DOCTRINES—ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE AND SHERIFF—FRESH EXCESSES—THE VICAR CURSED FROM THE PULPIT—REMARKABLE DISPENSATION OF PROVIDENCE—FURTHER EXCESSES—CONFESSIONS OF THE SAINTS—A TERRIBLE CHRISTMAS —A HOLY VIRGIN—ARRIVAL OF THE BISHOP AND THE MAGISTRATE —A GREAT TRIAL—AN UNCONVERTED KING—A CALM—THE STORM BEGINS AFRESH—SAINTLY ADULTERY—SHOCKING CRUELTIES —THE ARMY OF SALVATION SETS OUT—TORTURES AND MURDERS— A BOLD PARSON—SAVAGE TREATMENT OF THE VICAR—WHIPPING WOMEN—FIRING THE BUILDINGS—THE RESCUE—A NOBLE LAPP —BATTLE ON THE SNOW—VICTORY—SAVED—THE LAW STRIKES— A MURDERER AND WRITER—THE END OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

WHAT I am going to relate in this chapter might rather be taken for a leaf from the writings of a sensational novelist than a mere record of facts. Nevertheless, what I relate is derived solely from contemporary persons and judicial records.

I have had an opportunity of meeting many who witnessed and figured in these remarkable events, and I have perused the Court Records of the Alten Assizes, and on this material I have based the following narrative,

which I claim, by-the-bye, as an unpublished leaf of modern history.

How fantastic many things in this story may sound, and how absurd many of the doctrines set forth may be, I must remind the reader that they are nothing but facts, stern facts.

The desolate, wide-stretching tracts where the Lapp dwells, the monotony which stamps the whole nature of his surroundings, and the strange silence which reigns over these Arctic fields, naturally agitate his mind, and make him susceptible to supernatural influences. He is fond of listening to what is strange, supernatural, and mystic, in fact, to everything which excites the imagination and the emotions.

Previous to the year 1852 no clergyman resided at Koutokæino. Only for a couple of months or so during the summer a clergyman sojourned in the place, viz., at a season when the greatest part of the population was absent on the coast. The vicar generally knew so little of the Lapp tongue that he had to employ an interpreter both in and outside the church.

During the winter of 1845 a great religious commotion arose in the neighbouring Swedish parish of Karesuando, where a parson, Lästadius, preached the most violent sermons, teeming with the most vulgar and indecent biblical references, against the two worst vices of the Lapps, drink and reindeer-stealing. This man was, however, in many respects a remarkable man; his portrait is in the work, 'Voyages en Scandinavie,' and he was one of the recipients of this great work, having greatly assisted the French expedition in their labour.

There is still, by-the-bye, a numerous sect in northern Scandinavia adhering to his doctrines, called *Lästadianere.*

Not only the Koutokæino Lapps, who every year visited Karesuando, began to listen to this preacher, but Lapps came from all parts of Lapland to Karesuando to see this remarkable man, and hear him preach. No harm resulted, however, from it at that time.

But in the winter of 1847 Lästadius despatched what he termed "dogs to bark," three Lapps and three Kvæns arriving at Koutokæino to preach salvation. In their company was Lästadius's daughter, who proceeded to Alten to preach to those who neither understood Lappish or Kvænish. The six remained at Koutokæino, and developed great activity. Where they encountered no direct opposition they attempted to frighten by depicting in the worst colours the sufferings of the damned in Hell. They brought with them some printed sermons by Lästadius, teeming with the most outrageous expressions, in the Kvænish language. Those who declared that they believed these preachers to be "the Children of God" had to kneel before them and pray forgiveness of their sins, and then to confess their wickedness.

"How many children (i.e., sins) have you?" asked the preacher.

"Four," answered the penitent.

"What are their names?"

"Drink, thieving, lying, and that of wearing a red cap on Sundays."

"Destroy your children, and you shall be saved."

"I have done so."

"When?"

"Yesterday, at sunrise."

"Did you see your body and soul burn in the fires of Hell?"

"Yes."

"Did you see Christ coming to redeem your body and soul?"

"Yes."

"Did He carry your body and soul to heaven?

"Yes."

"Did He tell you that you were a redeemed and forgiven child of God?"

"Yes."

"If so, you have, when the sun rose yesterday, received the Spirit. Go forth and preach salvation, and damnation to the unbelieving."

Having laboured for a while at Koutokæino in this manner, the six preachers left, but returned the following winter. They now claimed to be invested with "the Justice of Christ," while the sorrow over sin and the joy at redemption took a more forcible form, the sorrow in crying, sighing, fainting, and fits, and the joy in laughing, jumping, and dancing. In one of the parishes the people began even to sing, dance, and embrace each other by the altar, after the communion, through joy at being redeemed.

The consciousness of being a Child of God, the people were now taught, was wholly dependent on certain inward emotions and sensations. Any one who felt these was a redeemed Child of God, and prompted by His Spirit.

Although the seed thus sown broadcast found a good

soil among the Koutokæino Lapps, no excesses were perpetrated during that winter. Before the departure of the preachers a quarrel arose with their disciples with regard to visions and dreams, which resulted in a mutual consignment to Hell.

During the winter of 1849 some Lapps began to call themselves "Saints." Some asserted that their sins only were confined to their limbs, not to the soul, while others declared that they were perfectly pure. Only he who had "the Spirit of God" in him was "a Child of God." "The Spirit," "the Spirit," became the leading cry. The Saints began to preach penitence to the unbelieving. The seed had begun to shoot.

During the winter of 1850 a contest took place between the Saints, as to who was the greatest. They had visions, one capping the other: one said he was resuscitated, another that he had no flesh, and a third that he was the Redeemer himself. Wherever the leaders appeared they acted with authority and violence, which terrorised the few, so that they did not dare to contradict them. They ordained that the people were to come to church in tatters, with no belt, and that the women should exchange their caps, which at the back curved into a point, for flat ones, falling to the head, as the Devil was embodied in the hollow bit of wood shaping the curve.

During the few weeks the clergyman remained at Koutokæino, the Saints and their followers attended church every Sunday, but after the service they collected in crowds whilst somebody agitated the hearers with passionate sermons and excited gestures to such an

extent that numbers broke into shrieks and wailings. Men and women, children and adults, lay wailing in each other's arms, lamenting their sins and calling upon each other to confess, to do penance, and escape Hell.

The Saints declared that children were not to be baptized: they were nevertheless holy, those of the believing as well as those of the unbelieving. The Holy Communion was declared false. The Saints were authorized to do everything, and whatever they did was right, as they were prompted by the Spirit of God. The Saints were to become the rulers of the earth, the priests and authorities were the agents of the Devil, to whom nobody owed obedience or tithes. The Saints were the true priests, whom it behoved the people to revere, obey, and give their all to. At first compensation had been accorded for stolen or borrowed goods, but now it was ordained that he who demanded anything from one of "the righteous" was a usurer and an infidel.

Those who would not embrace the faith of the Saints were often intimidated with threats and chastisements. I will give an example of the proceedings.

A young girl, Inger Gaup, came on a visit to Anders Siri's reindeer-camp, whose wife, Birret, was one of the Saints. Inger was compelled to confess her sins to her and three men and two women who were in the tent, and when she had done this the women demanded that the girl should embrace their faith and share in their prayers. This Inger refused. Birret then threatened to strip her naked and flog her. Inger still refused. Birret then seized her, stripped her forcibly, and began to whip her unmercifully with a birch-broom. The broom broke,

and Birret left the tent to get a new one. The maltreated and terrified girl took advantage of the moment to escape from the tent, but she did not get far, on account of the deep loose snow, and was soon overtaken by the infuriated Birret, who again began to whip her. Her cries attracted another woman, who interceded, and succeeded in so far pacifying Birret that Inger was permitted to dress herself and depart. When leaving, Birret threatened, however, that if next time they met Inger should refuse to embrace her faith, she would compel her with fire; as it is written, she shouted, "that he who will not repent shall be chastised!"

In the spring the Lapps wandered, as usual, to the coast of Norway, where the Saints also followed. They preached to the Sea Lapps, and greatly disturbed the service in Skjærvö church. Thus on the day of confirmation one Rasmus Spein sighed and wailed so much that the service had to be stopped and he led out of the church, while another Saint, Aslak Rist, addressed the congregation from the nave, preaching humility and repentance.

The storm gathered more and more, and when the Lapps returned to Koutokæino in the autumn of 1851, the religious movement had assumed a form and character which nobody had anticipated.

In order to stem the agitation in Lapland, the bishop despatched a clergyman, Herr Stockfleth, to Koutokæino towards the end of October, and it is the account given of these events by that gentleman which, to a great extent, forms the basis of my narrative. A few words about this worthy pastor might not be out of place.

Nils Vibe Stockfleth, born in 1787, was first an officer in the Danish navy, but exchanged, when thirty-six

THE FATHER OF THE SAINT, RASMUS ANDERSEN SPEIN (65).

years of age, the sword for the Bible. Two years later he accepted the vicarage of Vadsö, the last town on the

Norwegian frontier towards Russia, where he was at once thrown into conditions of existence to which he was an entire stranger, and among parishioners most of whom spoke a language of which he did not understand a single word. He acquired, however, the Lapp language rapidly by constant missionary journeys in Finmarken, and prompted by a burning zeal for his calling, endured many hardships in the snowy deserts of rigid Lapland. This, combined with his thorough Christian mind, created a deep and genuine affection towards the people, who depended on him for spiritual guidance, and by his teachings, life, and translation of religious works into Lappish, he has contributed greatly to the advance of this race. For twenty-seven years, until 1852, he toiled as a servant of God in these inhospitable regions, when the strain of a life spent in labour and hardship compelled him to resign.

When Stockfleth, on the evening of the 21st of October, approached Koutokæino in a boat from the river he heard from afar the murmur and noise of a turbulent crowd which had collected outside the residence of the merchant, indulging in loud admonitions of repentance, threats, and curses. When Stockfleth landed the crowd had dispersed.

He now learnt that all the worst leaders were there, and that their excesses had been carried on for three consecutive nights and days. Their violence had increased from day to day, men and women had been whipped naked, because they would not "repent" and accept the faith of the fanatics, and they had broken into tents and houses, perpetrating violence on all those who

"did not believe." Wherever they proceeded they struck terror into the hearts of the people. They had even forced their way into the dwelling of the merchant, Ruth by name, where one of the female Saints tore the clothes off his wife because she refused to acknowledge the saintliness of the fanatics. They crowded through the rooms of the house and the warehouse, cursing everything and everybody, and threatening to murder all the inmates, as "it was no sin."

Early the next morning Stockfleth proceeded to the house of the school-teacher, where most of the rioters had taken up their residence. He greeted them, but nobody answered. He spoke to them, but nobody took any notice. Two men and a woman were hopping up and down the room, condemning all to Hell who did not repent. On the floor, men, women, and children were squatting. The trio now turned to Stockfleth, doubling their movements and shouting loudly; they approached him so close that he was obliged to guard them off with his stick by tapping them on the shoulders. This brought life into those on the floor. They all jumped up, and began to hop up and down, swinging their arms to and fro, and distorting their faces in the most repulsive manner, while threatening and execrating every unbeliever.

"I stood lost in contemplation of this horrible spectacle," says Stockfleth. "There was something quite insane, demoniac, in their wild proceedings. At last I walked to the door calmly and deliberately, and, in spite of the great excitement they were in, and their jumping, shouting, and threats if I did not repent, they

made room for me, and let me depart without molestation. In the doorway I turned round to have one more look at these strange people, and I beheld a sight which has never faded from my mind, viz., a boy, some ten years of age, who, making his way through the crowd, began to jump in the same peculiar manner as the others, and curse every unbeliever. The distorted face was terrible to behold, every vestige of reason had departed. I looked at the group for a moment, and then walked slowly along the dark narrow passage into the open, followed by the crowd, shouting madly. A few yards from the house I again turned round, and now they had taken up a position outside, where they stood shouting and cursing until they were too hoarse to render any but inarticulate sounds. With a deprecating gesture of the hand and a shake of the head I turned on my heels and proceeded, followed by their execrations.

"On my way home I met several Lapps, who walked with me, and with whom I made the necessary arrangements for evening services and prayer-meetings.

"A numerous congregation collected in the evening in the school-house for the service, and there reigned a certain amount of tranquillity and attention. One of the more fanatic Saints said contemptuously, 'Poor fellow! He will give us of the Spirit *he* has. Poor fellow!'"

Such was the first day of the pastor among his flock. The next day Stockfleth again visited the school-teacher. There was now a calm after the incessant ravings day and night.

"My greeting was returned," says Stockfleth. "The teacher sat on a chair; I walked up to him, and we

embraced each other in Lapp fashion most cordially. After a few moments' rational conversation he suddenly threw himself at my feet, and at the same moment the whole body present followed his example, lying on their faces bewailing their sins and saying prayers. After the first paroxysm I was able to be heard, and after a short earnest conversation I knelt, too, and said a prayer, which they repeated word by word.

"We now all arose, and during the remainder of our conversation I exhorted them most solemnly not to neglect their calling on earth."

"Do you believe that the Spirit speaks through you when you preach to us?" said one of the listeners suddenly, while every eye rested inquiringly on the clergyman.

He answered, "Yes, I believe it does, because I never say, ordain, or preach anything else but what the Holy Gospel says, ordains, and preaches distinctly and plainly."

No answer was returned to this. Shortly afterwards one of the Saints exclaimed, "Maybe I have a child within me?" and again every one gazed at Stockfleth.

He looked at them for a second and said smilingly, "Perhaps also I have such a child within me, in my heart."

"He hears, he hears; he understands the voice of the Spirit!" the whole congregation now exclaimed.

Later on during the meeting, however, Stockfleth was again weighed, but found wanting.

Women and children came to Stockfleth in the vicarage to question him whether he was resuscitated and had

received the Spirit, &c. He always received them kindly, and sought to guide them in every manner.

On Wednesday, the 29th of October, the disturbances broke out afresh. The calm of the first eight days was only an indicator of the approaching storm. On that day one Rasmus Spein entered Stockfleth's residence, and began with violent gestures and passionate language to demand that the vicar should acknowledge him as being far above Christ, if not, he was doomed to Hell. He eventually left, but returned in the evening with two other Saints. They now all three demanded that Stockfleth should acknowledge their saintliness, and when he refused they declared in great passion that he belonged to the Devil, and that he should have no peace. His remonstrances were of no use; he called in the merchant and his man, who were in a room close by, but their united efforts would not appease the excited Lapps. They were finally forced outside, but made considerable resistance. They now obtained the assistance of another Lapp, and all four began to attempt to force the front door, but without success, as it had fortunately been barred. The lights in the vicarage were then put out, and the rioters proceeded to the school-teacher's house, where they continued to shout and hoot throughout the night. The next morning they left for the reindeer-camp, but threatened to return in force in a few days.

Stockfleth now reported to the Governor of the province how matters stood, and that it was impossible to say how far the fanatics might carry their excesses if they went on increasing from day to day; that the rioters did not abstain from personal assaults on their vicar, and

that self-defence might have disastrous consequences. An express was simultaneously despatched to the Chief Magistrate of Finmarken with a relay of reindeer, requesting him to send some constables to Koutokæino by return, without awaiting instructions from the Governor, in order to arrest some of the principal leaders and convey them to Alten. It was also requested that some constables might remain at Koutokæino, to keep order outside the church on Sundays. Stockfleth also reported that the sheriff—a Lapp—had made common cause with the disturbers.

Misled and terrorised by the fanatics, the spirit of disorder also took possession of the school-teacher, who lost all strength of mind to refuse meetings in his house. He finally became raving mad, and had to be put in a strait-jacket, as he broke everything he could lay hold of. His madness was considered by the Saints and his own family as a proof of his having the Spirit in such a measure that his body was too weak to support it.

Stockfleth addressed him as he was sitting half undressed on the floor: "How do you feel to-day?"

"How I feel? I who was, am, and shall be!" Such was his answer. He then called his daughter, a girl some fifteen years of age, and she approached him trembling.

"Kneel!" he commanded. "You shall beg your father's pardon, because you have sinned against him."

"Yes, I will," she answered, and fell on her knees.

The teacher looked leeringly towards Stockfleth, who said soothingly, "Yes, it often behoves a child to ask forgiveness from its father."

"No, no, that is not enough," shrieked the madman; "daughter, you must worship me, who——"

"Hold, hold, my man!" the vicar interrupted. "No blasphemy; man shall worship God alone. Rise, my good girl!"

The teacher cast a half-hateful, half-timid glance at Stockfleth, but remained quiet whilst the parson was in the room, and did not stir. From time to time he, however, looked at him with the same insane glance.

On Friday, the 31st of October, the six principal leaders met, and to them four more attached themselves, there being thus ten in the house of the teacher. That day they did not leave the house, but kept on hooting and shouting. The next morning two of them came to Stockfleth, asking if they might speak to him. He was quite ready. The theme was the same as usual. At last Stockfleth said, "I am afraid we shall not agree; nevertheless, I am thankful to any one who comes to talk with me quietly and peacefully as you two."

"Thank your father, the Devil! thank your father, the Devil! we despise such thanks," they both shouted, and rushed from the room in great passion.

Later on in the day the ten men and two women came to Stockfleth, and told him that a "general" meeting was about to be held by the Saints.

"Is this the parson?" asked the spokesman, appearing as if he did not know Stockfleth. On this being affirmed, he said, "Well, then, I suppose I must take the cap off."

"Well, then, I suppose I must take the cap off too," said Stockfleth, putting his hat aside. The others now also laid their head-dresses on the floor.

The spokesman next proceeded to address the meeting, the principal substance of which was, that when the Saints heard that Stockfleth was coming to Koutokæino they rejoiced, but they had been disappointed and deceived in their anticipation. When he had before visited Koutokæino he used to be a holy, zealous man, but what was he now, refusing to acknowledge the Saints? The speaker then gave an account of two apparitions which he had beheld in a forest after three days' prayer and fasting. Christ had appeared before him in all His heavenly glory, and conferred on him the power of supreme judgment. The apparition had appeared before him twice.

After an hour's conversation the meeting broke up in the same noisy and threatening manner as on previous occasions. The assertions and doctrines advanced by the Saints at this general meeting were in substance as follows:—

"We have come here for the purpose of causing strife; where we are peace must not reign."

"In order to fear God you must sin, as only he who sins fears God; but we do not fear God, as those who possess the Spirit cannot sin."

"We are the Limbs of God, and God cannot judge, cannot punish His own limbs. God cannot therefore judge us."

"We have died, therefore, cannot die."

"There are spiritual and corporal bodies; we are not corporal, not of the flesh, but spiritual bodies."

"We are on the new earth."

"We are spiritual, sanctified, and righteous."

"We are the Bible, the New Testament, Sinai."

"Our Body is the Law, therefore we are the Judges."

"We are God, Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The Son has lost His power, which is now ours."

"The Spirit in us has the power to destroy."

"The parson who does not deny that he has flesh is therefore mortal and belongs to the Devil. We have no flesh, the flesh is dead, we cannot die again, having died once."

"We can see into every man's heart, whether he is spiritual or corporal."

"When you say, 'Our Father, which art in Heaven,' you lie. You should say, 'Our Father which art in Hell,' because as long as you have not confessed to us Saints, the Devil is the father you worship."

"Children shall curse their parents, in order that the curse may descend step by step to our first parents."

"Those who do not become free from sin in this world shall not enter Heaven."

"We have not received the Spirit from the teachings of the Bible, but through repentance and prayer."

"We Saints at Koutokæino may say of ourselves, on the strength of the Spirit we are the true God, and on the strength of the Human Nature we are also true Men."

"It does not behove us to obey or pay tithes to an unholy, unrepenting authority."

"As long as there is a power over us to curse, we shall curse it."

Early in November four constables arrived from Alten to arrest the worst disturbers, and with them came the new sheriff, Bucht.

On the following day—Sunday—at the commencement of the service, one of the agitators, Rasmus Spein, to whom reference has already been made, shouted several times in an inarticulate manner, which bespoke coming troubles. When the verger stepped from the door of the choir, whilst Stockfleth lay kneeling at the altar, he noticed a Lapp passing quickly by the altar, and suddenly a loud voice sounded through the church :

"Cursed be Pastor Stockfleth! Away with all such priests as he! Repent and make penance! It is the Spirit which speaks through me ; I am the Road to Salvation. I am the Lord of Lords and the King of Kings; I shall return on the clouds of heaven to hold judgment!"

It was Rasmus Spein who spoke, standing in the pulpit.

When he had finished he was led down by the verger, Clement Gundersen, and a few peaceful Lapps, whilst Stockfleth immediately despatched a messenger for the constables.

At that moment Rasmus suddenly shook off his friends, and placing himself in the door of the choir, began to speak. The entire church was closely packed with people, who stood on the floor or on the seats, with terror, confusion, or insane joy depicted in their faces, while sighs, wailing, yells and shrieks of women rent the air.

In the door of the choir stood Rasmus, remarkably handsome in appearance, while his sonorous, manly voice rang through the church in the following passionate oration :

"Lapps! humble yourselves and make penance. Pastor Stockfleth is one of the Devil's emissaries, all parsons belong to the Devil; turn away from him, turn away from them, turn away from Darkness, turn away from Satan. I am sanctified by the Spirit, and in virtue of the Spirit I condemn all unbelievers to the bottom of Hell. I am the Road and the Gate to Eternal Salvation, he who does not believe in me will never be saved. I hold the key of Heaven and Hell. I am more than God, because I am also True Man. Lapps! repent and make penance. And you, parson of Hell, kneel and pray!"

At that moment the constables made their appearance, and having with great difficulty made their way through the excited, surging throng, they seized Rasmus. He made a terrible resistance, striking right and left, whilst he shouted, "How dare you lay hands on Jesus Christ?" His adherents took his part, and attempted to liberate him. The church became the scene of a desperate scuffle, and the air filled with oaths and execrations.

"It is Satan and the servants of Satan who have laid hands on the righteous," shouted Svend Kvænangen, and when he was struck by one of the constables in self-defence he exclaimed, "God sees it!" By degrees the men succeeded in drawing Rasmus and his defenders towards the church-door. "It is Christ whom they crucify!" shouted one of the half-insane women, and another, "Tear not asunder the Redeemer."

Suddenly a loud voice shouts, "You have made my Father's house a den of thieves; repent and be saved." It was young Lars Hætta, who subsequently played such

an important *rôle* in this drama, who had spoken. He had just entered the church, and stood with his cap on. He declared afterwards, at his trial before the Court, that at that moment the Spirit moved him to such an extent that he knew he had the power to have destroyed the church, but he prayed to God to let his anger pass for this once.

At last the resisting Rasmus was got out of the church as well as his defenders, and the service was continued.

Rasmus was the next day conveyed to the prison at Tromsö, and thus took no part in the subsequent disturbances; but several of his followers, particularly Aslak Hætta and Mons Somby, became the most active in the excesses which followed, and which culminated in the terrible catastrophe of the following year.

From Tromsö Rasmus was transported to the House of Correction in Christiania, all the while maintaining his saintliness and the justice of his cause. For nearly a year longer he resisted the influences of the true church, when he fell ill and repented. His illness increased, and he asked to be allowed to confess and receive the sacrament. Strangely enough, Stockfleth happened at the same time to be in Christiania. When Rasmus heard this he became very anxious to see him. Stockfleth found him fully conscious, and having confessed and prayed to be forgiven his sins, and received the extreme unction, he died an hour afterwards, at the early age of twenty-eight.

"It was indeed a most remarkable dispensation of Providence," says Stockfleth in his diary, "that the same parson whom he had cursed from the pulpit in his own

church, should in the course of twelve months happen to be the very clergyman who prepared him for the end."

The Saints at Koutokæino continued their work of conversion by force and violence. I may mention a few examples of their proceedings.

One of the most fanatical agitators was the previously mentioned Aslak Rist. To his camp came one day Aslak Gaup, whom the former at once demanded should become converted and pray with him. When he refused this, Aslak Rist exclaimed, "You *shall*, because I am the Road to Heaven." The conversation was carried on a little way from the tent, and when they were about to approach it, Aslak Rist insisted that they should do so on their knees, "as it was the tent of the Redeemer." Aslak Gaup, in fear of bodily violence, agreed thereto. In the tent the Saint again began to talk about sin and conversion, and compelled, with threats, Gaup to confess to him. Rist insisted that it was necessary for a repenting sinner to strip and be whipped, and Gaup had to undress, lie down on all fours, while Rist struck him repeatedly across the back with a birch-broom, exclaiming each time: "Jesus!" Thus the wretched Aslak Gaup was considered to have received the Spirit, and was permitted to dress.

On another occasion Aslak Rist and some other Lapps had collected in a house in Koutokæino; it was one of the usual meetings, with exhortations and jumping, when one Anders Varg accidentally called, and being regarded as one of the unbelievers, the company insisted that he should accept their faith. On emphatically refusing, Rist felled him to the ground with the following words: "If a limb offends you, cut it off," whereon the rest of

the fanatics began to kick, beat, and spit on the unhappy man until he was half dead.

Neither were the women behind the men in their persecutions. Thus, when the venerable septuagenarian Rasmus Punski refused to acknowledge a woman, Sussana, as the Virgin Mary, she tied him to a post and beat him with a stick until he in sheer terror acquiesced in her demand, when she left him. The poor man remained in this position until released by a passer-by.

On the following Sundays the service was not interrupted in the violent manner as was the case on the 10th of November, but disturbances and slight disorders occurred every time.

One Sunday a girl, Elen Gorvatus, began to shriek and swear during the service, and having been removed outside by the sheriff, she succeeded in freeing herself, tore open the church door, and placed herself in the middle, shouting: "Shriek, Lapps, shriek! men and women, shriek! so that this priest of Satan shall not succeed in decoying you to Hell!"

Similar scenes were repeated every Sunday. On some occasions, when Stockfleth, in his sermon, used the term "my friends," some woman would shout, "You are lying, parson, I am not your friend." On one Sunday, when Stockfleth was distributing the sacrament, Mikkel Hætta shouted, "What you distribute, parson, is sent by the Devil; why do you decoy people to an altar of wood?" On another occasion, on Stockfleth remarking that salvation laid in the Word, Niels Kvænangen exclaimed, "No, it doesn't; it lies in the Strength."

When the vicar, dressed in his officiating robe, proceeded to church, he was generally followed by a crowd of Saints who loudly execrated him. Once, at a wedding, he walked before the couple to church, when Mikkel Hætta shouted after them: "The Devil is your guide," and when they returned after the ceremony: "Now the Devil has married you to Hell."

The merchant Ruth and the sheriff Bucht were also the objects of the Saints' persecution, being unbelievers. On one occasion thus Aslak Hætta threatened the merchant that he would burn his house, flay him, and send his skin to the magistrate, in order to receive the fixed reward for killing a beast of prey; and on another, Aslak told him that he would soon be shot. Ruth at that time little thought that these threats would be carried out in such a terrible manner within a few months.

The sheriff, in particular, became an object of hatred, on account of it being generally his duty to lead the disturbers out of the church. "There is the d—— sheriff," or "There is the Arch-devil," was shouted to him when he appeared in church. He, too, was threatened with being burnt to death, and he had, no doubt, little idea of the terrible end which awaited him.

During the church service the fanatics generally collected outside the church, rioting and swearing, and when it was over they mustered in force outside the residence of the merchant or the vicar, where they continued their disturbances, shouting, praying and exhorting to repent, until dark. They often also attacked passing unbelievers. On one occasion, for instance, two women seized a young Lapp, knocked him down, forced

him on his knees, and continued to twist his arms violently backwards and upwards until the poor fellow fainted.

Stockfleth says: "It was enough to agitate any mind, to hear late at night, in the darkness, the air resound with the melancholy wailings and adjurations and loud, blasphemous orations and terrible curses of the fanatics. The latter always tried to have the appearance of being the persecuted and not the persecutors; they were as innocent and guileless as lambs led to slaughter."

A quiet and inoffensive Lapp came one morning from his herd, jumping in the same strange manner as the others, shouting, "Now I have also received the power of condemning." Daily people were seen jumping about in this peculiar way.

The melancholy and faint-hearted were often for a time led to participate in the excesses of the leaders, partly from fear and by force, and partly by their imagination being excited, and their power of reasoning confused, by those who shunned no means to achieve their object.

One of the former, who was for a long time led away by the Saints, but afterwards opposed them in a vigorous manner, was Johannes Mathiesen Hætta, who is still living, having attained the venerable age of eighty, and of whom I give a portrait in this chapter. At the trial held in 1851 relating to these events, he naïvely spoke as follows: "I, too, was affected by these Saints, who told me that by praying I should become as pure as they; their purity was caused by their old

hearts having broken asunder, and their obtaining a new one in which Christ was. I felt, indeed, as if I had received a new heart, and in my joy thereat I joined in the dance of the others. But, when they called upon me to declare myself God, I could follow them no longer, as I considered them wicked men. And now I see that they really are, because they curse everybody and everything, and consider themselves so pure that they may do anything wrong without committing a sin."

A few other statements made before the Court by the principal leaders in this agitation may be mentioned here.

Johannes Johannesen Hætta had called the parson a devil in the vicarage, which he was, as he had not been converted. The parson was not converted because he had not the Spirit; a little of it perhaps he had, because he did not hate those who were anxious about their souls. He himself was pure and holy, and had been empowered by the Spirit to condemn any one whom he considered an unbeliever.

Mons Somby had also called the parson a devil, in which he was fully justified, because he was as pure and free from sin as Jesus himself. Being God the Father himself, he could, of course, not sin; and even if he was guilty of any wicked action, it was no sin for him. He who believed in him would be saved, but he who did not would be condemned. He was resuscitated, and all his actions were pleasant to God, while all his actions previous to the resuscitation were offensive to God.

Niels Kvænangen considered himself the Lord of Lords

and the King of Kings. It was Jesus who spoke through him; Jesus was in him and he in Jesus. When he

JOHANNES JOHANNESEN HÆTTA (58).

denounced the parson, it was the Spirit of God which drove him to it.

Anders Utzi maintained that Jesus was a sinner, but that he was pure and free from sin because Jesus had taken his sins on his shoulders and suffered, therefore Jesus must be a sinner, and he free from all sins.

Matthis Hætta declared that he was far above God. Aslak Hætta was so holy and righteous that, as far as he was concerned, the Bible might be burnt, as he did no longer require it for his guidance.

When reading these ebullitions, which are literally quoted from the Court Records, one might imagine that they were the ravings of hopeless lunatics, and maybe it might be justifiable to look upon the whole commotion as a kind of religious madness; but there is one strange and uncommon feature about this madness, interesting, almost demoniac in its form, viz., that it attacked a whole race almost to a man.

On Christmas Day, when Stockfleth lectured in the school-house, a woman, Marit Aslaksdatter, rose and delivered a long address, which caused a great sensation amongst those present, and afterwards she and another woman began to hoot and swear so that they had to be removed. The school-teacher, Isak Hætta, then exclaimed, "Parson, you are a wolf who destroys the lambs, instead of guiding them as a good shepherd."

When the verger, on the Sunday between Christmas and New-Year, was about to put out the lights in the church, a little girl, eleven years of age, began to preach damnation over those who did not acknowledge the Saints. It affected the verger so much that he, too, became "clear-sighted," and could "look into the hearts of men," &c. In a fortnight's time, however, he re-

covered his senses. He had so long been the object of incessant lecturing and solicitations on the part of the Saints that he became enervated in body and mind, and was carried away from the right path for a time.

The same night a Lapp entered Stockfleth's study, threw himself on a chair, and said, "I have come to bleed you." Stockfleth thanked him for his kind offer, but said that he preferred another occasion, that it was late, and that he was tired. But being unable to induce the Lapp to go, and postpone the tapping of some of the Devil's blood flowing in his veins, he began to put out the candles before leaving the room. When the first candle went out the Lapp fixed his eyes intently on Stockfleth, and on the second following suit, he rushed, as if in great terror, out through the door, and Stockfleth never saw him again.

An elderly woman was in the habit of going to and remaining in church in the severest cold without the least covering on her head. The coal-black locks, mingled with grey, floated in wild confusion around her head, but she was quiet and resigned, and bowed her head every time Stockfleth happened to look at her. Once, meeting her near the vicarage, he asked her why she went about bare-headed in such a cold. She at once answered that the Virgin Mary walked about with bare head, and she being a Holy Virgin, wished to be and do as she did.

One day, when Stockfleth was engaged in entering the occurrences of the previous day in his diary, and the ante-room in the vicarage was, as usual, full of people, he heard a sudden commotion, the door was flung open, and

a woman rushed into the room, followed by the crowd, shouting that he ought to be execrated, bound, and imprisoned, and that she had come to awaken the Prophets from the dead, whilst she smote the Bible on the table with her fist.

"She is a prophet, hear her," cried a man; and as the mad woman repeated her adjurations, Stockfleth suddenly felt himself embraced around the neck from behind. Turning round in surprise, he beheld the woman with the long black hair and the bare head, who declared loudly that if no one else would protect him she would.

In consequence of the repeated disturbances, Stockfleth had already despatched a message to the Bishop of Tromsö, requesting him to come to Koutokæino, and he received the reply that the Bishop and the King's High Commissioner of the province of Finmarken would arrive on the 28th of January. Their departure had been fixed for the 21st of January, when they were to journey by boat to the village of Lyngen, about forty miles distant on the coast, and thence overland with reindeer to Koutokæino. On that day, however, a terrible storm arose at Tromsö, which continued for fifteen days, sometimes blowing with the force of a hurricane, which compelled them to defer their journey. During this period no news whatever as to their whereabouts reached Koutokæino. In consequence, great joy reigned among the Saints, who declared that these high functionaries who dared to come to judge them had been drowned, and gone straight to Hell as a punishment.

On Monday, the 9th of February, however, the Bishop

arrived, and participated henceforth every night in the prayer-meetings.

On the first night the verger came forward and said, "My dear friends, I confess I have erred and forsaken the true word of God. I have prayed God and man to be forgiven, and I renounce your faith."

In sermons, which were interpreted by the verger, the Bishop analysed the leading points in the assertions of the Saints, and refuted them with the word of the Bible.

The following Sunday the Bishop distributed the sacrament in Lappish. The Bishop Juel was the first Bishop who visited Koutokæino, and the first prelate who learnt Lappish. During the Bishop's stay the service was not disturbed to any extent.

A few days after the Bishop's arrival the High Commissioner also came, and the trial began. In all, twenty-two persons were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Four of these appealed to the King, Oscar I., in order to ascertain whether His Majesty was converted or not; but as no mitigation of their punishment was granted, they declared that His Majesty was an unconverted king.

On the Sundays following the departure of the high officials there was always a large congregation, but perfect decorum and silence prevailed throughout the service. Stockfleth now let the constables return to Alten, as he did not deem their presence necessary any longer.

The storm seemed to have passed by. Alas! it was but a deceptive, treacherous calm, under which the

fermenting evil forces gathered renewed strength, in order that the final outburst should be tenfold more terrible and destructive.

On the 7th of April the new vicar of Koutokæino, Herr Hvoslef, arrived with his wife. He had taken his degree in the Lappish language in Christiania. On Easter Sunday he was installed by Stockfleth, and on the same day he delivered his maiden sermon in Lappish, of which the whole congregation said they understood every word.

On the 20th of April Stockfleth took his departure from Koutokæino, having suffered some months of terrible anxiety.

About the same time the Mountain Lapps, as usual, also left the districts which had been the scene of their fanatic excesses, and throughout the whole summer peace and quiet reigned in the land.

Autumn came, and with it the returning Lapps. Dark clouds begin to gather on the horizon, they increase and unite quickly, and suddenly the storm breaks in its whole force.

The sentences imposed in the spring on the worst rioters during the excesses of the previous winter having been confirmed at the higher Courts were about to be executed. In consequence thereof, the authorities became the object of the intensest fanatical hatred on the part of the Lapps, particularly as they discovered that the reindeer and other property of the convicts were to be sold in order to defray the costs of the trial. This became particularly the case with the sheriff Bucht, who, in his capacity as enforcer of the law, had often

been obliged to employ force against the recalcitrant people, and who had had to give evidence against the accused at the trial. The honest, peaceful merchant Ruth also became the object of great hatred, as he, too, had given evidence against them, and on occasions assisted in arresting rioters.

"The sentences are unjust and the work of the Devil," said the leaders, and the whole population echoed, "The sentences are unjust and the work of the Devil."

At Koutokæino church itself matters were at that time more quiet than the year before; only now and then some of the most violent leaders came from other parts to the place to stimulate the resident Lapps. The vicar then generally paid them a visit, and was hooted and cursed, but they never resorted to any violence. They always departed on Saturday night, in order not to be in Koutokæino whilst there was service in the church.

But in the reindeer camps all around Lapland the seed of evil, scattered broadcast, was all the time growing fast, and would too soon mature.

Early in the autumn most of the leaders joined company, keeping their reindeer in a common herd, and their tents close to each other. The most prominent persons in this spiritual camp were: Aslak Hætta, Aslak Rist, Aslak Somby, and Ole Somby.

Of these Aslak Hætta must be considered to have been the principal leader in the events which followed. He was twenty-eight years of age, and gifted with a remarkably bright mind. He called himself the King and God of the Lapps, with unlimited power to do whatever he chose. The Trinity resided in him.

The next in power was Mons Somby, twenty-seven years of age, and who lived in another reindeer camp. During the trial he stated that he was the most just and righteous man on earth, and at the same time Aslak Hætta declared that Mons Somby was his equal spiritually, but he had not his proportion of secular power.

As number three must be named Aslak Rist, thirty years of age, who declared before the Court that Mons Somby stood above him in spiritual rank, but that Aslak Hætta stood above Mons Somby, and that parson Lästadius was the nearest to God.

Finally may be mentioned Aslak Hætta's brother, Lars Hætta, a very talented lad of eighteen, who had, as may be remembered, been a prominent figure amongst the others during the disturbances the previous winter. In spite of his youth, he played one of the most prominent parts in the terrible events which I am about to relate.

Among those condemned during the previous winter was one Elen Skum, whose husband had already been conveyed to the House of Correction for his share in the excesses. She was sentenced to six months' hard labour. As she considered herself one of the most holy of women, she naturally looked upon the conviction as a most unjust persecution, and decided to avoid being punished. She therefore removed to the joint reindeer camp, where she lived in adultery with Ole Somby, the entire horde promising to protect her against the Devil's servants, and with all their strength to resist her capture, as she was innocent before God.

When the sheriff, therefore, arrived in the camp, she

was carried off by the Saints, and when he afterwards despatched Johannes Hætta to arrest her, they refused with threats to deliver up Elen, "even if several thousand devils were sent to take her."

This woman was, by-the-bye, not the only example of the breach of the matrimonial pledge during these disturbed times. Thus, Marit Skum left her husband "for the sake of her belief," and went to live with Aslak Rist, calling herself the "Wife of the Apostles." Peder Gorvatus's wife was persuaded by Mons Somby to leave her husband; he telling her that it was wrong to stay with a man who was an unbeliever. She therefore left him, and cohabited with Somby in the spiritual camp. When the husband subsequently followed to demand her back, he was tied with outstretched arms to a log of wood, and left thus in the open air from noon to midnight. He was then released for a few minutes, but again tied in the same position and left till the morning. The woman would not return to her husband, and he was obliged, for the sake of his little children, to remove to the camp.

In the common camp a fresh visit from the sheriff was expected every day, and preparations were, therefore, made to muster in as strong a force as possible on the occasion, and in order to be able at some future date to carry out Aslak Hætta's scheme—which he had only confided to one or two of his confederates—viz., to proceed *en masse* to Koutokæino and kill the infidels. Every effort was, therefore, made by persuasions or intimidations to induce more men to remove to the camp, while casual visitors were forcibly detained, and

by flogging and torture terrorised into abetting the leaders.

Aslak Hætta's plans soon matured. They were to organise an army of Saints, which should proceed to Koutokæino, preach conversion, murder those who resisted, and burn the church and the buildings, and destroy every object belonging to the infidels.

In a few weeks this was no longer a rumour: from tent to tent the call sounded "to arms and join in the war against the unbelievers."

I may give an illustration, amongst many, of the proceedings of the Saints during this period.

Peder Koutokæino, a Settled Lapp, being on a journey from Koutokæino, was obliged to pass the camp. He was waylaid by Aslak Hætta and Ole Somby, who bullied him on account of his want of belief and impenitence, threatened to stab him if he did not become converted, and finally knocked him out of his Pulk, and gave him a severe whipping, having previously stripped him. They then called upon him to accept their faith and make penance, and compelled him to repeat incessantly the words, "Help me, my Lord Jesus." He was then carried into the tent occupied by Ole Somby and Elen Skum, his legs having been tied with a reindeer-rein, where he was kept prisoner. In the night Thomas Eira and Elen Utzi came to the tent, dragged him outside, and whipped him all over his uncovered body.

He was then dragged back into the tent and put into the furthest corner, so that he should not escape. He was compelled to repeat incessantly the cry, "Help me, my Lord Jesus," until he fell asleep exhausted. When

this was discovered Elen Spein was set to watch him, and rouse him, so that he should not sleep, but repeat the words. She was, moreover, supplied with a whip to thrash him if he remonstrated or fell asleep. This was all organised by Aslak Hætta, who even, to increase the torture, thawed the broom in water, "to make it smart more," as those previously used had been frozen.

The next morning the whole camp was moved ten miles further away from Koutokæino. The new grounds were not reached until the afternoon, and it was dark before the tents could be raised.

On the road Peder was not tied, but a careful watch was kept upon him by everybody. Having been led into Elen Skum's tent, he was again compelled to repeat the prayer, "Help me, my Lord Jesus."

In the morning Marit Skum entered the tent, exclaiming, "Who is the master in this tent—who lets a Heathen sleep here?" He was then led out of the tent, continuing his exclamations. The so-called "unconverted" in the camp were then led together, and were whipped by the female Saints, while they had to tug at each other's arms and neck for the purpose of "getting an idea what Hell was like." Aslak Hætta, Aslak Rist, and Mons Somby acted as a guard whilst these cruelties were perpetrated. They were continued for several hours.

In the afternoon Peder was whipped over the face and hands so severely that blood flowed, and his limbs became swollen. He was then kept in the tent for the rest of the day without being molested further, but he had to pray incessantly. In the evening Aslak Hætta entered the tent, and asked him if he would accompany the believers

to Koutokæino to preach conversion and penance, and to kill those who refused to believe. In terror of his life the wretched man had to promise this. As we shall see presently he became later on a fanatic in the war against the infidels, when he had first "tasted blood."

In this and similar ways the leaders tried to increase their army. Husband compelled wife and wife husband to join in the war. It was a sacred cause; the victory of the Believers over the Unbelieving, and revenge over the injustice sustained.

"The righteousness of God demands it," exclaimed Elen Skum; "it will not permit the existence of such impenitent people; follow me; I, Aslak Hætta, and Mons Somby are One in the Divinity; a voice from Heaven has commanded me to destroy the infidels at Koutokæino."

"You are unworthy of life," they said to Johannes Hætta, as he promised to follow the horde if they in return undertook not to do anything unlawful; "God has called upon us to perform this deed, and what God has ordained is no sin." "No, it is no sin," the crowd shouted, "as nothing occurs without the sanction of God."

"Follow us," said the mother to her son, "if you desire to share in the salvation." "Follow us," said the husband to his wife, "or you will be excluded from the infinite salvation. Your two sons—Mons and Ole—and Aslak Hætta have told you, you know, that they are the guard at the gate of Heaven."

Elen Spein related how her spirit had been informed by a voice from Heaven that it behoved them to destroy the infidels, and her little sister Kirsten stated that the Spirit of God had called upon her to join in the destruction.

At last Aslak Hætta considered the time mature for action; he had collected in the camp a force sufficient to attack and annihilate the infidels at Koutokæino.

It was Sunday, 7th of November, 1852. Aslak Hætta went from tent to tent summoning the Lapps to follow him, and threatening those who refused with death.

"All must follow, not even a dog shall be left behind," were his commands. He ordered them all to gather outside his tent.

The plan was ripe. The next day they should all be in Koutokæino, kill the sheriff and the merchant, burn the church, the vicarage, and the trading station, punish the infidels and the parson, and carry the latter and his wife off with them, in order to prevent him preaching, and compel him to live like a Lapp, and, finally, to seize or destroy the goods and properties of those who would not embrace their faith. Each one of the participators in the war of destruction should be responsible for what was done, even if he had no share in the actual deed.

In the evening all were ready outside Aslak Hætta's tent. There were fifty adult men, besides women and youths. Not a soul was left behind; even the dogs were taken away. The tents were struck, and only the reindeer required for driving followed the caravan. One of the Pulks was loaded with birch-brooms for the chastisement of the infidels. Before starting Aslak Hætta summoned the whole camp to prayers, under which the women in particular were greatly affected, some exclaiming in a doleful voice, "Help us, O Jesus," whilst others gave vent to their feelings in hysterics and loud shrieks.

This over, the caravan moved forward in a long line of

Pulks, in which Aslak Hætta was the last, so that he could see what took place. Johan Hætta attempted twice to escape, but was recaptured. A vigilant eye was also kept on Peder, in order that he should not escape and prepare the people at Koutokæino for what was coming.

Shortly before midnight the religious army arrived at Galanito, where they intended sleeping. Here lived Morten Tornensis and his family, Aslak Sara's wife, and Lars Gaino and wife, all of whom were known to be unbelievers. Morten Tornensis being absent, luckily escaped being tortured, but the others were first tied hand and foot, and whipped in the most revolting manner with the brooms, and then compelled to pray.

When the wretched victims had somewhat recovered, a display illustrating the sufferings of the damned in Hell was arranged. The victims were tied hand and foot and laid on the floor. They were then dragged backwards and forwards on the stomach and the back by two men, while the rest of the company belaboured their naked bodies with brooms. During these brutal proceedings Aslak Hætta for a moment left the room, and finding some women chatting outside, he shouted to them, "I will send my angels from Heaven to punish you lazy women, who stand idly by instead of doing your duty." He then pushed them inside, where they had to participate in the whipping. He also compelled Peder to whip Lars Gaino, "because they were such good friends," and to crown his cruelties lit a piece of tinder under the tied man's face.

When the fanatics had exhausted their fiendish nature, they went to rest, leaving their victims tied on the floor.

In the night, when everything was quiet, Lars Gaino succeeded, however, in loosening his bonds and stole

A SUFFERER. MY FRIEND BRITA JOHANNESDATTER TORNENSIS.

cautiously from the tent. But his flight was soon discovered, and he was pursued by the whole band. After

a smart chase he succeeded in gaining the river-bank; a daring jump, and the darkness saved him. He lay all the night concealed in a copse, until he in the morning heard them pass by, when he returned to his hut. It was empty; every one had been compelled to follow; but on the table in the middle of the room stood a Komse with his little baby in—asleep. The rioters had evidently forgotten it in the excitement. The stores in the house had been broken into and robbed, chests forced open, and a pocket-book with money carried off. The latter was afterwards recovered. Aslak Hætta had kept the money.

Early on the morning of the 8th of November the band approached Koutokæino. On the river they met Johannes Mathiesen's young son Mathis, who in vain tried to avoid them. He was caught, whipped till he fainted, and carried off in a Pulk, Mons Somby sitting upon him. His little brother, twelve years of age, was tortured in the same cruel manner.

When they arrived at Johannes Mathiesen's house a halt was made. The reindeer were unharnessed, but ten of the best animals were told off to accompany the band to Koutokæino.

Johannes Mathiesen was called upon to join the host, but returned an evasive reply. The stay here was very short. Johannes stated afterwards that they seemed in a hurry to get away. Having seized and carried off his daughter twenty years of age, crying, the rioters proceeded towards the merchant Ruth's dwelling, having previously provided themselves with a good supply of heavy staves of birch-wood taken from a neighbouring fence.

It was now between eight and nine in the morning.

Johannes Mathiesen's farm is situated a very short distance from the vicarage and the trading station. The present sheriff's residence was not built in those days, and Bucht resided with the merchant.

Hooting and shouting, the band approached the village, while on the croft outside the house stood Ruth and Bucht with the warehouseman. Bucht at once ran into the house to warn Ruth's wife of the approach of a band of turbulent Lapps, asking her to lock herself in, and not fear.

At the head of the band walked Aslak Hætta with a big staff in his hand. He went straight up to Bucht, exclaiming, "Be converted, sheriff of the Devil!" and without waiting for reply felled him to the ground with his staff. He then threw himself upon him, and holding him down bit off his nose. He then drew Bucht's knife from the sheath, and stabbed the wretched victim in the left arm-pit. At Aslak's call for help Elen Skum, Aslak Somby, and Auden Bæhr came running up, and struck the sheriff with their staves until they thought he was dead. He regained, however, his senses, got up, and ran towards the door, but he was overtaken by Aslak Hætta, Aslak Rist, and Ole Somby, who began to strike him on the head, and then Aslak Hætta stabbed him under the right shoulder-blade with his knife, which he carried with both hands, with such a force that it went in to the hilt. The knife was eight inches long, one inch broad, and a quarter of an inch across the back.

At once, when Bucht was attacked, Ruth ran to his assistance, but he was immediately set upon by Aslak Rist and Elen Skum, who struck him on the head with

their staves, while others clung to his legs. He attempted to wrench the staff from a woman, but was caught around the waist by Ole Somby, whilst Mons Somby and Lars Hætta belaboured him on head and shoulders with their staves until he lost consciousness. On reviving he rose on his knees, and, resting on his hands, cried in despair, "Will nobody help me?" He was then struck on the head until he fainted, and was left for dead.

Bucht was then dragged over the ground and laid by the side of Ruth. He rose, however, again and ran into the house, but was a second time overtaken by Mons Somby, who struck him so violently on the back of the head that he fainted. He was then dragged back to where Ruth lay by Mons Somby and Aslak Hætta, and laid by his side. For the third time he managed to get on his feet, and succeeded in gaining the hall, followed by the two murderers. As he ran up the stairs to the second floor Aslak Hætta caught him by the leg, but the hold slipped, and the sheriff succeeded in getting into a room, the door of which he locked. Mons Somby followed, however, with an axe, burst the door open to the room, where he found Bucht lying half-dead on a bed. He struck him several times on the head with the weapon, but Bucht only moved his eyes. Mons then shouted through the window, "There is still life in the sheriff!" to which Aslak Hætta replied, "Antichrist has nine lives." He then rushed up the stairs and into the room, followed by Lars Hætta, Thomas Eira, Henrik Skum, and some women, amongst whom was Elen Skum, who all now continued the torture of the unhappy man.

Aslak Hætta struck him repeatedly with the leg of a loom standing in the room, but as life still lingered he attempted to stab him in the breast with his knife. He failed, however, in this, as the knife was too blunt. "The Lord have mercy on me," sighed the poor sufferer, scarcely audibly. Aslak then commanded his brother Lars to commit the deed. Lars grasped his sheath knife—of the same dimensions as the other—and holding it on the breast of his victim, while Thomas Eira steadied it, hammered it in to the hilt with his staff.

With this the last spark of life departed. When Lars had withdrawn his knife, which left a large, terrible gaping wound in the body, while the blood flowed in copious streams down to the floor, the murderers left the room, leaving the body on the bed.

Ruth had in the meantime, lying in the spot where he fell, been struck and kicked by a lot of women, but as he was still alive Aslak Hætta ordered Ole Somby to kill him with his knife. He obeyed, and here too Thomas Eira assisted by holding the handle, whilst Ole knocked it in to the hilt with a piece of wood.

When Ruth was dead the women began to strike the dead man with their staves so severely that his head was battered in, his neck broken, and the body became one mass of wounds.

Aslak Hætta then ordered the body to be thrown into a well, but, reflecting a moment, said, "No; let him lie where he is, in sight of all Israel."

In the passage from the door Ruth's wife had been standing when her husband was attacked. When she saw him on his knees she ran to his assistance, throwing

herself between him and his assailants. She was at once struck on the head, and would undoubtedly have been murdered had not her servant dragged her back into the passage. She then fainted with the pain, but on recovering ran as fast as she could to the vicarage.

Ruth's man succeeded, after having received several blows, in reaching the top of the house, where he concealed himself. When Bucht was dead, and he heard the murderers make off, he crept down from his hiding-place. But he was discovered, seized, and dragged to the vicarage.

The vicar, Hvoslef, was standing in the kitchen talking to his wife, and unapprehensive of any danger, when Ruth's wife came rushing in with her maid, both in the highest state of excitement, crying, "They are killing Ruth!"

The undaunted parson at once ran to the trading station in the hope of saving his friend. He found him lying on his back, his white face turned towards heaven, surrounded by a band of frantic women, who never seemed to get tired of striking the dead body. Sick with the sight, he ransacked the house to find the sheriff, in order to ask him to send a messenger to Autzie for help, but failing in finding him, the truth flashed upon him, and he sank on his knees in prayer.

The rioters having pursued him, at that moment broke tumultuously into the room, and Ole Somby at once stuck him with his staff on the head, "because he did not pray in the right manner, which would satisfy the demands of the Spirit." He asked them where Bucht was. They answered, "Gone to Hell with two knives in his back."

The whole crowd now began to strike the vicar with their fists, to push and kick him, so that he was obliged to throw away his spectacles, in order to avoid getting the glass into his eyes.

He was then dragged out on the snow before the house to where Ruth's body lay, alongside which he was cast, whilst he was all along ill-treated by men and women and even children of both sexes, who tore his clothes, struck him, and spat in his face, whilst Aslak Rist—to whom Ole Somby had delivered him, declaring that it was far beneath his saintly dignity to touch a parson—stood before him with flashing eyes and raving gestures, shouting, "Repent your sins, you Son of the Devil, you Assassin of Souls," whilst the crowd cried, "Ask Jesus Christ to forgive you."

The greater part of the band now proceeded towards the vicarage, whither Aslak Rist also soon followed, leading the parson, whom he kept on knocking about, in order, as he said, "to knock the Devil out of him."

We will follow them as soon as we have seen what is taking place at the trading station.

Whilst the murder of Ruth and Bucht was taking place the former's house, where every room had been broken open and all the windows smashed, was at Aslak Hætta's command sacked. The furniture was destroyed, and every other moveable article packed into the Pulks. From the stores, too, a quantity of articles were taken, as, for instance, coffee, sugar, powder and shot. Aslak then gave orders, under the penalty of death to those who disobeyed, to fire the house. He began himself to cut wood, which was carried into the house, and the firing

was effected by Peder Olsen, who lighted some wood under a chest of drawers. As the windows were smashed, the current soon gave the fire excellent nourishment, and in a few moments the whole building was a mass of flames.

Outside it, watching the play of the licking flames, stood the fiendish band eating a large salmon which they had stolen from the stores, whilst the leaders related under great merriment how tough Bucht had been, and how they had finally succeeded in despatching him. "Lend me your knife, Peder Olsen," said Thomas Eira, "to cut myself a piece; I will not use my own, as it has the blood of the Devil on it. With that I stabbed Ruth and Bucht."

Aslak Hætta had in the meantime been busy elsewhere in giving some of the band orders to cross the river to the Settled Lapps living there, flog them, and bring them to the vicarage. A casual visitor who came to trade with Ruth was also seized and brought thither, so that the vicarage was by this time surrounded by a large crowd of people.

As soon as the vicar had left his wife and the other two women they locked the front door. Shortly afterwards a band appeared at the house, walked round it, knocking on the walls with their staves, and as they could not gain an entrance, they began to smash the windows. The poor women fled in terror from room to room, and finally took refuge in the larder, but on the windows being also smashed, and the rioters gaining admission to the house by breaking open a side-door, they gave up all idea of resistance, and walked into the kitchen to meet their assailants. They were

taken into the drawing-room, stripped, and dreadfully whipped. Later on some more women were brought into the room, and assaulted in the most cruel manner.

The vicar had by this time reached the house, led by Aslak Hætta. He attempted to start a conversation with his guard, in order to gain time, in the hope that assistance would arrive from Autzie, and to draw him towards Johannes Mathiesen's house, whence he might be able to despatch a messenger for help. But it was all in vain. Aslak and the other led him back to the vicarage, whilst he cursed the Devil in him. Hvoslef suffered greatly from the severe cold, viz., 70° below freezing point, as he was without hat, and had only his dressing-gown on. He asked, therefore, Aslak to lend him one of his two Pæsks, which he did, as well as handing him his gloves and cap. These were of great protection to him under the subsequent assaults.

In the meantine the work of destruction proceeded in the vicarage. The window-frames were broken away with staves and axes, and the crowd crawled in through the openings. The vicar was now led into the room where the women were whipped. He begged the fiendish people to spare them; he fell on his knees praying loudly, but the fanatics only became appeased when they heard the name of Jesus pronounced. Some horrible scenes were now enacted. All the unconverted were whipped in turn on the bare body, in order to drive the "old Adam" out of them. The vicar and the merchant's lad were tied by their legs, and dragged round the floor amidst the curses, hoots, and shouts of the multitude, whilst they were whipped with birch-brooms. The high

collar of the Pæsk and the cap averted at first many of the strokes aimed at the vicar, but when this was discovered the cap and the gloves were torn off him, and he began soon to bleed on the head and hands. The women were thrown down on the floor, the fanatics sat down upon them, and whipped them on the naked body, and on the head and face, so that they swelled and bled. Several fainted. In the pauses between the tortures the wretched victims were forced to fall on their knees and invoke Jesus.

Aslak Rist supervised this act, but the whipping was executed by women.

When the vicar called upon his wife and fellow-sufferers to be patient and show fortitude, and put their confidence in God, the rage of the torturers knew no bounds, and their ill-treatment was doubled. The vicar was treated with the greatest cruelty, and he was several times believed to be dead. This terrible spectacle, which lasted several hours, was accompanied by hoots, shouts, and yells which the demons of Dante's Inferno might have had some difficulty in imitating.

Peder Olsen stood whilst it lasted as guard outside the windows, so that nobody should escape that way, striking at any one who approached from within with a thick staff.

Through the door a large fire was seen. It was Ruth's house in flames. The vicar asked Aslak Rist for a moment to release his legs, and the latter complied with his request, and led Hvoslef out on the kitchen steps, where he pointed to the burning house, saying, "Behold, parson, how the unbelieving burn in Hell; if you will humble yourself before the Spirit I will let you live."

As some of the fanatics at that moment left the vicarage in order to finish the looting of Ruth's stores, the whipping ceased for a time, but the victims were still kept tied and nobody permitted to leave the room.

When the building had nearly burnt out the whipping and tortures began afresh, but now those who were brought from the adjacent settlements chiefly suffered. Savage, infernal yells again filled the room, mingled with cries of pain; those who were not quick and severe enough in whipping were struck on the head with the brooms of the others.

At three o'clock in the afternoon a cry was raised without: "The Autzie people are coming!" In the room it was received as a message from Heaven. The unhappy, wretched, tortured beings breathed once more. "Help is coming!" they whispered to each other. "Nobody shall leave the room," shouted Aslak Rist. One man was left as guard inside the room whilst the rest of the demons gathered outside the vicarage.

In the morning a little boy came running to Johannes Mathiesen and told him that Ruth and Bucht were murdered. Johannes at once strapped on his Ski and hastened to Autzie.

He arrived there just before noon, informed the people what was taking place at Koutokæino, and called upon them at once to come to the rescue of those who still lived. By a fortunate coincidence all the inhabitants were at home when he arrived, and had all their reindeer ready for carrying hay and wood that very afternoon. Some Mountain Lapps from another district also happened to be at Autzie.

Everyone was willing to go to Koutokæino, and as soon as the necessary preparations were made the entire company set out. There were sixteen men and three women, six of whom were armed with rifles and the rest provided themselves with long birch-staves.

MY VENERABLE FRIEND, JOHANNES MATHIESEN HÆTTA.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when they arrived at Koutokæino.

The reindeer were tethered near the church, and the company proceeded on foot to the trading station. The fire still gleamed from the sinking house. Before it a large crowd of people was seen advancing towards the newcomers. When the two parties had approached

each other near enough to be heard, the Saints asked the Autzie people to humble themselves before them. The

A RESCUER OF THE SETTLEMENT, CLEMENT GUNDERSEN.

verger, Clement Gundersen, who was walking a little in front of the rest, suggested that the Saints should send a

man to the Autzie people, in order that both parties could negotiate in peace. No answer was returned to this, but with savage yells Aslak Hætta and his followers made a rush at Clement.

"Back, or I fire!" shouted Clement, and as no notice was taken of his warning he fired at Aslak, without however hurting him, as he had in his hurry forgotten to put a bullet in.

In the next instant a general fight ensued. Shot was fired upon shot, while the staves crossed each other with loud crashes. Clement Gundersen was struck so violently on the head that he sank on his knees. Aslak Hætta attempted to grip him by the throat, but Clement getting two of his fingers between his teeth bit him so severely that he roared with pain. In the same moment Johannes Mathiesen hit Aslak on the head with his staff, felling him fainting to the ground. Clement then let go his fingers and got up. He then took up Aslak's staff, with which he struck right and left. Shots were fired incessantly and severe blows were given on both sides, but although the Saints were twice as numerous as the Autzie people they were at last overpowered, most of them being shot or knocked senseless. Many of the Saints were killed or died afterwards from their wounds.

The fight was over. The Autzie people had gained a splendid victory, although they had suffered severely. Koutokæino was saved from total destruction.

The unhappy prisoners in the vicarage were again free. They sank on their knees, and a warm prayer of thanks at their delivery ascended to Heaven.

The miscreants lying senseless on the ground were bound hand and foot, and conveyed on Pulks to the "Stabur" at the vicarage, where they were locked up.

The articles taken from the house and stores of the merchant had been thrown on the fire as soon as the Autzie people came in sight, "in order that the unbelievers should not benefit by them, if the Saints were vanquished."

Ruth's body was found on the spot where he fell, frozen stiff, and covered with blood. Of Bucht, on the other hand, only some charred bones were found in the embers of the smouldering house.

A guard was set outside the Stabur, and within the fanatics, who soon regained consciousness, stormed, raved, yelled and cursed, regretting that they had not killed more, and wished they were free in order to do so. The poor little children whose mothers were prisoners ran about crying pitifully, "Let mother loose, let mother loose!"

It was almost impossible to get sufficient reindeer and men to transport the prisoners to Alten, as most of the inhabitants in the district had fled in terror at the events of the last few weeks. Not until Wednesday night could they be despatched. On the morning of that day the vicar and his friends sung a hymn of thanksgiving outside the Stabur in the hearing of the victims.

At first the windows in the vicarage had to be covered up with boards and reindeer skin, so that it was perfectly dark in the room. The cold was at the time so severe that Pæsks had to be worn indoors, as it penetrated everywhere.

The rioters had left their reindeer without anyone to guard them; and more than 3,000 were scattered far and wide over Lapland, doing a great deal of damage to the hay stores of the Settled Lapps.

At the great trial which followed thirty-three persons were indicted for murder, arson, robbery, and theft, and at the Superior Court of the Realm five were condemned to death, viz., Aslak Hætta and Lars Hætta, Mons Somby, Elen and Henrik Skum; eight to imprisonment for life, amongst whom were Aslak Rist, Thomas Eira, and Aslak Somby, and the rest to imprisonments of various duration.

By the clemency of the king, the extreme penalty of the law was, however, only carried out on Aslak Hætta and Mons Somby, who were beheaded at Alten. They evinced not the least contrition during their trial, and died protesting that they had committed no crime, but had only executed the will of God, and had been the defenders of the cause of the Spirit against the unconverted.

Lars Hætta was, on account of his youth, pardoned, and sentenced to penal servitude for life instead. For several years he lingered in the House of Correction in Christiania, but not in idleness and ignorance. He had not been there long before the unusual brightness of his uncultivated mind, his emotional disposition and his good conduct in general, attracted the attention of the prison officials, who, with that praiseworthy zeal which distinguishes Norwegian gaol officers, determined to develop the same, and enable the criminal, perhaps, to earn the "gem of life," viz., Freedom.

First of all he had to be taught his own language, and to write it, and when this was accomplished, the officials procceded with their exertions to teach him

LARS HÆTTA, THE TRANSLATOR OF THE BIBLE INTO LAPPISH.

Norwegian in a manner which deserves the highest commendation, and which was to bear magnificent fruits. In a remarkably short space of time he mastered this language, an acquisition which he immediately began to

utilise for the good of his race by translating the "Book of Books" into his native tongue, whereby he became the first translator of the Gospel into Lappish. Next he undertook the translation of the New Testament, the Psalms, and a number of religious tracts, and, in consequence of what he had so justly earned by this work the remainder of his sentence was remitted by King Charles XV. in 1867, and Lars Hætta, now an old man, once more set foot in his native land.

Since then his conduct has fully justified this act of grace, and several are the obligations which society owes to him beyond the above-mentioned. He has thus been the faithful guide of several scientific expeditions despatched to Lapland, and has also rendered valuable assistance to the Scandinavian staff-officers whose duty it has been to regulate the frontier between the dominions of King Oscar and those of the Czar.

Lars Hætta has in addition translated several secular works into Lappish, actions which have raised him to the position of *un homme célèbre* in his native land. As he appears in our illustration, few would suspect that this man was a murderer as well as the translator of the Holy Gospel into Lappish. He now resides at Koutokæino, and the writer of these lines is indebted to him for several services, among which that of sitting before his camera.

The merciless and unflinching severity with which the Government put down the Reign of Terror in Lapland fell like a thunderbolt among the Lapps, and even at the present day they shudder and turn pale when mention is made of those terrible November

days, and the awful fate which befell the perpetrators of crime.

We have now followed the commotion from its origin. It was doubtless in its cause the outcome of religious broodings, which became by degrees mingled with feelings of arrogance and lust of power, whilst in the final act motives of selfishness and personal hatred became glaringly apparent. That the commotion should assume such dimensions and have such terrible results is explicable if we remember the vivid imagination of the Lapp, and his emotional and susceptible mind. It must also be said that the scanty spiritual guidance accorded to the Lapps in those days, and their confused ideas of Law and Government, which prevented them seeing that those who acted against them in such a severe manner were solely stimulated by the purest motives, contributed towards the rising.

However this may be, the Reign of Terror in Lapland stands forth as one of the most remarkable events in the religious history of our age, and the narrative I have told—mere dry facts, mind—reads more like the record of the ravings of a diseased mind.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEYS TO HÄTTA, MUONIONISKA, AND KARESUANDO.

THE PLEASURES OF A TRAVELLER—SOMETHING ON "Y"—AN UNWELCOME GUEST—THE RESULT OF HIS VISIT—THE START AT LAST—A DRIVE IN A SNOWSTORM—A REFUGE—A BANQUET AT A "GRAND HOTEL"—A NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN—IN THE EMPIRE OF THE CZAR—A DIPLOMATIC "WEDGE"—ONWARD!—IN THE LAND OF THE THOUSAND LAKES—THE "STRAIGHT LINE" OF A REINDEER—A LOVELY MIDNIGHT DRIVE—A CENTRE OF RELIGIOUS FANATICISM—ABSOLUTION DISPENSED WHOLESALE—AN EVENING IN A "HOLY" PLACE—THE FINNS—THE KVÆNS—A LINGUISTIC PUZZLE—BATHING *en famille*—A LAND OF LAKES AND FORESTS—AN HOSPITABLE SPOT IN THE WILDERNESS—A PLEASANT EVENING—A FINNISH CHURCH SERVICE—FINNISH *versus* LAPPISH—A DESOLATE SPOT—DISAPPOINTMENT—ON THE WAY HOME—CONFUSING FRONTIERS—CAUGHT IN A SNOWSTORM—A PLEASANT NIGHT—WELCOME BACK!

"*Wenn Jemand eine Reise thuht so kann er was erzählen,*" says a German proverb. When a man has travelled he *must* have something to tell, you may perhaps say, and having now held the reader so long captive in the Koutokæino solitude, I feel it doubly incumbent on me to tell something of what I saw and experienced on my journey to—well, you shall soon learn where. I must say, by-the-bye, that the duty does not weigh heavily on me, as he who has travelled feels *compelled* to relate something—yea, you might as well attempt to stem mighty Niagara itself as the narrative of a man who for nine months has been shut out from

every vestige of civilisation, with a dog, a few hundred reindeer, and a score of Lapps for his sole society and enjoyment, were the journey but a walk through a village high street. And to be candid, gentle reader, is it not one of the greatest delights and rewards of the journey to think: "What shall I not have to relate when I get home?" Does not many a traveller hurry from one museum or gallery to another, and toil in the sweat of his brow up mountains and down valleys, not so much from any individual interest in seeing either the one or the other, but merely to be able to say to his friends at home over the dinner or in the cosy nook of the club-room: "Oh, yes, I have been there; know it well!"

I confess I do not differ in this respect from the rest of mankind, and having now played the overture we will raise the curtain. You are welcome to call the spectacle a comedy or anything else on "y" you choose, but I am not going to remove all interest in what is to follow by at once divulging the plot. This, however, I may say, that the first scene is laid in one of the humble dwellings of Koutokæino, and that the *dramatis personæ* are the sheriff, a man from Bossekop, the author, and two Lapps, supported by seven reindeer, sundry Pulks, trunks, and provision boxes, the first-mentioned being clad to the crown of the head in furs and the latter safely stowed away in the Pulks.

We were to start shortly after noon, but just previously an incident occurred which had the effect of frustrating our intention. This was the unexpected arrival of a rare but not therefore welcome guest, whom the poet has honoured with the name of "Zephyr." But it was not the

soft ethereal nymph who, in the gardens of romance, whispers love to the blushing rose and wafts coolness to passionate Romeos and Juliets, but a fierce, gruff gentleman born on the foam-crested waves of the roaring ocean, and nurtured on the frigid deserts of snow-covered mountains, with a temper akin to that of his brother and opposite neighbour, *Boreas*, when he is "having his say." To speak plainly, it was a hurricane from the south, one of those which are marked on the weather chart with an arrow and five feathers.

It came not, as usual, with clouds and snow in its train; no, the sun stood smilingly in the pure azure sky, and seemed to contemplate with great satisfaction the lively play of the galloping winds below. It was indeed not much they could carry off, a little snow and some sand, but there was not an atom of either which could resist being caught in the whirling, sweeping waltz to which the wind played its own accompaniment, howling and screeching among the houses. Up along the hills in the horizon swept clouds of sand, dust, and snow, veiling the outlines in a haze, and down the slopes they whirled in mad career, across the grand wilderness, where not a single object arrested their course. It was peculiar that this lusty chase was confined to the surface of the earth and its immediate vicinity, so that a perfect view was obtained of what seemed to be a magnificent foaming sea, on which the wavelets glistened in the rays of the smiling sun as though shot with silver.

We had already said an affectionate good-bye to our friends whom we were to leave behind, we had exchanged all such wishes and promises as are customary on these

occasions, but, in spite of our burning desire to get off, we had reluctantly to come to the conclusion as soon as we were outside, where a man could hardly keep on his legs, that a journey in the low Pulk, dead against the wind, sand, and snow, was one of those pleasant ventures termed a "physical impossibility." There was no help for it, we had to take off our furs.

The storm raged the whole night and the best part of the next morning, but towards noon it seemed to have spent its force, and the giant only indicated by violent snorts from time to time that he still possessed life. We again donned our furs, and once more said good-bye.

I shall not tire the reader by describing the troubles at starting, the hopeless entanglement we got into when the signal was given, which was only unravelled after a great deal of strong language; but, considering that it is a journey of nearly a fortnight's duration I am about to detail, I will take a leap forward of some five hours and twenty miles.

We are now that distance from Koutokæino, on a river whose name the reader may find some amusement in pronouncing, viz., Bjevjavæijoikka, or, more correctly speaking, *by* the river of the name. We wish we were on it, but unfortunately the recent heavy fall of snow has upset the normal state of affairs here by pressing the ice down to such an extent that the water floods the surface, so that there are two streams, one above the other, divided by a stratum of solid ice. We were consequently obliged to drive along the bank, a very laborious journey, as the ground was steep and covered with underwood and boulders. The evening soon closed in,—the winter's day

is short in these latitudes,—and to crown our misfortunes the storm of the previous day broke out afresh, accompanied by a heavy fall of snow. Now and then a rift in the heavy clouds revealed to us the full, jovial face of the moon, and threw for a few moments a magic glimmer over the fast-falling, glittering flakes of snow, the dark threatening clouds which hurried northwards across the heavens, and the landscape where we toiled on in dreary solitude. Sometimes the reindeer sank to the shoulders in the deep, loose snow, and sometimes the whole caravan came to a halt, when the leading reindeer had jammed the Pulk between two trees. We journeyed now up-hill, now down-hill, now into big holes, now out of them. My spectacles were soon covered with a layer of snow and ice which rendered me optically quite blind, and when, after a great deal of exertion, I succeeded in getting them off my ears, buried under the fur-cap, and dropped them into one of my capacious gloves—not at all an easy matter with large gloves on and with the injunction in mind of not dropping the rein for a second—the situation became much worse, as the tiny crystals of snow and ice drifted into my eyes with a pain as cutting as if they were needles, and formed a bridge of ice across my eyebrows. The pain became at last so intense that I was obliged to shut my eyes, and leave wholly to the reindeer to carry me where he chose. I will not enlarge upon such trifles as the beard being transformed into a solid icicle, as this always occurs to the traveller in the winter.

But I shall not make the account of our sufferings as long as they lasted, but simply conclude by stating that

we arrived past midnight in an exhausted state at the mountain-hut of Aidejavre.

These mountain-huts are the "Grand Hotels" of Lapland, but in case you should prefer "a more modest accommodation," to use the language of the guide book, I can recommend a Lapp tent filled with human and animal vermin, dogs and smoke, or, if you prefer it, a hole in the snow. Still, here, as everywhere else, it pays best to go to the best hotels. The traveller may obtain in these huts an excellent meal, viz., *consommé au* reindeer, *fillet de* reindeer, and wine and spirits *ad lib.*—that is to say, of course, if he brings with him the meat and everything else, cooking utensils, &c. Such was our fare, and I doubt, reader, whether a dinner at the most sumptuous banquet was ever enjoyed by you as this was by us. And last, not least, the pipe and the steaming glass of "something hot," on this as on all subsequent evenings after a day of hardship and toil in storm and cold! Just look at us three where we sit in the dark, narrow chamber, the roof of which is invisible by the light of a farthing candle stuck grandly in an empty bottle, while the embers remaining on the hearth from our culinary operations shed a faint ruddy glimmer upon us; just look at us, and you will admit, I am sure, that you never saw three faces more heartily endorsing the favourite expression of the sheriff: "Life is really jolly."

Fresh hay was now spread over the only bed, viz., a wooden box in one corner, and on the floor, and shortly after we were all as soundly asleep as if lying in the most luxurious of beds, with no storm howling without, and no snow gathering within.

Another leap, and we are, the next forenoon, at the mountain-hut of Sitschajavre, some fifteen miles further south.

Here all is just as at Aidejavre; the same low, wretched building, the same dreary surroundings.

After a short stay here, we proceed in a southern direction across the Tschurgimjavre, the Gamasjavre, and

THE MOUNTAIN-HUT AT SITSCHAJAVRE.

the Stuorgoattemjavre, and a number of other "javres," a word signifying "lake" in Lappish.

High up on a hill we discern a peculiar structure, viz., two parallel and symmetrical block-houses joined at the ends by means of high palisades with heavy gates. Through these we drive into the next station, by name Neckela. Part of one of the side-walls is occupied by an enormous brick fire-place, in which a tremendous log-

fire is blazing. We listen to a tongue we do not understand, which is not Lappish, very strange, and not so sonorous. On the walls are placards, evidently in the same language, in Swedish, and in a third language, of which I do not even understand the characters. But where are we? you may well ask. We are, gentle reader, in Russia, in the Land of the White Czar, in the home of the *knout* and the Nihilist.

A great leap indeed, you will probably say? But it isn't indeed, I assure you; we have only travelled twenty miles since we left Sitschajavre. Maybe, the geographical knowledge of the reader does not serve him immediately, so I will take the liberty of referring him to my map. He will then see that Russia in a most treacherous and certainly unnatural manner, but no doubt with perfect *diplomatic* legitimacy, has managed to get the Duchy of Finland wedged far in between Sweden and Norway, in fact with such success that a strip of land of just about a dozen miles in breadth alone separates the dominions of the Czar of all the Russias from the fjords of Norway. Indeed, you may breakfast at Koutokæino in the morning, lunch at Neckela at noon, and dine at Karesuando in the evening, with the consoling knowledge that you have trod the soil of two kingdoms and an empire between sunrise and sunset.

Probably the "wedge" theory is one with which the reader is not very familiar, but I am sure you have, at least, seen the cunning ease with which the workman utilises the wedge practically without bothering himself about the theory. No doubt the same sentiment inspired Russia

when she hit on the "Finland Wedge" to split the Scandinavian twin-kingdom asunder in the heart of Lapland. But, hush!—beware! We are in the land of Siberian mercy.

Whilst I have been thus straying into the regions of mechanics and diplomacy we have finished our mid-day dinner at Neckela, toasted the Czar with three cheers, and studied to our heart's content the notices on the wall in the triple languages of Swedish, Finnish, and Russian.

Our halt here is at an end, our things are again stowed away in the Pulk, the reindeer harnessed, and we speed on.

The country now assumes a milder character by degrees, and its aspect varies. The barren slopes, only in rare instances covered with straggling underwood, become scarcer and scarcer, and shortly afterwards we are within the immense regions of forest-land, which, in harmony with the "Thousand Lakes," as the grand National air of Finland says, forms the venerable kingdom of *Suomi*. But as we have to be at Hätta before night, there is no time for sentimental reflections; so forward, straight for our destination. Straight? Well, the expression must not be taken literally or in a mathematical sense, as this would give a very inaccurate notion of the reindeer's mode of running. You might as well attempt to get the moon to move in a straight line as a reindeer. Now a detour to the right, now one to the left, and so on throughout the whole drive. This is the way one travels in a straight line with a reindeer. The road is, in fact, serpentine, or, if you know sufficient of mathematics, I

may illustrate the matter by explaining that, instead of following the diameter, the reindeer goes the half periphery; instead of a straight line, the road is formed of innumerable semicircles, which makes it indeed 1·5708 times longer than it ought to be. One animal follows exactly the track of the preceding one, and the track made by the first animal and Pulk on new snow is faithfully followed by every other going in the same direction, however absurd the deviations may be, until it is obliterated by a fresh fall of snow. Even if a reindeer in a Raide from some cause or another swerves from this track the rest *must* follow, the side-spring one makes the next one *must* imitate.

But in my comments on the reindeer's fondness for digressions I have, as you may discover, been guilty of this fault myself, so quick back to the track!

In the dark night we drive through the majestic avenues of the immense silent forest, where the lofty and elegant firs and spruces lift their sombre crowns towards the sky on which the flaming aurora blends its lustre with that of the twinkling stars, while below, to the east, the disk of the full moon rises blood-red between the stems of the giants of the forest.

After a splendid drive we arrived at Hätta, the church-village in the parish of Enontekis, a name which has recently been often mentioned in Scandinavia, as the place is at present the centre of a religious agitation which is, in some respects, similar to that created by the Karesuando parson, Lästadius, and which resulted in the tragedy at Koutokæino. There is, however, hardly any danger to be apprehended from the present agitation,

although the choleric temper of the Lapp is highly susceptible to religious influences, and has the nature of powder, because the merciless severity with which the arm of the Law struck those miscreants is still so fresh in the minds of the people as to deter them from venturing on any such excesses as those I have previously narrated. Still, large numbers of Lapps from Sweden and Norway now journey to Hätta, where the parson not only gives them absolution by laying his hand on their head, but makes them so holy thereby that they too can dispense absolution to any extent they choose. And it cannot indeed be denied that the present commotion has something in common with the last one, when we, for example, learn that a Lapp, who would not miss any opportunity of stealing his brother's reindeer, now goes about dispensing a modicum of that absolution he has obtained at Hätta.

I should, however, stray too far if I were to record here the remarkable things which we are told take place and are taught at Hätta, or to relate the many ridiculous and impudent attempts made by the Lapps to stir up the population in the neighbouring Swedish and Norwegian parishes. Some people say that it is religious fanaticism, others that it is simply aberration of mind which causes the present leader to act and teach as he does. The commotion is, nevertheless, not without interest.

Shall I describe an evening, or rather morning, at Hätta? If you are a lover of whist, I may tell you that we passed the evening in the little parlour of the inn over several quiet rubbers. Who won and who lost is, doubtless, a matter of indifference to you, particularly as

you did not see our cards, and cannot decide whether the sheriff was right in insisting that I ought to have played the knave when I preferred to throw a "nine." It is doubtful whether a pack of cards could be obtained in this holy place, but we had been wise enough to bring one with us from Koutokæino. How we dared to play cards only within a stone's-throw of the residence of

VIEW OF HÄTTA.

this saintly parson, you may well ask. Well, I will tell you; we ascertained that he was away. Had he been at home there is not the slightest doubt he would have forced himself into our company, questioning us whether we were "saved"; and had he found us with cards, pipes, and glasses, he not only might have anathematized us as the children of Hell and the emissaries of his Dark Majesty, but maybe had us expelled from the place. As there

was nothing of this kind to fear, we finished our rubbers and our glasses in perfect tranquillity and peace.

There are, by-the-bye, few things I found taste better than strong reindeer gravy-soup and the milk which is everywhere plentiful in Finland. "Anna minulle maido"—Bring me some milk—was indeed the first and almost only expression of the Finnish language I learnt on my tour.

Probably you will prefer a description of the mag-

THE CHURCH AT HÄTTA.

nificent winter's morning which greeted us at Hätta. The lovely azure sky, the play of the sun on the white glistening fields, the gay chirping of the birds from the fir-boughs draped in hoar-frost, and the grand, immense forests which encircle the long, ice-covered lake of Hedansjärvi.* What a contrast to the wretched landscape on which my eyes had dwelt for six long months!

Half hidden between the trees I behold the farms about the place, and high above on a hill the elegant

* *Järvi* is the Finnish form of the Lappish *jarve.*

steeple of the new church raising the cross against the sky. As it is seen thus, remarkably handsome in its appearance, nobody would believe that it is a cradle of fanaticism and superstition.

There was one thing which I greatly missed in the else so attractive and lovely Finland, viz., the strange life and picturesque dress of the Lapps. Only on very few occasions we met a representative of this race.

KVÆNS.

The dress of the Finn is ugly and monotonous, and gloomy, too, is the physiognomy and bearing of the people.

The black fur-cap of the men and the short jacket of the women are the only characteristic parts of the dress; it is in other respects as uninteresting as anywhere else in the world. The Finns, however, often use when travelling the Lapp Pæsk. The shoes of the

Finns differ from those of the Lapps by the Komager, and often also by the Skaller, having ankles. Very often ordinary boots are worn by the Finns.

JOVEL VELITALLO, A YOUNG KVÆN.

Whilst the reindeer are being harnessed, I will explain how the two races ought to be styled which, in addition

to the Swedes and Norwegians, inhabit these regions, a matter which is, indeed, not one of the simplest.

The Swedes call the Lapps *Lappar* (Lapps), but by the Norwegians they are called *Finner* (Finns), while the Finns call them *Lappalaiset.* They call themselves *Sabmeladschak.* The Finns, on the other hand, call themselves *Suomalaiset,* or *Laudalaiset,* but the Norwegians call them *Kvæner* (Kvæns), while the Swedes call them *Finnar* (Finns), and the Lapps *Laddeladschak.* Serious consequences might, indeed, result from attempting to solve this linguistic puzzle.

I have one more remarkable event to call attention to before we leave Hätta. I saw here—what do you think? A horse! Yes, you may smile, but I do believe that I would not have examined a mammoth or camel, had I met either at Hätta with the interest and sympathy with which I gazed at this horse. It was more than half a year since I had seen one. It seemed to me nearly as big as an elephant, so long had I been accustomed to look at the small reindeer.

And now forward, at a rapid pace, as we have at present only covered a fifth part of our journey. Therefore, at a gallop through the splendid forests white with the hoar-frost, across the limitless, shining lakes.

As soon as the frontier of Finland is crossed, the traveller will notice that near every farm there is a detached little log-hut with openings, which are darkened by smoke. If one asks what they are, the answer is the "Savna." When some months previously I read the account in the 'Land of the Midnight Sun' of the well-known traveller Du Chaillu's visit to a few Finnish

hamlets near the Baltic, in which he gives a description of the use of the Savna, I doubted very much indeed the strict accuracy of his assertions, in which I was the more justified by the circumstance that a great many of his "experiences" in Scandinavia are coloured by those tints which misunderstanding and want of intimate knowledge of the people's language and character cause a foreigner to adopt in order to cover his defects, or enhances the interest of the narrative by introducing a strong element of what is politely called "fiction" into the same. But on this particular point I can assure the reader that the celebrated gorilla-hunter is not far from being correct.

The Savna is, in fact, the common bath-room of the farm. Every Saturday the Savna is used by the whole family, the servants of the farm, and any "guest" desirous of joining. A large log-fire is lit on a hearth in the room, and when the bricks or stones are red-hot, cold water is poured upon them, which causes the room to become filled with steam. When all is ready the bathers, of both sexes and all ages, proceed to the Savna, simply in the state in which we are told our first progenitors disported themselves, and this even if the mercury is frozen to a lump in the bulb. When the room is full fresh water is poured on the stones, and the bathers begin to belabour each other with birch-twigs, an operation which has about the same effect as, I should imagine, the "rubbing down" of the nude form with a hard brush and a scraper by a powerful ostler. The proceedings are naturally carried on under a great deal of fun on the part of the younger of the company.

When the bath *en famille* is over, and a profuse perspiration has been caused by the whipping and the steam, the whole company adjourns to the snow outside, in which another bath takes place. This over the bathers disperse in various directions in the same "clothing" as they came. I had many opportunities of witnessing similar spectacles on my lengthy journey into the heart of Finland.

This is the object and use of the Finnish Savna; if you still doubt come and see for yourself. An illustration of such a Savna may be seen in the view I have given in a subsequent chapter of Gätkesuando. I feel,

THE FARM AT PUOLEDAIBALA.

however, obliged in conclusion to say, to the credit of the Finnish nation, that the habit of bathing *en famille* is becoming less common.

We halted at noon at Puoledaibala, the first human habitation we encountered in the deserted forests since leaving Hätta.

During our stay a reindeer caravan with hundreds of trotting animals, shouting shepherds, and barking dogs, journeys past. Behind the women drive with the tents of the family and the chattels. Quick as they came they are gone, and the animated scene passes out of sight.

But we cannot rest long here; we have still a good distance to cover. The Finnish miles, of which there are six between Hätta and Muonioniska, seemed to remind me of the so-called "Scotch"; they are at all events much longer than the Norwegian, which is one and a half geographical miles. We drive through forests and across lakes, across lakes and through forests—there is no end to the drive, although we have journeyed all day and the greater part of the evening.

VIEW ON THE MUONIONISKA.

At last we see before us lights glittering in the darkness. It is Muonioniska, the goal of our journey. It is so pitch-dark that no other object than these gleaming gems are visible, as even in these latitudes there is sometimes, contrary to the belief of many, no moon. The moon, like the sun, takes into her head sometimes to disappear altogether for a period, but then again, as if to make up for it, she is nearly always seen at others.

Much might I relate of our three days' stay at the beautiful Muonioniska among its kind inhabitants. The country here is very free and open, while endless forest-lands border the Muonio river which flows through the broad valley in two to three channels. A number of houses picturesquely painted red with white borders and window-frames cluster on the hill yonder around the great cruciform church. The country on the other side

MUONIOVARRE.

of the river is another land, viz., Sweden. Here lies the great and important trading station Muoniovarre, the hospitable home of all travellers in Lapland.

The sleighs are harnessed, the bells sound merrily on the backs of the horses, which in our eyes appeared quite gigantic with the great collar of the kind used on a Russian *troika* horse and arched across the back. How strange it was to us semi-Lapps, accustomed to lie down

in the low Pulk close to the ground, to sit high up in sleighs built in European fashion. And we drove to all the neat little red houses, from one to another, and in every one we were so kindly and hospitably received that we soon felt we should be unable to respond to every call.

Of this I am convinced, that teetotalism has made poor progress in Muonioniska, and I doubt whether any advocate of the cause would make a single proselyte here. Never mind when, never mind where we went —there was the same forest of glasses and bottles; whether breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner, or supper; whether morning, noon, or night — there stood the glasses and bottles ready, and it was in vain we remonstrated. And what was so tempting to us semi-savages from Koutokæino was the manner in which everything was prepared and served. Everything was offered with the taste and elegance which are characteristic of the Swedes. The life among the better families at Muonioniska, as well as the language, is in every sense Swedish.

I wish I could exchange the pen for the brush, in order to give you an idea of the pleasant days, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, nights we spent among these kind and hospitable people, the most happy and contented I ever met with. Take, for instance, that evening, or, if you like, morning at the sheriff's—who, by-the-way, is absent—but in whose place the jolly *forestier*, Herr W——, acts as vice-host. He is the incarnation of hospitality, and smilingly invites us every fifth minute with a "skål" or "var så god" to empty or fill our glasses; how the excellent Master of the Hunt danced a kind of Swedish highland-fling to enliven us, and how

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THE CHURCH AT MUONIONISKA.

our sombre companion from Bossekop became so smitten by the general conviviality that he treated us to nineteen songs from a *farce*, in which he had, twenty years ago, played the part of a "mute" at some amateur theatricals, and then attempted an *encore* of them all; and how the sheriff—I mean *our* sheriff, not the absent one—evinced an irresistible temptation to treat us to all kinds of songs with original impromptu accompaniments, to all of which the writer had to beat time with a burning candle—well, over all these details I will draw a veil.

In the early morning, we proceed home across the ice-covered river, where the crisp snow creaks under the foot in the frosty air below the star-studded canopy of the deep-blue heavens. The immense dark fir-forest sighs mournfully in the wind, while down in the far south some remnants of an aurora flit rapidly over the sky. Our amiable host begins, "Lovely star, thou who twinkles," the celebrated Wennerbeg ballad, and we all join in the chorus—as far as we are able.

Sunday morning I paid a visit to the church, the exterior of which was under repair. The two great silver crosses on the towers flashed in the sun. There were about half-a-dozen people seated in the great body of the church, formed by the four wings. The high walls are covered with dark, rough deals, on which there are some strange ornamentations in red and green. But where is the clergyman? Twist your neck, so that the line of sight forms an angle with the horizon of 45°, and you will see, high above the altar, a little, barrel-shaped pulpit, and in this the head and shoulders of the parson. He wears a fur coat and cap, a little white "bib" alone

indicating his dignity. He preaches in the peculiar Finnish tongue, the many "ä's" of which impart to it a very strange sonorousness. But what has become of the parson? In the middle of the sermon he has suddenly disappeared in the barrel; in about a minute he reappears, and continues where he left off. This is one of the prescribed forms of the Finnish ritual. Then an attempt is made to sing a hymn, previous to which a figure clad in furs, sitting to the right of the altar, has attached the number to a moveable disk. This over, the parson proceeds with his drawling address. Such is a Finnish church service.

I am sure it will be admitted that the Finnish tongue is a strange one, if the following sentences be read, which I take at random from the almanack I bought for curiosity's sake at Muonioniska. They might, perhaps, serve as "the standard" for a spelling bee!

"Yö näillä pohjän mailla on pitkä, mutta älkäämme tehko sitä wielä pitemmäksi, sillä että hyödyllisimmiltä elukoiltamme mùutamme päiwänkiu yöksi; elukat syöwät enemmän, kylmässa, huoneessa kuin lämpimässä, ejkä rawinto heissä kuitenkaan tule näkywūnsen enempää."

It sounds and looks, indeed, like Chinese, and one would hardly imagine that the famous epic "Kalevala" was written in this tongue.

What a different force and resonance there is in the Lappish tongue, of which I also give a specimen.

"Darve—vuorasgis vulgi dam jabmemættom adnani, dainago dak jabmemættom ædnama olbmuk legje sudnji ustebak; ja dego davvevuoras bodi dobbe ruoktod, de mujtali dam olbmai, gutte niejda ja bædnaga læi

snoladam, atte: jos don ik doalvo ruoktod, de dakkek soade du vuóstai."

But let us return to Muonioniska, or rather let us fly from this Geheuna, if we wish to get back alive to Koutokæino.

We were obliged to turn a deaf ear to all the tempting propositions for detaining us, and had to resist all the pressing invitations to more breakfasts, luncheons, and

VIEW OF KARESUANDO.

dinners; to be brief, we are again on our road, driving as before, after a very sincere leave-taking on both sides.

The direction is now a different one, viz., to the north-west; but the lakes and the forests, and the forests and the lakes, are just the same as before, at least as far as appearance, number, and limit are concerned.

We may, therefore, as we travel on paper, speed rapidly past them, and, having slept one night in the narrow,

close room at Palojokki, make a leap to next day's noon, when we are on Swedish soil, in Karesuando.

Here we had intended to have made a stay of some

LAPP FROM KARESUANDO.

days, but the sheriff and the parson were both away, and others of our own race there are not here. Sad and desolate is the appearance of this spot; not a tree, not a

hill breaks the monotony of the barren view formed by the white snow, the old church, and half-a-dozen wretched huts.

LAPP FROM KARESUANDO.

The resident population at Karesuando consists of Kvæns, who in appearance differ little from their brethren in Finland. Near their dwellings are, as in

Koutokæino, a number of large chests on poles, in which the nomad Lapps of the district store their chattels, as a great many Mountain Lapps are found here in the winter, of whom I give some portraits.

LAPP WOMAN FROM KARESUANDO.

In the summer they wander with their herds, like the Norwegian Lapps, to the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

THE CHURCH AT KARESU'ANDO.

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Some of these families always pitch their tents in the Tromsö valley, near the town of the same name, and may be familiar to many tourists, as the steamer generally stays long enough at Tromsö to allow of a trip to the valley, and obtain an idea how the Mountain Lapps live.

In consequence of the absence of the two dignitaries we did not stay longer at Karesuando than was necessary for dining, and this accomplished, we drove across the river, and were again in Russia. Now the journey lay straight home.

In the evening we arrived at Syvrajærvi, a hut with a single room, occupied by a man and woman, their twelve children, sundry dogs, and many other pleasant inhabitants, all very dirty. The man and the woman, the twelve children, we three travellers, our two Lapps, the dogs, *and the rest*, were to keep each other company in the single room that night. Well, when one has driven in a Pulk for twelve hours, it is indeed possible to sleep even in such company. The accommodation is certainly somewhat limited, the air not of the purest, and I regret to say that not *all* the above-mentioned creatures sleep; still, one gets accustomed to much in Lapland.

I have little to relate of interest from the following day, but that we crossed the frontier—you may well ask which? I mean the Norwegian. It is fortunate there are no custom-houses in these parts, else the crossing from one land to another, then into a third, and back again, might have many drawbacks. We made a brief halt at noon at one of the earth-huts built for the mail-service, in which the melting snow from the roof every moment attempted to extinguish our laboriously made fire. We

hoped to be at Koutokæino before night. This would also doubtless have been the case had not a sudden snow-storm of great violence compelled us to spend another

LAPP BOY FROM KARESUANDO.

night like the previous one. We had, however anxious we were to get home, to put up at night at Galanito, and accept the shelter kindly offered us by my friend Morten Gaino.

The fatigued reindeeer are harnessed the next morning for the last time; in a few hours we have covered the distance down the frozen river, and now we behold the three flags on the staves at Koutokæino wishing us "Welcome back."

"*Wenn Jemand eine Reise thuht, so kann er was erzählen,*" said the parson, as we again sat in the cosy dining-room of the vicarage in the homely circle. He had not to ask us twice; and what we told him was what I have now related.

CHAPTER IV.

ASSIZE WEEK AT KOUTOKÆINO.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS—ANXIOUS WAITING—A REVELATION TO THE READER—TERRIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT—GREAT GATHERING OF LAPPS—A LAPPISH COURT OF JUSTICE—THE TROUBLES OF A JUDGE—THE SINS OF LAPPS—"EROTIC" WEAKNESS—THE RISK OF REINDEER STEALING—REMARKABLE SENSE OF RECOGNITION—. MY DAILY COMPANIONS—SCENES DURING THE WEEK—LAPP BELLES—FLIRTATION—A SURPRISE—LAPP DAINTIES—A CHOICE DRINK—MY POPULARITY—THE CAUSE—BARGAINING WITH LAPPS —FONDNESS OF SPIRITS—A QUICK DESCENT—A COLD BED—HARDY CONSTITUTION—A DRINK—HUNDRED PER CENT. INTEREST —A PLEASANT SURPRISE—OPPOSITE PERFORMANCES—HOW THE PARSON IS REMUNERATED—TITHES *versus* DRINK—NATURE THE BEST PHYSICIAN—A STARTLING OFFER—A GREAT TEMPTATION— I TERRIFY THE LAPPS—AN AMUSING COMPETITION—THE FALSE PROPHET BECOMES THE VICTOR—AN EXPEDITION INTO THE ENEMY'S CAMP—CONFRONTING THE PROPHET—A SCENE—A SECOND VISIT TO A SIEITE—A CLEVER LAPP—HIS TALE PROVES AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE—MOVING THE IDOL—A STRANGE OCCURRENCE—THE REVENGE OF THE OLD GOD—AGAIN ALONE.

IT is the week after Easter.

"When may we expect them?"

"They may be here Wednesday night, if they start directly they land from the steamer."

The fireworks are ready, the guns loaded; everything is, in fact, prepared to make the reception as festive as possible.

They did not come. The fireworks were taken in, the guns covered up. They are sure to come to-morrow.

The rockets, the Roman candles, and the squibs are again mounted, and the gunner ready with his fuse. They stood there till midnight; then they had again to be taken in. They did not come that night either.

"Well, now, there is not the slightest doubt they will be here at mid-day to-morrow."

I run up a large kite, unpacked balloons, and, in the improbable event of their arriving in the evening, the fireworks were mounted for the third time.

All the afternoon the kite scanned the northern horizon with her big eyes. No, she saw nothing, in spite of her elevation. The parson and the school-teacher in their impatience climbed a few times on to the roof of the vicarage; but they saw nothing. For safety's sake, however, the flags are run up.

The sun went down, as did also the kite, after having shaken her head a good deal. The wind was tired of waiting any longer; the flags hung sleepily by the staves. Down with them!

It is impossible to understand. Even had this or that occurred, or had this or that been the case, they certainly ought to have been here by now. We had better sit up to-night; if they don't come then, they will never come.

Hour after hour slips by; the parson sits in my room nodding, as he is accustomed to be in bed by nine, a motion he continues so long that I also begin to nod.

Suddenly we start to our feet through a shout from Henrik Pentha without. "Here they are!" Quick, a

light to my cigar, with which the fireworks are to be let off, and out in the cold dark night.

At a distance we hear voices and the faint tinkling of bells; but the voices cease and the sound of the bells soon die away in the great, dark silence around us. It was not them, but some passing Lapps.

Our patience is exhausted at last. The cigar is put out, the fireworks taken in, and we go to bed in a temper. They may now come when they like, or stay away altogether, if they prefer; we are too disappointed to care for either.

And the next morning came, but not they. It would be sheer folly to wait lunch for them now, when even the most sanguine of us has given up all hope of their coming.

In the afternoon the merchant shouts across to us from his window: "Here they are!" But we were not to be taken in again.

But what is that? His flag runs aloft; we had better go and see if it should really be them.

Yes, indeed, there they are! Up with the flags! The kite shoots aloft with such impetuosity that she upsets the telephone wires. The fuse to the touch-hole of the guns: bang, bang, bang!—and in flying career a string of Pulks drive up before the vicarage.

Well, I confess I have never seen three men looking more stupid than we did when we discovered who the newcomers were.

"But where are we now, and what is all this about, and who are they?" you doubtless ask, with justified impatience.

For a reply to the first query, I beg to refer the reader to the heading of this chapter, although such words as fireworks, guns, rockets, balloons, kites, and telephones might lead him to suppose that the scene was laid in one of the centres of civilisation instead of in a corner of the Polar desert; but they will at the same time give an idea of the progress we have made here in the course of six months.

And now I will tell you who they are. The fact is, that Koutokæino has been expecting a larger number of visitors than has probably ever been together before in this place, where silence and desolation reign supreme. We are about to receive a visit from the bishop, simultaneously with the holding of the assizes. We expect the bishop, the archdeacon, the director of the school-board, the doctor, the magistrate, counsel, and clerks, in addition to whom we shall doubtless see the greater part of the Lapp population in our adjacent parishes, who will come here for a double purpose.

Can you wonder now at our expectation and disappointment, when only the archdeacon and the doctor arrived, informing us that neither the bishop nor the director of the school-board would come? Terrific storms had arrested them at Hammerfest, and at last compelled them to return to Tromsö; hence the delay.

Great indeed was the disappointment among the people, who had been looking forward to this as an historical event, it being ten years since a bishop had visited the place. Not less disappointed was the parson's wife, who for a whole month had been busy cleaning, cooking, and baking, and nearly turned the old parsonage inside

out, to make it suitable for the reception of the high prelate. But the parson was, I believe, the most disappointed of them all: for fully three weeks he had been at work on his sermon.

However, the matter could not be helped, so we welcomed the two arrivals with the best grace.

Soon after, the gentlemen of the Bench also arrived, and from far and near the natives gathered in their most festive garb, and for eight sunny days Koutokæino could boast of a life so gay and varying that I was fully repaid for my long, voluntary exile, which was now drawing to a close.

My mission hither is at an end. The wonderful play of colour from the flaming aurora is unable to resist the faint light of *night* any longer. When the assizes are over, therefore, my journey lies into the heart of the Finnish wilderness, and thence to the shores of the Polar Ocean.

If I were a painter I might be able to place before you some rich and attractive scenes, which during this week enlivened the barren sand-cliffs of Koutokæino. But, as I unfortunately am not, I will attempt with the pen to give some rapid sketches, which the reader's imagination must contribute to complete.

Just let us look for a moment into the Court-house, whilst a case is being tried. There is hardly room for us, the great chamber being crowded with people. Behind a bar, at a long table, sit the representatives of *Justitia*, laboriously attempting to unravel the thread of facts in the web of truth and untruth, which the delinquents are experts in spinning. Lying, squatting, and standing,

the crowd share the floor between them. Now and then a Lapp tries stealthily to snatch a whiff from a clay pipe; here a couple are sleeping off the effects of the merchant's liquor. Barking dogs and squealing babies perform the accompaniment to the grave proceedings at the Bar.

Sometimes the crowd becomes so loud in their mutual gossip that the proceedings are entirely drowned in an ocean of chat, shouts, and laughter, and the judge is compelled to knock on the table and shout in a thundering voice: "*Orro jaskat!*"—Be quiet—which stems the conviviality for a few moments. Soon after the conversation is again in full swing. The door of the room is hardly shut for a moment: some come, others go.

At the Bar the interpreter, Johannes Vik—a Kvæn by birth—acts as intermediary between the judge, who does not know more Lappish than the above exclamation, and the sinner, who does not understand Norwegian. "Ask him about so-and-so," says the magistrate. "All right," replies he. "Now, Nilas, *gula!*"—hear—and a long dialogue takes place between the two, the essence of which Johannes submits to the judge with the following characteristic introduction: "It shall be required from him that," &c. If however, you conclude from this that the magistrate has only to *ask* for the desired information to obtain it, you are much mistaken; no, you don't catch a Lapp as easily as all that. He is a master in lying, and with remarkable agility and confidence balances between combined systems of lies. And, if driven to the wall, he

simply denies everything. The plaintiff can marshal any number of witnesses, evidence may speak as plainly

JOHANNES VIK, THE COURT INTERPRETER.

against him as possible; no, he sticks to his "dat læ tsjappis gieles"—it is all a big lie.

If I exempt the cases which may be classified as "erotic,"

in which the Court has to soften the discord arising from a justified or unjustified objection on the part of the Lord of Creation to pay the representative of the fair sex the *solatium* which the Law assigns her for the consequences of certain youthful follies on his part, the cases by far the most numerous are charges of theft, particularly of reindeer-stealing.

When on a dark night a Lapp comes up with a herd of unguarded reindeer the temptation to unroll the lasso from his shoulder, cast it around the horns of one of the hundred animals and carry it off is very great, particularly as the profit of such a transaction is equally great. The animal is slaughtered at the first opportunity, the flesh sold or eaten, and the skin temporarily hidden, the ears with the mark of the owner having been cut away. But, even if these are wanting, the owner, as a rule, knows his skin, were it even turned into Komager or gloves.

He misses his deer quickly enough too, and never rests until he has discovered the robber. It is simply incredible how easily the Lapp recognises each individual of his herd, which to the stranger seem as alike as two leaves on the same tree. Well, I assure you, that I have shown Lapps photographs I have taken of their herds, and they have named every animal! If it is, therefore, a simple matter to steal a deer, it is no easy matter to conceal the theft.

Of the male portion of the Lapp community, the number who have never been engaged in reindeer-stealing is a very insignificant one, and as the Norwegian law takes a more rigid view of this offence than the

Lapp mind, there are very few who have not personally inspected the interior of a jail. I confess I cannot say why, but Lapps and non-Lapps seem to look upon the culprits in these parts with rather a benevolent eye; in fact, for months I have had for my daily companions murderers, incendiaries, thieves, and jail-birds, and have mixed with them as familiarly as if they were all members of the best society.

One case is disposed of to be followed by another, and page after page of the Court records is filled with truth and falsehood until the week is over.

From morning to night a gay and festive crowd throngs the croft between the houses. Varying scenes, some attractive, some grotesque, meet the eye everywhere. Here a party have settled down outside the house of the sheriff; they are talking about a case just concluded. Some are in Pæsks, others in smock-frocks; old and young, good-looking and ugly, men and women; just look at the quick gestures and listen to the sonorous language which animate their talk.

There one about to depart is saying good-bye to his friends. "Lækgo gærgos vuólgemi?"—Are you ready to depart?—they say. "Læm"*—I am. "Æle dærvan nubbe gavnadæbmai!"—Be well till we meet again! And he is off in his Pulk.

Four or five Kvæns summoned before the Court lie at full length on the snow, sunning themselves. Not only the lofty fur-cap, but the hard, stereotyped expression

* The Lapp language has the same peculiarity as the Latin in not having words for "Yes" or "No." Are you? Will you? Can you? are always answered, I am, I will, I can, or in the negative.

of face tells you that they are the representatives of a different nation: an obstinate, self-willed, but phlegmatic race.

Arm-in-arm a young Lapp walks across the river between two girls. They have purchased and emptied two bottles of port, and are, consequently, not quite steady on their legs. Half-way, the thin layer of ice formed in the night on the water which collects during the day on the solid ice, breaks, and the three sink, arm-in-arm, down into the water, until they stand on the firm ice beneath. There they stand, looking stupidly at each other, unable to realise the situation, until somebody comes to their rescue and hauls them out.

It is a pleasure to look at the many young girls I encounter, all in their best garments. Many really handsome faces there are not, but the eye dwells nevertheless with satisfaction on the gay crowd of youthful girls who pass to and fro in their magnificent, picturesque costumes. Look, for instance, at that little Birret, the *belle* of them all! "Voj, voj, dam meida læ tsjabesvutti!"—Oh, how lovely that girl is!—exclaims one of her admirers. "Just look at her pearly row of teeth—characteristic of the Lapps—and her roguish eyes." "Dat læ riebau tsjalmbmik,"—They are fox eyes,—says an envious girl. Look at the coquettish arrangement around the neck and shoulders of four or five little neckerchiefs, one over the other, and each more resplendent than the other, which nearly hide the string of pearls and silver ornaments encircling the well-turned neck.

Here some girls are flirting with a young fellow, who,

amidst much laughter and fun, attempts to gain possession of the furry gloves of one of them. But she manages

A LAPP BELLE.

to retain them. "Virdetsjamaj gula!"—My dear, listen to me!—he exclaims passionately; "gula aj don uttoekaddsjam!"—Listen, little darling! But she only laughs

at him, and says, "Mana gæjdnosat!"—Go along!—and the rest shout after him, "Vuölge miu gaskat!"—Run away.

One evening a Lapp damsel in green jacket went past me. "*Guten Abend, mein Herr!*" she said. Had my trusty friend Rolf addressed me in German, I doubt if I should have been more astonished than I was. But my surprise was greater still when she said, "*Je parle Français, Monsieur.*" Indeed, I had, so to speak, to pinch my arm to know whether I was dreaming. But it was no dream. The girl had, she told me in reply to my questions, been both to Berlin and Paris, as a member of a Lapp family exhibited there. She had on this journey acquired some knowledge of German and French, and I have no doubt she is the only one of her race who can boast this accomplishment.

The merchant's booth is crowded with people from morning to night, who come to buy and sell. He does a brisk business during these few days, particularly in figs, wine, and naphtha. The Lapps consider figs the greatest dainty the earth produces, and no more acceptable present can be made to a Lapp damsel than a bag of this fruit. They are also in great demand among the old people. Another delicacy, equally highly coveted, are some very poor cakes sold by the merchant. The Lapps call them *njalgis laïbe*, i.e., sweet bread.

The sale of all kinds of spirits being strictly prohibited, the people fall back upon port, the stock of which is soon exhausted. It is then that the naphtha comes into requisition. It is sold in small bottles as "a medicine," but the Lapps consume it with great relish as

a substitute for spirits. It is certainly dear, but then it is so much stronger. Both men and women use this stimulant, and it can be easily smelt as soon as they approach.

In the shop, and outside it, therefore, one often meets people who are far beyond the first stage of intoxication. Here one is "juõiking"; there another is delivering a long and utterly unintelligible address, accompanied by the liveliest gestures. But the Lapps are, in this state as in any other, very good-tempered; they are full to overflowing of good-humour and benevolence, they embrace, hug, and kiss each other.

During the assize week I became very popular among them, as I possessed some brandy, of which I now and then gave them a glass. "Voj, voj, dat læ garras!"—Oh, oh, it is strong—they said, at the same time looking exceedingly pleased, and wishing for more.

One day two smart fellows came up to my room in the vicarage, where I temporarily lodged, having vacated my rooms for the gentlemen of the Bench. They were Aslak Bals and Niels Eira, the latter of whom had some remarkably beautifully carved articles of bone, which I wanted to acquire for the museum at Bergen. As he was in a far advanced state of "obfuscation," and did not understand a single word of Norwegian, Aslak acted as intermediary between us. The latter had, I may say in passing, just returned from Christiania, where for twelve calendar months he had been the guest of the State, at a celebrated institution in that place. He had at this establishment learnt Norwegian and good manners, but he was a 'cute man, who required

watching and astuteness, if you were not to be taken in.

He says that because it is *I*, I shall have the articles for fifteen shillings. Knowing, however, with whom I have to deal, I offer him ten shillings. Aslak folds his hands, and turns his eyes to the ceiling in amazement at my proposition; but he says, after a while, Niels wants some money, and I shall have them for twelve shillings. I was, however, obdurate; ten shillings, not a penny more. A long, inarticulate conference now begins between Aslak and Niels, who is half asleep on a chair by the table. Aslak looks from time to time at the articles, and thinks, no doubt, what a lot of drink they could obtain for ten shillings. At last they seem to agree, and Aslak makes the following proposal: That I shall have the articles for ten shillings, but that I shall treat Niels to two substantial "Drams" of my brandy, and himself to one "for his trouble." Thus the bargain was concluded, and I gave them the drinks, although I had some doubt whether it was good for Niels to have any more. He, however, polished them off in less time than it takes me to write this, and Aslak then took him by the arm, and they both left the room in the happiest of spirits. On descending the stairs Niels took into his head to save the many steps by a headlong descent to the bottom, and as his companion was not equal to the situation, he went with him. I heard a tremendous noise, and, looking out of the door, saw them lying at the bottom of the stairs. As they did not seem to have any intention of getting up, I went down, helped them on their legs, and inquiring whether they were hurt, led them outside.

No sooner were they outside than both began to evince a strong disposition to make a bed of the snow, and, after a few ineffectual attempts on my side to keep them up, I was obliged to let go, and as by one impulse, they both made a sudden lurch forward, and buried their heads in the snow. They were fast asleep; you might as well have attempted to rouse the dead.

I had some scruples during the evening as to whether I might not have contributed to do harm to my two worthy friends; but they were all dispelled the next morning. I sallied forth after breakfast, and who should I behold but my two friends, arm-in-arm, as contented as if nothing had been the matter. I saw them later on in the day; they were no doubt laying the foundation for another dissipation by the aid of my ten shillings.

Once, only once, a Lapp offered me a drink. It was late at night and I was out looking at the people. Ole Bæhr came up to me, and without saying a word, dragged me behind one of the houses, where he produced a small flask from his pocket, saying—"Ajgokgo vinest jukkat?"—Won't you have some Brændevin?—adding that he offered it to me because I had so often been kind in a similar manner to him and his countrymen. Well, now, what could I do? For the sake of the novelty of the situation I put the flask to my mouth and imbibed a disgusting fluid, half fusel, half water, and returning it in the politest manner, said, "Gitos ædnag addaldaghast"—Many thanks for the present,—at the same time asking Ole to call on me the next day, so that I might return the kindness.

He came the next day, and every subsequent day

during the whole week. With Lapps you may safely say, that if they give you anything, they expect a hundred per cent. interest.

One night I was present at a wedding at one of the farms. Outside, a young Lapp, whom I did not know, came up to me and asked me to lend him a shilling. He had no money, and wished very much to go inside the wedding-house to get some spirits. He would, he said, next day bring me a joint of reindeer in return for it. Not that the latter offer tempted me, but I gave him the shilling. On returning home the parson and the sheriff had a hearty laugh at my expense, over the simple manner in which I had been taken in. But the next day it was my turn to laugh at them, as the Lapp really came with the joint. There is honesty even amongst thieves.

During the assize week many ceremonies of opposite nature were performed, as, for instance, trials, sales and purchases, communions, weddings, christenings, and funerals. Parson, merchant, and judge must be employed whilst the people are on the spot. There is no want of guests at the weddings now, no want of godfathers at the christenings, no want of mourners at the funerals. From the Court-house the crowd proceeds to the merchant's shop, from the shop to the vicarage, from the vicarage to the church, from the church to the graveyard, where the final tragedy of life is enacted to the words, "Dust to dust." The bell and the hymn cease, the church is closed, and the crowd separates, some to the wedding-feast, others to the christening party, and some to the house of sorrow; here is gaiety and rejoicing, there woe

and sorrow; and the next day the drama of Life is played over again.

During the week the Lapps paid frequent visits to the vicar and the merchant, carrying with them reindeer meat, tongues, marrow bones, skin and furs. The parson is, generally, remunerated in food. He gets, for administering the sacrament, for example, a tongue; and other articles are disposed of at the merchant's in exchange for merchandise; but a great deal of haggling takes place before a bargain is struck. It happens, however, not infrequently, that the Lapp, when he is thirsty, passes the door of the vicar and goes straight to the merchant's, where he exchanges his tithes for drink. The parson can wait until another occasion, he thinks.

The assize week is the only time during the whole year when there is a doctor in these parts. At all other times everyone has to shift for himself. Nature is the best physician, it is said, and it seems, at all events, to be so here, the people's health being far better than where there is a doctor to every ten individuals, while the rate of longevity is certainly not low. To attain an age of seventy or eighty years is not unusual, and even a far higher age is sometimes reached. Many Lapps believe, however, that they are much older than they really are, which is, no doubt, caused by their old age being spent in idleness, making the time seem very long. Thus, when a Lapp reaches the age of eighty, it is not long before he raises the figure to a hundred, and at this he remains until his death. Stockfleth relates that he met a Mountain Lapp at Karasjok, who was 103 years of age,

and who had promised to give the church forty white reindeer if he attained 200. When, however, he began

MATHIS GAUP, MY WOULD-BE FATHER-IN-LAW.

to feel death approaching, he retracted his promise. He died at the age of 109.

A somewhat startling offer was made me during the

week by Mathis Gaup, a grinning Mountain Lapp, with black hands, black face, and black hair, highly distinguished by a nose in the shape of a German sausage; he wanted me absolutely to become his son-in-law. He offered me his fair daughter there and then—a true copy of the father, particularly as regards the nasal organ, and a fortune of 500 magnificent reindeer! She was

ANNA GAUP (18), MY WOULD-BE WIFE, AND HER FRIEND ANNA SOMBY (20).

perfectly ready, too. It was a tempting offer indeed, which I ought, perhaps, to have accepted, fair reader.

Near the vicarage I had constructed for the week a photographic studio, according to all the rules of the craft, and the demand for sittings was often so great that I was unable to satisfy all. My operations in this line became exceedingly popular among the Lapps, although

it seemed as if they thought the process supernatural and the operator a near relative of the Devil.

But their surprise and awe was, if possible, greater on seeing my balloons, of which I sent up some every day. "It is the work of the Devil, I am sure," exclaimed an old woman on one occasion. And when in the evening rockets darted hissing through the air, followed by squibs and Roman candles, there was more than one who shook his head in terror and wonder.

I referred casually in the last chapter to the fanatical parson at Hätta, and I have now another opportunity of mentioning this remarkable man. He, too, had come to the assizes with some Kvæn adherents; we did not know from what cause or for what purpose. We were, however, prepared for scenes, even if the bishop had not come. The houses of the Norwegians being full, the parson had to take up his residence at Josef Neckela's farm, just opposite, on the other side of the river.

Have you ever been to a fair in some country village, where conjurors and mountebanks have raised their booths side by side, each one doing his utmost to attract the staring peasants to his own show?

"This way, walk up!" shrieks one; bom—bom—bom goes the drum of the other; tra-ra-rara-ra sounds the false trumpet of the third. In exactly the same manner the religious and legal fair at Koutokæino was conducted.

"This way, this way, walk up, walk up!" squeaks the Hätta parson from morning to night, in order to attract the crowd to his booth, where he distributes absolution

and in choice sermons makes scandalous attacks on the authorities of the land.

"No, this way!" it sounds from the other side. "Here are balloons, fireworks, photographing, and kites!"

"You must go out, and call the people together, Johannes, so that we can begin," at last says the magistrate, in order to fill *his* booth.

In this rivalry the legal transactions seemed to attract the public the least; the Court-house was, indeed, sometimes quite empty. For a time my booth formed the centre of attraction; but the Hätta parson became certainly the victor in the end. Large crowds crossed over to the other side; I despatched balloon after balloon, and shot off any number of rockets—no, it was no use, the false prophet became the victor.

Sunday and the greater part of Monday passed by in this manner, when the archdeacon and the parson decided to pay their Finnish colleague a visit, in order to try to put a stop to his agitation. They were accompanied by the two Lapp teachers, the interpreter —the celebrated Lars Hætta—and a few others on whom they might depend. I attached myself to the bold band, and we crossed over on the ice. I took, however, the precaution to stick a rocket under my Pæsk, in order to have a weapon in case of violence.

In the little room on Josef Neckela's farm, we found our opponent, in a dress which I will, for the sake of politeness, call "easy." He looked pretty much like an ordinary Kvæn, and had a short clay-pipe in his mouth. The room, the passage, and the croft in front were packed

with people, through whom the little band was hardly able to make its way.

The archdeacon stated at once, without much circumlocution, that he had come to learn by what right the Hätta parson preached his false creed in a foreign country and attempted to make the people distrust their lawful guardians. The parson replied at great length with a quibbling sermon, containing a great many flagrant untruths, and personal attacks on those present. The two Norwegian clergymen tried to get up a regular conversation, but it was in vain they attempted to stem the flood of rhetoric from the lips of the Finnish agitator. When he finally, in the coarsest language, abused the vicar of Koutokæino, the latter left the room.

At this juncture the archdeacon, heedless of the talk of the Hätta parson, rose, and, calling on the interpreter, began to address the people.

The archdeacon—I trust my excellent friend will excuse my saying so—is no Adonis, but this I must say, that as he stood thus, the tall, thin figure, with a black plaid cast across his shoulders, there lay such an imposing dignity over his whole person, such a gleam of revelation on his face, that I confess I have never seen a more impressive and striking scene. What a contrast to the coarse individual who sat leering at the table, sucking at his pipe!

In clear and earnest but bold words the archdeacon implored the people not to listen to this False Prophet, who, stimulated by egotistical fanaticism, was leading them away from the true Faith by seductive but dan-

gerous sentiments, and by denouncing their lawful guardians as servants of the Devil.

At the commencement of the archdeacon's oration the Hätta parson attempted to silence him by continuing his harangue, but as he found that the former took no notice, he contented himself during its continuance with interruptions and ejaculations, such as, "That's a lie," "Ha, ha!" "Indeed," &c. Towards the finish the archdeacon moved out into the open, followed by the jeers and mockings of his Finnish opponent.

As soon as the little flock was on the other side of the river, the latter again began to fish for the souls of the misguided people. He continued his agitation throughout the following day, but at a more distant farm, where he vilified the archdeacon's character in the foulest manner. The next day he disappeared.

Probably the report of the proceedings to the bishop may cause the Norwegian and Finnish Governments to take the necessary steps for putting a stop to the disorderly proceedings of the Hätta parson.

I have already given an account of a visit to the Sieite on the top of the Gargovarre mountain, it may be recollected, under the guidance of the fair Thuri Marit. One day during the week I again visited the spot, in order to ascertain whether there was any truth in the popular report about the stone idol, and if so, to take steps to get it removed in safety.

Not to go on a second wild-goose chase, I did not confide myself to the charming Thuri Marit, but to a man who had not only given me the most detailed description of the spot and the Sieite, but who knew

every stone and shrub for miles. His name was Lars Gaino, and he spoke Norwegian as well as anybody,

LARS GAINO AND WIFE.

and was a man of high intelligence. I have already mentioned this name in connection with the religious

excesses at Koutokæino; but unfortunately, some thefts committed in his younger days, resulting in several sojourns at the House of Correction in consequence, have given a wrong turn to his life; otherwise, I am sure this man, with his clear head and varied talents, would have become a distinguished person among his race.

He has only one arm, but with that he is able to do more than many with two. He is particularly clever at wood-carving and cabinet-making, but is also one of the boldest and most skilled hunters Lapland possesses. When he drives as Vappus, it is wonderful to see how easily and cleverly he overcomes all difficulties with his one arm, and how rapidly he executes his task. He was without doubt the best driver I had in Lapland.

Well, in the hands of Lars Gaino I drove to the top of Gargovarre.

Reader, have you in your childhood read a nursery tale about a peasant's son, who, returning from foreign parts, related to his father that he had seen a dog as big as a horse; and how the animal gradually decreased in size to an ordinary cur as they neared a bridge over which he was told no liar could pass alive?

This was exactly the case with Lars and the Sieite.

When we left Koutokæino it had a head in human form, distinct eyes, nose, and mouth; when we arrived at Galanito, Lars admitted that the weather and wind of centuries had certainly effaced the eyes, nose, and mouth somewhat; and when we drove up the mountain, he began to have his doubts whether the lineaments were not after all only the production of imagination.

At last we arrived at the Sieite, to which Lars in-

troduced me. It was, as I had expected, simply a stone of the very commonest kind, somewhat large and long, but without anything remarkable about it whatever. Lars, indeed, did his very best to point out the much-talked-of eyes, nose, and mouth; but he might as well have attempted to make out a *bas-relief* by Thorwaldsen on the surface. I examined it in every way and from every point; still, it remained but a common boulder. It was most probably a stray block.

Well, I had another proof of what I had previously experienced, viz., how little reliance can be placed on statements made by Lapps.

That the stone nevertheless was an idol in heathen times there cannot be the least doubt, because that is proved by tradition, the locality so greatly favoured by nature, and by the fact that not many years ago there were still large quantities of bones of sacrificed reindeer lying around it.

As there was no particular reason for having the stone removed, I decided to take a photograph of it. Lars pointed out to me, that the stone originally stood erect a few paces from where it now lay, and as I desired to take it in its original position, I requested him to assist me in moving it. After a good deal of toil, as it was very heavy, we succeeded with our three arms in getting it into a Pulk and dragging it up to the top of a little eminence, where it had no doubt stood in the pagan days when the Lapps worshipped it as a god or a symbol of divinity.

At that moment occurred what certainly may be regarded as a remarkable coincidence. Whilst engaged in

moving the old god I had paid no attention to the weather, which up till then was clear and bright. In the meanwhile it had, however, become rapidly overcast, and when I now looked up, heavy, threatening clouds came drifting over the sky, followed by sudden gusts of wind. I nevertheless unpacked my apparatus, but the wind increased every second, and in less than three minutes we were in the midst of a violent snow-storm. I had just screwed the camera on, and turned round to say something to Lars, when a violent blast overturned the apparatus—and the camera was smashed to atoms against a projecting stone. The whole was the work of a moment, and the incident is the cause of my not having an illustration of the Sieite to place before the reader.

I looked at Lars Gaino. He shook his head gravely, and said that there existed a belief amongst his people that ill would befall him who meddled with the old gods. There was not one of his race, he said, who did not believe that this was the reason why I was nearly killed when I last visited the mountain, and he was quite sure that the old god had raised the storm and destroyed the wicked apparatus. He desired at once to leave the mountain.

It seemed, indeed, as if there was something more in what Lars said, for as soon as we were again on our way down, the clouds cleared, the sun shone brightly, and there was no more wind than in a cupboard. This fully confirmed Lars and his tribe in their belief.

The old god was, I regret to say, not satisfied with the destruction he had already wrought, but attempted to

drown me as we drove home on the river. It was dark and late, and I had let the rein of my animal be tied to Lars's Pulk, and gone to sleep. Suddenly I awoke through a violent shock, and, opening my eyes, saw water on both sides of the Pulk. It had got into a hole in the ice, over which lay a thin layer of snow, and by the sudden stoppage the rein broke. Fortunately the Pulk was a little longer than the hole, so I escaped with a momentary frightening and a cold bath.

For the future I shall leave all Sieites in peace.

The festive days are over; the people have gone back to their tents and reindeer; our guests have all left us. The gay, bright life is at an end: the hum of the noisy holiday crowd has died away. The last rocket has shed its golden stars over the sky; the last balloon disappeared in space; and the kite lies with broken wings at my feet. Solitude and silence again reign over the Land of Sand.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEY TO THE FINNISH POLAR STATION AT SODANKYLÄ.

MR. NEMO—PRECARIOUS OUTLOOK—MR. NEMO'S FIRST TRICK—AN APOLOGY FOR MY GOOD NATURE—A FEW MORE OF HIS TRICKS—A DESERTED CAMP—LASSOING MY REINDEER—DO REINDEER WALK?—MR. NEMO "RESTS"—"DEAR FRIEND"—MR. NEMO'S ATTENDANCE—A WELCOME VISITOR—PLEASANT HOURS—CHASED BY A PARSON—A LUDICROUS SCENE—MR. NEMO AGAIN "RESTS"—AN ALARMING DISCOVERY—A PLEASANT SITUATION—A SPLENDID FOREST LANDSCAPE—FINNISH FARMS—THE LADIES—A NASTY HABIT—THE DUTIES OF A FARMER—LAPPS IN FINLAND—FINNISH REINDEER—MR. NEMO MAKES A PROPOSAL—FINNISH HORSES—COMFORTABLE SLEIGHS—REMARKABLE "WINTER" WEATHER—MR. NEMO TURNS UP—A CHEERFUL COMPANION—HIS SUFFERINGS—A "CAPITAL"—A CHARMING SOJOURN—SOME FINNISH "DOMESTIC ANIMALS"—TO THE GOAL OF MY JOURNEY—A HEARTY WELCOME IN THE WILDS OF FINLAND—THE CIRCUMPOLAR STATION—"MANUFACTURING" THE AURORA BOREALIS—GOOD-BYE FOR EVER!—A WET DRIVE—LAPPISH *versus* FINNISH SCOUNDREL—A TERRIBLE DRIVE—A FRIEND IN NEED—AN ACCIDENT—AN ENVIABLE SITUATION—THE RESCUE—A HARDY FINN—SIX HOURS OF MISERY—MR. NEMO DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF AGAIN—HIS LAST TRICK—DEMANDING "COMPENSATION"—THE MORAL.

IF my first journey to Finland has not tired you, I invite you to accompany me on another, longer and more fatiguing. The destination is this time the Finnish Polar station, established under the International scheme

of 1880, at Sodankylä, in the very heart of the Finnish Lappmark.

The journey cannot be performed in less than three weeks, and I hasten to say that it will be very tiresome, as I had for my Vappus a man who in stupidity and laziness beat every one I ever employed. I will not revenge myself, although he certainly deserves it, by giving his name, but will call him Mr. Nemo.

This wretch, who had managed to insinuate himself into my favour by his knowledge of languages, volunteered to accompany me on this journey as guide and interpreter, and I accepted, I regret to say, the offer, although I was warned against him.

The kind sheriff said, indeed, take any other Lapp; even the worst was better than this one; and I admit he was right. He was then, however, in my good books, and it cannot be denied that in some respects he was superior to his countrymen. I therefore chose him.

But I will not let the introduction to this journey be as long as that of the previous one, so we will at once set out.

This is, however, not so easily done as said, as Mr. Nemo requires two hours to get the Pulks ready and harness the reindeer. Whilst we are waiting for the sluggard, I will briefly inform you, that it has been thawing for the last week, and that the snow is, in consequence, in a miserable state, and that it is indeed doubtful, on account of the advanced season (second half of April), whether we shall reach Sodankylä and get

back, as the distance is altogether some three hundred and fifty miles, and the journey lies southwards.

In Koutokæino there was not a single man who believed I should succeed in my venture; every one was sure I would either return the next day, or, if I really reached Sodankylä, that I would have to return by boat by the river during the summer, if I did not choose to journey right away to the Baltic and return by the common tourist track, viâ Haparanda. Of one thing I became perfectly conscious, viz., that I would have to travel during the night only, and sleep in the daytime.

Mr. Nemo has now, I am happy to say, finished his task. It is exactly ten minutes to the midnight hour; the sky is overcast, dark and threatening.

I had hardly got over the first delight at being off at last, when our progress was arrested by Mr. Nemo pulling up at his farm, in order, as he said, to get provisions for the journey. In spite of the scoundrel having been prepared for this journey for several weeks, which I think might have afforded him time enough to fill his haversack, and in spite of knowing that I had to accomplish the journey in the shortest possible space of time, I had to sit, in the middle of the night, in his abominable smoky den for two hours before he was again ready to start.

I confess I blush with anger, when I now look back upon this, his first trick, which was to be followed by so many others; and, indeed, a feeling of shame comes over me when I think of the inexplicable circumstance that during the whole journey I acquiesced without a

murmur in all his outrageous propositions, and let him in every way do as he pleased, only now and then venturing feebly and unsuccessfully to remonstrate. We had, in fact, not travelled far before our relations changed, so that he became really master and I his servant, who had to conform to all his desires, whims, and comfort. My anger at times reached boiling point; but I kept, I almost regret to say, my temper. Now, however, I am determined to expose the scoundrel in his true colours.

We left Koutokæino with three of Mr. Nemo's reindeer, the plan being to travel round by Sepi, where we should obtain three fresh, strong animals from one of the camps there, which would stand the long journey to Sodankylä and back. I had certainly been asked a very high price for the hire of these three animals, but I paid it gladly, as I was sure such an experienced (!) Lapp as Mr. Nemo would, of course, be the man to select three champion trotters. Yes, he was indeed the right man.

At Sepi—about twelve miles from Koutokæino—we halted at one of the two farms of which the place consists, for a whole hour, for no other purpose, it appeared to me, than for Mr. Nemo to have a quiet chat with the inmates, whom he knocked up from their sleep. Two miles further—at Oskald—where a single family lives, we pulled up again, it being necessary, the rascal unblushingly maintained, to give the reindeer moss, and let them rest a bit. The real object was simply that Mr. Nemo desired some coffee. The animals could easily have gone to the next camp, which was close by. When a couple of hours had gone by with preparing and

drinking the coffee we could again set out. It was by this time broad daylight.

At last we arrived at the camp. In one tent we found a little boy asleep, whom we woke. He could, however, not get us the three animals I had hired, and all the grown-up people had, he said, left the camp before daybreak. Another tent had also only one two-legged inmate, a snoring lad, who, under the promise of a shilling and a drink, roused himself sufficiently to be able to assist in capturing the animals. The lassoes shot several times aimlessly into the air or caught the wrong animal, one of the performers being half asleep and the other lazy, before we got hold of ours. A couple of valuable hours were again lost, and it was nearly noon before we were again on the road.

I am not quite sure whether I have said somewhere, that a reindeer never *walks;* at all events some writers have. This is, I maintain, utterly untrue. The former drives with reindeer I have attempted to describe were short trips in the early part of the winter, when the snow was good, and the animals were fresh and healthy. Then the pace was *allegro con fuoco;* but on longer journeys, particularly towards the end of the winter, it is rather *moderato*, and if, to add to this, the snow is thawing and there sits a lazy lout like Mr. Nemo in the Pulk, who never makes an effort to urge on the animal, and goes to sleep every quarter of an hour—well, under such circumstances a clumsy bullock would distance the reindeer. Under such conditions it is tiring work to drive with reindeer mile upon mile at snail's pace.

The snow was that day not so bad but that we might

have travelled twice the distance we did, but the incarnation of laziness shuddered at the thought of the least exertion, and even laughed at me when I modestly suggested that we might drive a little faster.

Early in the afternoon we reached the mountain-hut Sitschajavre. Here I slept for half an hour, and Mr. Nemo for two hours, and when I at last awoke him—he had, by-the-bye, taken possession of the best bed, as a matter of course—the scoundrel had actually the impudence to say that he had not slept at all; he had only "rested."

It was quite impossible to start at once, he now maintained; he must have a cup of coffee before setting out, else he would succumb to the fatigue. "And now," he said, with a sickening, insinuating smile, "we shall have a really good cup of coffee, *dear friend*." Yes, he said indeed *dear friend*, and I am ashamed to confess I stood it, now and on many subsequent occasions. He proposed to "borrow" my coffee, and as he did not spare the beans, the coffee was good and strong; but I could not help a sigh at seeing the big hole he had made in the coffee-bag. Should he suggest to "borrow" it a couple of times more my store of coffee would soon be gone. When I had finished my cup, I waited patiently while Mr. Nemo disposed of the rest—about three pints—and when this was satisfactorily accomplished, he thought he might have strength enough to travel.

We then set out, as in the morning, at walking pace, and soon after passed, at walking pace, the Russian frontier, and arrived in the evening, at walking pace, at Neckela. I suggested humbly that we should, after a couple of hours' rest, continue the journey to Hätta, and

rest there the whole of the next day; but no, that was impossible, Mr. Nemo declared. He could not go on any longer without sleep; he felt already quite ill, as he had not slept the previous night. That was utterly untrue, both as regards the sleep and the illness; he ate as if he had not touched food for a fortnight, and I had seen him fast asleep during the night and the day at least a dozen times. I then dared to suggest that we might at least set out at 4 A.M. Yes, he would do that, that is to say, if he could awake so early, which he very much doubted. He then sank into contemplation of the terrible hardships he had gone through, and the frightful fate before him; he would all his life regret that he had entered on this journey, if he ever should get through at all, which he had grave doubts of.

I wanted to have fresh grass in my shoes, and one of the elementary duties of a Vappus is to keep the foot-gear in order, so that the feet are kept dry and warm; but Mr. Nemo was of the opinion that they could wait till the morrow. Patiently I asked the youngest son of the house to do it for me, a request which he at once executed with willingness and alacrity, while my attendant sat looking on, smoking calmly. He thought the plan a very good one, and had his attended to, too, by the same willing hands. Alas! why had I not provided a valet for Mr. Nemo?

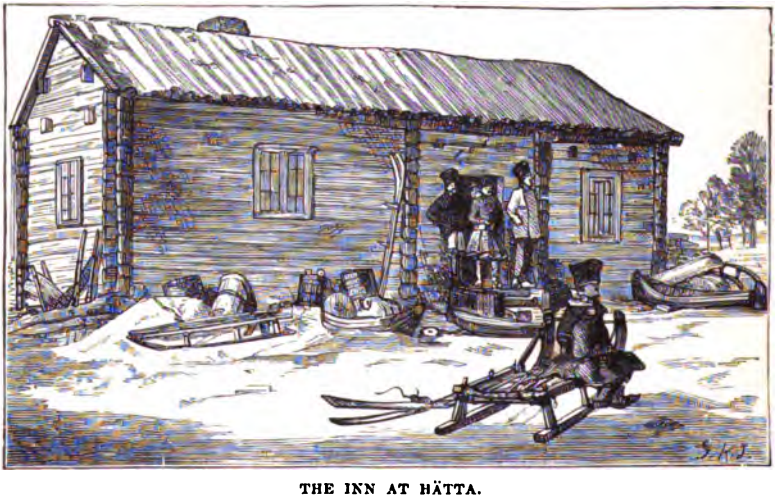
Of course, we did not get away at four, and it was noon before we reached Hätta. Mr. Nemo promised most condescendingly to ascertain the route we were now to follow, as he had never been further himself. In the evening we were to set out again.

I sat once more in the little room, where on a previous occasion you may remember I spent such a pleasant evening, playing whist; and I was wondering how I should get the many hours to pass. There was only one civilised person in all Hätta, viz., the celebrated parson, and he was, I thought, a little too advanced for me. There was another personal reason for avoiding him, viz., that he had denounced me at Koutokæino as one of the emissaries of the Devil, on account of my poor balloons and rockets. I deemed it, therefore, prudent to avoid this worthy personage.

The only amusement I could look forward to was, therefore, a chat with my pleasant little hostess, who about every half-hour came tripping into the room with a cup of coffee of the very tiniest dimensions. I had hitherto been under the impression that in coffee-drinking the Lapps were the champions of the world, but from my experiences during my sojourn in Finland I came to the conclusion that they are mere babies compared to the Finns. I had never thought that I should drink as much coffee in my whole life as I did during those weeks. But it is served in cups quite ridiculous in size, and I drank cup after cup simply by way of a change.

By a remarkable and unexpected turn of good luck another traveller arrived at Hätta the same afternoon, and no other than the excellent sheriff from Muonioniska, whom we had visited, but not found at home, on the previous occasion. He was a man with a fine, frank character, a large heart, and an even temperament. He had a poet's ardent enthusiasm and words for the beauty of his country and the greatness of his race. Not in the

centre of the capital could I have found a more excellent and delightful Finn than he whom Providence brought to me in the Finnish wilderness. In his company the hours flew past like minutes, and I learnt with regret that the time for breaking up had arrived. The good sheriff from Muonioniska was kindness itself. He obtained us a very good dinner and some wine, and gave me the most useful and minute information as to the



THE INN AT HÄTTA.

route I was to follow, the stations to stay at, &c. He filled, moreover, my pockets and valise with provisions and bottles, extracting a promise to come and stay with him on my return journey, and when I left he would not permit me to pay a penny of my bill. "You are in my country; it's no use arguing," was his only reply to my expostulations.

I have no doubt that the parson would have thundered

forth damnation over us had he seen us and our table that evening, as I can assure the reader that there are stronger things than coffee drunk in Finland; but I am certain that any other comer would have been royally received by the hospitable sheriff.

However, the hour of parting came at last, as the weather cleared in the evening, and a slight frost made the snow hard as a macadamised road, a circumstance of which we ought to take immediate advantage.

At the departure a funny occurrence took place, which necessitates the introduction of my friend the parson once more, but I promise it shall be the last occasion. I regret I can only furnish a second-hand report, as I was at the time of its occurrence fast asleep, although being the principal person concerned.

My reindeer was, as the last in the Raide, tied to the Pulk in front; and as soon as we entered upon the vast, flat ice-field at Hedansjärvi, I laid down to sleep, tired either from the fatiguing journey of the last few days, or maybe it was due to the sheriff's excellent beverage, of which he insisted I never took enough; anyhow, I fell asleep.

I suppose I had been dozing for a quarter of an hour, when I opened my eyes unconsciously and beheld, in what I thought was a dream, a man clad like a Kvæn driving by my side, and who said, "Well, brother, how do you do?" I took, of course, no notice of it, but merely turned over on the other side, and had wandered far into the regions of slumber, when a confused noise, loud, angry voices, and fast-driving Pulks, fell on my ear. I opened my eyes just as the Pulk stopped, and whom

should I behold but my friend the worthy sheriff! Questions and answers rapidly followed, and I learnt that, as soon as I had left the inn, the Hätta parson had jumped into a Pulk, and set after me. On the sheriff being informed of this, he had, apprehending danger to me, seized the first Pulk and reindeer he could lay his hands on, and, not forgetting his flask, set off in pursuit. The parson chased me, and the sheriff the parson. I have already revealed enough of Mr. Nemo's character not to surprise you by stating that the parson soon overtook us, but, I am glad to say, only a couple of minutes before the sheriff, the finest reindeer-driver in the Finnish Lappmark, drove up.

As soon as the parson beheld his arch-enemy at his heels, he saw that his venture had failed, and turned home, thundering forth abuse and curses at us. The sheriff was not a man to be bullied, and for several minutes volley after volley of strong language was fired from both sides, until the parson had fled out of ear-shot.

Proud as a victor, the sheriff stood before me, and uncorking his flask, proposed that we should now, when the Evil Spirit had fled, drink to the health of his beloved *Suomi*, the Land of the Thousand Lakes.

Five minutes after I was again alone with my drone; I do not mean the honest reindeer before my Pulk—he did indeed exert himself to the utmost of his strength—but I mean the scoundrel I had the misfortune to travel with, who did nothing but sleep. When the caravan for a moment stopped, from want of guiding, he roused himself, shook the rein, starting it again, and was fast

asleep before I could even call to him. To sleep here was indeed very risky, as our road lay all the night and the following day up a broad river, where the ice, in consequence of the strong current, was furrowed with open holes. Luckily, the animals were more vigilant than the snoring Vappus, else we should doubtless have had many a cold bath on the way. I almost regret we did not have one, for the sake of Mr. Nemo.

During the night a very serious circumstance became more and more manifest to me, viz., that the reindeer were getting exhausted. The middle one, drawing the luggage, seemed, indeed, on the point of succumbing. The tongue, quite black, hung out of its mouth, and its heart beat in its chest with visible throbbings. Towards morning we reached a miserable little farm, Kettomella, where the animals had every attention I could bestow on them, and where I slept for an hour on the only bed at disposal, i.e., the hard floor.

Between this place and the next station, Kyrö, it became clear to me that we could not get further with the poor, wretched animals which the blackguard Mr. Nemo had chosen, although we had as yet only travelled some fifty miles with them, whilst they were said to be capable of performing the entire journey to Sodankylä and back. All three animals were utterly exhausted, and the middle one, having for some time been rather dragged along than walked, fell at last on the ice, being unable to get up again. I expected every moment it would die.

It was indeed a pleasant situation! I should not only have to pay an exorbitant sum for the animal if it died,

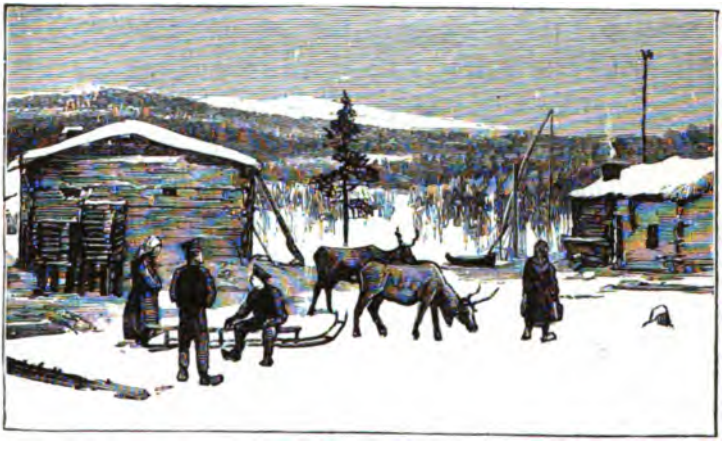
but, what was worse, how were we to get along through these uninhabited tracts with two exhausted and one dead animal, and three heavily-laden Pulks? Mr. Nemo was, as might be expected, speechless.

We left the animal to rest on the ice for a while, when it seemed to revive a little, and by our united efforts we got it on its legs. I then tied it at the back of the last Pulk, letting the strongest animal draw the two Pulks, and we proceeded thus. Shortly afterwards the sick reindeer fell into a hole in the ice, and the cold bath refreshed it greatly. In spite of stoppages innumerable we managed eventually to crawl as far as the next station, Kyrö, where we arrived at mid-day.

The country here, as well as for some distance further, is very attractive, but somewhat monotonous. It is, in fact, one vast fir-forest, dotted with lakes, rivers, and marshes. In the splendid summer weather, which began the day after I left Hätta, and lasted throughout my entire sojourn in Finland, the forest nature was certainly grand in the extreme, with the rays of the noonday sun playing in the verdant crowns of the sombre trees, or the tall, dark stems standing forth against the rose-coloured twilight sky like polished granite pillars in flaming torchlight. But, when one has the same view before the eye for hours, days, and weeks, it becomes at last monotonous.

These parts are seen at their best in the summer, when the warmth of the sun has opened the eyes of the smiling lakes, and the ice does not span its monotonous bridge over the prattling and noisy brooks and rivers which wind through the majestic forest-solitude.

The great farms, on which the sparse population dwell, generally lie far apart. They consist of several dark, detached log buildings, among which the lofty store-house stands prominently forth. They look, particularly when two farms lie together, rather imposing, although a closer inspection dispels somewhat the first impression. There is a wide difference between the farms of the Finns and those of the Lapps. In the latter we find dark,



A FINNISH FARM.

narrow, and dirty rooms, without a single object which denotes civilisation or taste for improvement, while the rooms of the Finnish farms are light, roomy, and large, perhaps a little too large, and although they are often used for workshops—as for instance for butter-barrel making—cleanliness is never neglected, as it is in those of the Lapps. We also often find here clocks, pictures, looking-glasses, &c.

The Finnish peasants look very prosaic. The men have something hard and cold, not to say repelling, in their appearance and bearing. The young women are neat and comely, but with little expression of physiognomy, and they are as like each other as peas; to which, however, the monotonous dress—the short jacket, petticoat, and shawl round the head—greatly contributes. The old Finnish ladies are not pretty, and they have one rather objectionable habit in common, viz., of always smoking a short clay pipe.

Most of the farms, being the only inhabited spots in these desolate regions, are also inns, the owners of which are compelled by law to open their houses to the traveller and supply him according to a fixed tariff, which is very low. Thus, a cup of coffee, sugar, and real cream is supplied for the ridiculous sum of five *penni*, or exactly a halfpenny. The farms provide also, as a rule, reindeer or horses for posting to the next station.

There are very few Lapps in Finland; altogether only about eight hundred. Most of these are so-called "Forest" Lapps, who, owning a few reindeer, some cows and sheep, live chiefly by fishing and hunting in the great forests. Their reindeer are a little bigger and more muscular than those of the Mountain Lapps, and they are tamer. In the winter they are kept near the farms, and in the summer they stray about in large herds in the forests. They never come to the coast as they do in Norway. There are a few Finnish Mountain Lapps, who live in exactly the same manner as those in Scandinavia.

The Finns, too, generally keep a few reindeer, which

in the winter go about the farms like the cows and sheep. The reindeer of the Finn is an entirely domesticated animal, which is far from being the case with that reared by the Lapp.

In Finland, a harnessed reindeer will stand untethered before the door waiting quietly like a horse; this is unheard of in Scandinavia.

But let us return to my own animals. Mr. Nemo insisted that my dying animals could not possibly carry me further, on which point he was perhaps right for once. He proposed that I should hire a man and three fresh animals here at Kyrö for the next station, Debasto, and that he should follow me with my three animals freed from their burdens. I agreed to this; in fact, it seemed to me there was no other choice. Alas! that it did not occur to me to send the sluggard and his wretched animals back to Koutokæino, instead of dragging these four useless creatures with me through half Finland! Had I done this I should have saved myself much annoyance, trouble, and expense. But, of course, there was the unpleasantness of travelling entirely alone in an unknown, almost unpopulated country, without a great proficiency in the dialect.

The state of affairs was the same at Debasto as at Kyrö; my reindeer were not better, and could not be used. The only change was that I left Debasto with a horse and sleigh.

When I said *horse* it was rather a libel on that noble animal. I do not believe that Nature has in any other part of the world produced such wretched creatures as the horses which are found in Finland. Years of toil

and hardship have made them mere shadows. It was a pitiful sight to see them exert the poor remnants of strength they had left, the protruding knuckles, and the hair eaten off everywhere by the harness. Year after year they are urged on mercilessly by the heavy whip, although hardly able to walk.

I doubt, however, whether the best horse could have made rapid progress now, because as soon as we had quitted the fine, level river for the forest the temperature began to rise. The further we travelled the thinner the snow became, and the more rough the ground. For considerable distances the snow had melted entirely away, with the exception of a narrow stripe on the lowest side of the road. But this was a mere bagatelle compared with what we were to experience later on.

The sleighs, which I solely employed from this moment until I again reached Hätta, deserve every praise. They are rather low and very long—twice the length of a man—so that the thinnest layer of ice or snow will support them. They are very light and elastic, so as to yield when encountering resistance in the road. The traveller lies very comfortably at full length on hay and reindeer skins, covered with furs and rugs, while the driver behind minds the horse; and if he is able to sleep he will not feel the tediousness of the journey.

This mode of conveyance had, however, on this occasion during the day certain drawbacks, in consequence of the very unusual weather I experienced; a burning sun shone for a whole week from a cloudless sky, raising the temperature every day, and made the Pæsk and furs as agreeable as they would have been

in Egypt. The Pæsk, which soon became so hot outside that I could not touch it, had first to be left behind, and the fur-cap, with the eider-down crown, soon after shared the same fate, while I had to make an improvised cap out of a handkerchief, until I should reach Kittilä, the only place where I could obtain a seasonable head-covering.

Shortly after midnight I arrived at a place called Jokkela, and in the morning Mr. Nemo and his companions turned up. He was driven to despair, he declared; the reindeer could not possibly go further, and the best plan would be to let them rest there for a week, when he thought they might be able to walk as far as Sirka—a few miles distant—which I would have to pass on my return journey, if I intended to travel viâ Muonioniska. He had indeed arranged all, and found a man who was willing, for a consideration, to look after the animals in the meantime, so that he could follow us to Sodankylä. Well, I agreed to this arrangement, and thus got rid of two-thirds of my living encumbrances. Why I did not take the opportunity also to get rid of the last—the most objectionable of them all—I am again unable to understand. The use he had hitherto been to me as interpreter was, in fact, *nil;* it never for a moment occurred to him to do anything but what was for his own comfort, and I knew sufficient of Finnish, when I had had a little practice, to get what I desired. But, in spite of this, and in spite of the fact that I wished Mr. Nemo more than once in hotter regions than we were in, and would gladly have exchanged his company for that of a tramp

or jail-bird, I own I was weak enough to take him with me.

The first ten miles he shared my sleigh, where he lay snoring at full length, but he soon found that he was not comfortable enough there, and feeling a sudden compassion for the horse, told me that it was really too much for one animal, which I am sure it was not. Well, I was good-natured enough to take his view, and let him have a sleigh, horse, and driver all to himself, and in this manner the parasite journeyed through Finland at my expense, as if he had a private income of a thousand a year. To crown it all the impudent scoundrel kept on complaining from morning to night of the terrible sufferings he had to endure, and in drawing unfavourable comparisons between this journey and others he had participated in. And this was the return I got from the ungrateful wretch for all the kindness and assistance I had bestowed on him during my sojourn at Koutokæino, of which, however, I will not speak. Yes, it was indeed a nice rod I had made for my own back.

We travelled all the night and the next forenoon from one farm to another, changing horses and sleighs at every one. Thus, if a farm is only two miles from another the proprietor is not obliged to drive further than the next, and it is seldom that he does so, as the payment (one penny per mile and a half) is not at all proportion to the work performed.

At mid-day we approached Kittilä.

A large number of pines, between them a score or two of large houses, covering about a mile or so, a slough of mud—such is Kittilä, the capital of Finnish Lapland.

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THE CHURCH AT KITTILÄ.

It enjoys this honourable distinction from not only boasting such dignitaries as sheriff, parson, and forest-inspector, but also a county governor, a doctor, and a magistrate. Here are also three or four shops and a jail, bearing the proud name of "Fortress," but, judging by the rotten state of the paling around it, the claim seems somewhat pretentious.

The church is of wood, and very old.

The prettiest ornament of the place is a body of three or four snow-crested mountains in the distance, a very rare ornament in a Finnish landscape.

I should trespass too far on the privacy of family life if I were to give a detailed account of my two days' sojourn at Kittilä. Suffice it to say, that my time was divided between the governor's residence and the large building with two wings which forms the dwelling of the magistrate and the doctor, that the most excellent and kind-hearted people may be found in them both, dispensing hospitality in true northern style, and in whose homes every comfort may be enjoyed, that I drank tea, for the first time, in Russian fashion, from glasses, that I smoked mountains of Russian cigarettes, which are very common and used in large quantities in this part of Finland, that I slept in a room in the residence of the magistrate papered in a very original manner with cuts from the Swedish *Figaro*—whose emblem is a razor—and that every night I went to sleep after vainly attempting to count the razors which stared at me threateningly from every part of the chamber.

What a sensation once more to lie a whole night in a

clean bed, after having for a week only slept in Pulks and sleighs, or at least on a bed vacated by somebody ten minutes before! Had the host of inhabitants left with the previous occupier, I might, perhaps, have had little cause for grumbling; but, I regret to say, that was not the case; in fact, I brought home from my journey some forcible experiences of what Messrs. Herodes, Sulla,

THE RESIDENCE OF THE DIGNITARIES AT KITTILÄ.

and Alba must have suffered in their old days. Indeed, my kind host, the magistrate, told me that the Finnish variety of a certain animal, famous for its strong muscular powers, is in the habit of standing with its hind-legs on the floor and its fore-paws on the window-sill, on the look-out for unsuspecting travellers. As to the other, which, according to the popular belief, is a relative—a

kind of half-brother, it seems—it is said to "snarl" when you look at it!

In Kittilä I was so fortunate as to find two of the scientists from the Polar station at Sodankylä, who were on a visit to the magistrate, and intended to return the following day. I was, of course, delighted at making the journey in their company.

The distance between Kittilä and Sodankylä is about sixty miles. I was advised to travel the first half, to the station Tepsa, with reindeer, as this would be the quickest, the snow being here rather good. I followed this advice, to the great disgust of Mr. Nemo, as he had to exchange the comfortable sleigh for the less easy Pulk; but when he saw that I had the whole of Kittilä and half Sodankylä on my side, he made a virtue of necessity, looking, however, black and offended.

For the first half hour we had to walk on foot, as the ground was entirely denuded of snow, but afterwards it improved, and we arrived in the morning at Tepsa. Here the reindeer had to be left till I returned. I had now two caravans waiting for me in Finland.

Afterwards I used—and of course also he whom I would again have made the object of contempt, had I not been what you have probably already discovered, too good-natured—horse and sleigh.

The snow became now every moment poorer, and the bare patches larger and larger. We proceeded, therefore, very slowly, and, as I had to conform to Mr. Nemo's hours of sleeping, eating, and drinking, the whole day went by. The two scientists from Sodankylä soon became tired of

travelling in this sluggish manner, and went forward in their Pulks to announce my arrival.

As the sun sets a wide and magnificent view opens before me. Surrounded by immense, verdant forests, set in a frame of snow-capped mountains, and watered by winding rivers, the lovely little village of Sodankylä lies basking in the rays of the evening sun.

THE CHURCH AT SODANKYLÄ.

Shortly after I am in the cosy vicarage, welcomed by the parson and his family, with whom are the staff of the Polar station.

I will not attempt to give an account of the pleasant thirty hours I spent here, few of which were, indeed, devoted to sleep. I will also pass over the hearty welcome accorded to me by the six members of the

expedition, as well as the lavish hospitality shown me by the excellent parson, in order that I may devote some space to the work of the scientific station.

The man to whom the honour is due of Finland participating—at the eleventh hour—in the International Association formed in 1880 for the solution of certain scientific problems of the Arctic regions, to which I have

THE CIRCUMPOLAR STATION AT SODANKYLÄ.

referred at some length in a previous chapter, is Selim Lemström, Professor of Physics at the Helsingfors University. He assisted also in establishing the station and in guiding the first observations, when he returned to his post in the Finnish capital. The station is, therefore, under the charge of Dr. Ernst Biese, who, with five assistants, among whom are a botanist and a zoologist, all men under thirty years of age, have now for more

than two years, here in the heart of the Finnish Lappmark, sedulously prosecuted the continuous series of observations which come within the scope of the scheme. Compared with the Norwegian station at Bossekop, the Finnish one is more imposing, and has also cost a great deal more money.

Of the four neat central buildings, forming a square, three are depositories for the magnetic instruments and the fourth devoted to meteorology; behind, lies the little astronomical observatory. A net of telephone-wires connect the buildings with the residence of the scientists, while several electrical conductors run in various directions on poles. I need hardly say, that the usual instruments required for the study of meteorology, such as thermometers, rain, snow, and wind gauges, &c., are not wanting.

I do not intend to give a detailed description of the various instruments, their arrangement and use, because they are familiar to scientists, and of little interest to others, but shall only touch on the main points of interest. The magnetic instruments at the station are particularly fine and complete, while in its terrestrial-current apparatus it possesses a speciality hardly possessed by any of the other International stations.

In a direction N.—S. and E.—W. insulated conductors three miles and a quarter (five kilometres) in length, have been laid out on telegraph poles, which in the further end are connected with zinc disks buried in the earth, and the end running out of the station, previous to being buried in a similar manner, connected with a large galvanometer by the needle of which the deviations

caused by the terrestrial current are observed and measured. This is effected in the same manner as with variation instruments, viz., the needle—to be brief—carries at one end a tiny mirror opposite which a scale of measurement has been placed horizontally. The reflected image of this scale is observed through a telescope pointed at the mirror, and as the needle swings (oscillates) various portions of the scale, which is divided by figures, are reflected in the focus of the telescope, in which a fine, perpendicular wire serves to define the image more accurately, and thereby the position of the needle.

The needle is hardly ever at rest, as electric currents constantly course through the conductor, which are particularly strong in that running E.—W.

During his sojourn at the station, in the winter of 1882–83, Professor Lemström effected some experiments which have attracted great attention in the scientific world, and of which I will give an account here. They were, to speak popularly, nothing less than—*manufacturing* the Aurora Borealis!

On the top of a mountain, Oratunturi, some distance from Sodankylä, he raised what he has in Swedish called an *utströmnings* apparatus, i.e., literally, a "discharging" apparatus. It consists simply of a copper wire, along which tiny points of iron have been soldered, a foot and a half apart, laid over telegraph poles placed in such a manner that the wire forms a spiral figure, covering an area of nearly three thousand square feet. From the very centre of the apparatus an insulated conductor runs on poles, down to the base of the mountain—about six

hundred feet below the apparatus—where it was connected with a platina disk buried in the earth, as shown on the illustration. When a galvanometer was introduced into this conductor, it was coursed by electric currents; but the most interesting result was, that the apparatus was often, in the evening and the night, *surmounted by a faint, yellow-white luminosity, which, when examined with the spectroscope, gave—though faintly—the same spectrum as the Aurora Borealis.*

Later on Professor Lemström made some further experiments with the apparatus on another mountain, where once a single, wedge-shaped beam of light was obtained above the apparatus, but no spectroscopic analysis of the same was made.* A smaller apparatus of the same kind had for some time been erected on the steeple of Sodankylä church, but without result. It is seen on the illustration of the church, above the cross, a ladder having been raised to reach it.

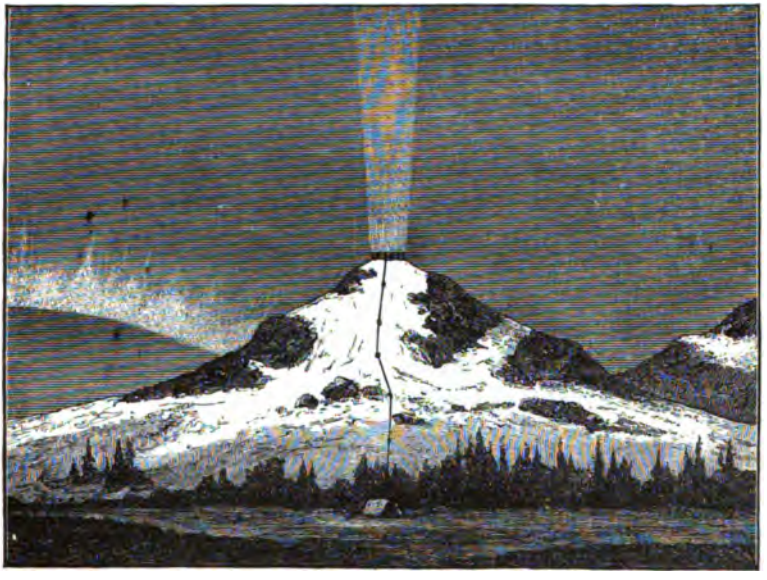
My esteemed colleague, Professor Lemström, maintains that the luminous phenomena thus produced are identical with the Aurora Borealis, and concludes from the same that the aurora lies very near the surface of the earth. I consider, however, that it is impossible to accept these theories, and believe that the luminous phenomena are more related to the electric phenomenon known as St. Elmo's Fire than to the Aurora Borealis.

Indeed, a few years ago I witnessed one of the most

* I refer here, and in the following, to what I was told by the scientists at Sodankylä at the time of my visit. There are some slight discrepancies between the same and Professor Lemström's official report of a later date.

magnificent displays of this phenomenon in broad daylight on a church steeple in Bergen.

The spectroscopic analysis, in my opinion, proves very little, for this reason, that the St. Elmo's Fire has never been analysed by the spectroscope, and by the circumstance that Professor Lemström obtained the auroral



THE ARTIFICIAL AURORA BOREALIS. (ENGRAVED FROM A DRAWING BY PROFESSOR LEMSTRÖM.)

spectrum from every object around, as, for instance, house-tops, frozen lakes, and mountains. I do not deny that there are certain indications of the Aurora Borealis, at all events at times, descending to the surface of the earth, but most observations decidedly indicate that, *its true plane lies in a great height of the atmosphere.*

I may add that adherents of the latter theory have

recently been greatly encouraged by the celebrated electrician Professor Edlund, of the Swedish Academy of Science, removing one of its greatest obstacles, by demonstrating that a vacuum or chamber of rarefied air does not resist the transmission of the electric current.

I will, however, not enter into a discussion of the subject here, but merely say that Professor Lemström's experiments are exceedingly interesting, although too brief and provisional, and that they certainly deserve to be repeated in places where there are fewer natural obstacles against their execution than in the forest-clad, rigid wilderness of Finnish Lapland.

Another of Professor Lemström's theories, relating to the Aurora Borealis, which he considers proved by some experiments effected at Sodankylä, is that two observers, placed at some distance from each other, do not see one and the same aurora, but that each *sees only his own arc.* If this theory is accepted, we shall be entirely unable to find the height of the Aurora Borealis above the earth's crust by the methods hitherto followed.

The remarkable, though too limited, experiments on this point made at Sodankylä were these. About three miles north of Sodankylä an auroral observatory was established and connected with the central station by means of a telephone. At both stations instruments were mounted for measuring the apparent height of the aurora above the horizon, and the measurements were to be made at both stations in a direction indicated by a connecting line between them. By the aid of a telephone the measurements could be made at the same moment at both stations, as soon as they had agreed

which part of the visible aurora, or which of the lower edges, should be measured.

The six or seven measurements, effected in one night, gave a most remarkable result, inasmuch as the apparent height of the arcs in nearly all cases was *smallest* at the northern station. The arcs measured stood on the northern horizon. From whatever point of view the height of the aurora is considered, this result is absurd, if at both stations the same object was measured. In the most unfavourable instance, viz., with a very great height in proportion to the distance between the stations, the heights measured would have been *equal* in both places; in all others the arcs *must* appear at a *greater height at the northern than the southern station.*

Professor Lemström explains the discrepancies of the measurements by suggesting that two different phenomena were observed, i.e., that they were different parts of a diffused, luminous layer, which to each observer has projected itself on the horizon in the shape of arcs. There is nothing to prevent us accepting this view, defended by Arago, if certain facts and observations did not point in an opposite direction.

I have already demonstrated, in another place, that the observations in the plane Koutokæino—Bossekop wholly disprove such an assumption; on the other hand, I saw in Sodankylä drawings of auroral arcs, which showed so distinctly the characteristics of arcs I had observed at Koutokæino, as, for instance, the striking difference between the eastern and western ends of the arc, that I do not for a moment doubt their identity.

I shall not attempt to show how the results ob-

tained at Sodankylä may be explained. I believed at first that the cause might be found in some defect in the instrument used—a very small theodolite, a few inches in height, of which the glass had been removed; but I found by directing it to the edges of clouds that its greatest want of accuracy was only 10′, while the difference in one of the observations was as much as 3°.

On this point, too, we must regret that the measurements have been so few. I believe, therefore, that the discoveries made by the expedition to Sodankylä cannot be said to have in the least shaken the theories I have advanced here concerning the Aurora Borealis.

I may in conclusion add, that the results of the experiments made at Sodankylä during the winter of 1883–84, when the artificial aurora was also produced once or twice, but very faintly—in the manner shown on the accompanying illustration—seem rather to confirm than refute my views on these points, and that I myself attempted during the same winter for several months to produce the aurora by a large apparatus erected on the top of the mountain Esja, in Iceland, without obtaining the slightest trace of the phenomenon, a fact which is all the more remarkable as the island lies very near the auroral zone, where the phenomenon is most intense and frequent.

In the pleasant, interesting company the thirty hours sped rapidly by, but in spite of all overtures, the comfort and the kindness, I could tarry no longer, if I would not be shut up for several months in these parts, which are wholly impassable in the spring. I called to my mind all the difficulties I had encountered on my journey out, how often I had been on the point of turning back, and

that the return journey even now would be far more difficult, on account of the very unusual summer weather. So with a heavy heart I rose from the hospitable table of the parson at midnight.

The sleigh is at the door; the night is dark and starry. Good-bye! good-bye! *Au revoir*—in the next world! We shall never meet again on earth.

The road had sadly changed; instead of as formerly, dark patches in the white snow, there were now white patches on the dark ground. To Tepsa, where we arrived the next day, the horses suffered much, but nothing compared with the reindeer which we employed between this place and Kittilä. It took us fourteen hours to cover the twenty-five miles. He who has never tried such a journey cannot form an idea of the toil and fatigue. There were big holes in the ice on the rivers, and a foot of water on the surface, through which we had to drive. I got, however, quite reconciled to this at last; it was a question whether I was not wetter than the water. On the lakes the half-melted snow had formed a slush, through which it was even more unpleasant to drive, while in the forests the ground was bare and the grass had begun to shoot. We had to walk long distances, as the reindeer were wholly unable to drag the Pulks over the bare ground, and here and there to make great detours in order to avoid broken-up rivers and the water on the ice.

But even all these obstacles could not stimulate Mr. Nemo into the least activity. When driving he generally slept until his cap fell off, or the animals stopped, and when awake—which was but seldom—he

bewailed his fate, declaring in the most piteous accents that he would either die from want of sleep, or freeze to death from getting his feet wet. I wished sometimes that his prognostications would prove true.

Long after midnight we at last reached the inn at Kittilä, where the host and hostess evacuated the only bed, in which I went to sleep, but not before clean sheets had been put on it. I did not expect less in a capital.

The next morning I took leave of the kind people at the magistrate's, dined rather early with the governor, and proceeded in sleigh to Sirka, where I arrived at night.

Here I was again to meet my three reindeer, whether dead or alive was difficult to say. They were, however, to my great surprise, in first-rate condition. The man who had taken care of them asked a most exorbitant sum for his trouble, which I at first refused to pay, but which he, of course, got at last. It was Mr. Nemo's fault again. The Lapp scoundrel had made no agreement with the Finnish scoundrel. I have not the least doubt they shared the proceeds of the robbery.

I had had enough of Pulk travelling in such weather, and I therefore ordered a horse and sleigh. At first I was told that it was impossible to get further, either in Pulk or sleigh, some rivers having broken up the same day, but after a good deal of "treating," I was told that there was a route by which I might be able to get on. Having waited four hours for the horse, I started in a sleigh with the luggage, leaving my four encumbrances to jog behind.

I shall not tire the reader by repeating my troubles, but merely state that I travelled in this manner from Sirka to Pontsa, from Pontsa to Ravhalla, from Ravhalla to Torrasjepi, and from Torrasjepi to Muonioniska. The ground did not get worse; that was an impossibility. Thus the whole night and the greater part of the following day went by.

I was again at Muonioniska, the hospitable Muonioniska, the gay Muonioniska, in the house of the kindest of hosts; no stranger could have been received more royally than I was by the sheriff. He would not permit me to stay less than twenty-four hours, and these stretched into thirty-six.

At Muonioniska the snow had entirely disappeared, and the ice on the river gone up in many places. The heat became more and more oppressive; the glass registered 75° in the sun, and we were in the afternoon obliged to take our coats off and go about indoors—pardon, fair reader—in our shirt-sleeves.

The sheriff, whose whole life is spent in travels in his vast district, and on whose judgment I could therefore rely, drew a plan by which I might reach Hätta, in spite of the desperate state of affairs. My useful Vappus was the next morning dispatched with the reindeer to Hätta by the ordinary route, while I myself followed another, somewhat longer, in sleigh.

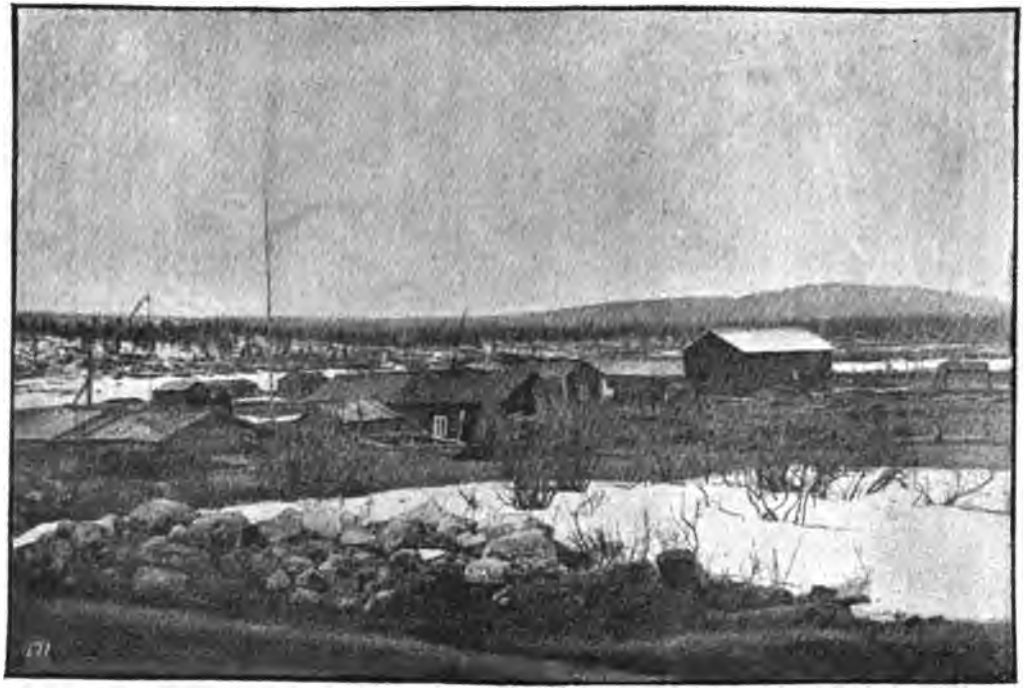
The hour of parting struck also here at last, and at 6 A.M. I said good-bye to my hospitable host; but not before he had stuffed my pockets with cigarettes, and the sleigh with provisions, brandy, beer, punch, &c., enough for a whole fortnight's campaign. I brought,

indeed, more bottles with me *to* Koutokæino than I took away.

I had been driving up the broad, ice-covered Muonio River for about half-an-hour, when the ice suddenly broke, and the horse sunk in. The driver and myself were in an instant out on the ice. The horse attempted strenuously to get up, whereby he only made the hole larger, and sunk deeper. In a moment the driver had freed it from the traces, and attempted to draw it up by the reins. But it was all in vain; it sunk every moment deeper, so that at last only the head was above the water. The driver was in despair, and I not less so, as I could do nothing beyond holding on the reins in front, so that the horse should not sink. He roared every minute at the top of his voice, "Help! help! A horse has fallen through the ice. Help! help!" It was of little use, no one came, and there was no house within sight.

Again we tried to drag the horse out, but only succeeded in making the hole bigger. My driver began again to shout, with the same result, and cut steps in the ice, so that we should stand more secure. But there is no change, and the hope of saving him grows smaller and smaller. Now the head is alone above the water, the eyes being nearly closed, while the hoofs of the fore-legs rest on the ice. The poor animal begins to tremble, and its last hour seems to have come. When three-quarters of an hour had gone by in this manner, the driver dropped his rein, and requesting me to "hold on," ran up on the bank to repeat his shouts.

Well, there I stood all alone on the wide expanse of the Muonio in a peculiar and not at all enviable



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situation. I resisted with all my might, every moment expecting that the horse and the writer of these lines would disappear in the strong current below. Luckily the horse, poor wretch, kept quite quiet.

When the despairing driver had shouted himself hoarse on one bank, without success, he ran across to the other, where he repeated his shouts, in passing encouraging me to "hold on." I held on like grim death.

At last there came a shout of response, and soon after two men made their appearance with a rope, and now, as soon as we had passed it round the animal, we began all four to haul as if our own lives were at stake. After a severe struggle we had the satisfaction at last of seeing him up on the ice.

As soon as he had shaken the water off, and a cloth had been thrown over him, he was again harnessed as if nothing had occurred, and we proceeded.

I cannot deny that it was with a sense of relief we left the river at Pultanen, where the ground certainly was rougher but more secure. On a little lake near this place my new driver fell through the ice to the waist, and it was only after an exciting struggle I got him up; but the incident did not seem to affect him in the least. He coolly sat down, drew his boots off, emptied the water out, drew them on again, and we drove on without the least delay.

At the next station, Gätkesuando, I was told that it was a sheer impossibility to get further, and that there was nothing but open lakes and rivers to the next station, about fifteen miles.

I promised good pay, and that helped, but I never

shall forget the six hours which followed. The whole country was one continuous bog, where the water stood from one to two feet in height. A few times we had to drive right through deep, foaming currents: there was no help for it; I must go forward. To crown it all the weather changed and became dull and heavy, and after a while it came down in torrents. A sluice above, a lake below!

Of the many hours I have spent travelling, none have been worse than these six. I had not even the amusement of having Mr. Nemo to swear at.

The distance between the next two stations, from Muotka to Hätta, was indeed a pleasure compared with the previous. I drove here across continuous lakes, and as the ice was strong and I did not spare the horses, we got along at a good pace.

It was night when I arrived at Hätta. I found Mr. Nemo calmly devouring his evening meal. He had arrived about mid-day. And now, will you believe it? the—well, my vocabulary of epithets is exhausted; you can apply whichever and as many as you like—he had made no preparation whatever for hastening our departure, although he knew full well that every hour was precious!

He told me that it would be absolutely necessary to hire a fourth reindeer, or else we should never reach Koutokæino. I acquiesced, of course, as usual, and when he had eaten and slept, and eaten again, we could set out, but not before 3 A.M. Fancy my feelings when I discovered that the fourth reindeer had been procured for the sole purpose of carrying certain merchandise Mr. Nemo had purchased at Muonioniska, to be sold by him

at Koutokæino! You base sinner! how you abused my incredible patience!

At Hätta a Lapp, who wanted to get to Koutokæino, joined our company, and particularly between Hätta and Neckela, where the road was wholly impassable, and we had to crawl along between shrubs and underwood, the contrast between Mr. Nemo's capacity, or rather incapacity, and that of his countryman became very glaring. It was a pleasure to see how the latter got over all difficulties, not only his own but ours; and how often had he not to assist my guide (!) over the difficult ground? And he did everything with the greatest cheerfulness.

But everything has an end, as well as this journey, so a couple of days after I was again at Koutokæino. But what will never end is the hearty contempt I feel for that wretch who plays one of the leading characters in this narrative, and who, to cap all his impudence, demanded, *and obtained*, an outrageous "compensation for his assistance and sufferings," as he had the barefaced impudence to call it.

And the moral of this tale is this, kind reader: that should you ever come to Koutokæino, ascertain his name at all costs, so that you may not fall into his hands. Shun him like the plague! Travel ten, twenty, thirty miles to escape him, and you will have the reward of dying in the happy knowledge that Mr. Nemo, of Lapland notoriety, has not shortened *your* life on earth.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM KOUTOKÆINO TO BOSSEKOP.

KOUTOKÆINO ON MY RETURN—MY FEELINGS AT SAYING GOOD-BYE—A RETROSPECT—A MONSTER KITE—ITS FIRST ASCENT—DRIVING WITH A KITE—ITS TRAGIC END—A REVIEW OF SOME OF MY FRIENDS ON LEAVING—SOME AMUSING CHARACTERS—AN EXCELLENT FELLOW—A SCHOOLMASTER—A NOVEL METHOD OF TEACHING RECKONING—A GREAT TRUTH—A SERIES OF GOOD-BYES—PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY—THE FIRST START—A CATASTROPHE—THE SECOND START—MY COMPANIONS—A CHEERFUL DRIVE THROUGH WATER — MORE MISFORTUNES — WHITSUNTIDE IN A MOUNTAIN REFUGE—MY COMPANIONS THE TWO DOROTHEAS—A BIT OF TRUE WOMANLY NATURE—LISTENING TO A NOCTURNAL COMMUNION—THE NEXT NIGHT—MINE HOST AND HOSTESS—A RELIGIOUS MANIAC—MIKKEL ARRIVES—WE START AGAIN—A TERRIFIED REINDEER—A REMARKABLE FEAT—"THEA" TO THE RESCUE—A DRIVE IN A FOG ON THE MOUNTAIN—A DREARY WINTER SCENE—A CHANGE—A DANGEROUS DESCENT—A THAW—ON HORSEBACK—THE APPEARANCE OF A "PROFESSOR"—A PIG ON A BROOMSTICK—A GREETING FROM THE ARCTIC OCEAN—WELCOME BACK TO CIVILISATION.

WHEN I returned from Finland, in May, Koutokæino was, if possible, more deserted and more quiet than before. The parsonage was again empty. Already, when I started for Sodankylä, I said good-bye to the excellent young parson and his kind wife, who at the end of April were to journey to the coast, where they are in the habit of sojourning during the summer.

The Mountain Lapps with their herds were already now many miles to the north, on their wanderings to the coast, and only a Lapp or two of the few settled at Koutokæino indicated that there still were some human beings in the place, besides the two Norwegian dignitaries who live here all the year round.

As the few weeks of real summer weather I had enjoyed, or rather suffered, during my Finnish journey were followed by a little frost and snow, I was, in spite of what I had experienced, thoughtless enough to tarry a whole week more in the Koutokæino solitude. It may, indeed, sound strange, but the real truth was, that my heart became heavy at the thought of tearing myself away from this little spot, where I had spent so many a long, lonely, and dark winter's night, and which I should never see again. But it became necessary at last to break the chain which for nearly nine months had bound me closer and closer to this desolate place and its kind people. I could tarry no longer, if I wished to reach the coast at all, and not wait until the river broke up, in a few months time. My heavy luggage and my instruments I had fortunately long ago dispatched to Bossekop, and that I was starting at the eleventh hour I soon discovered by the difficulty in obtaining a Vappus and reindeer for my journey. However, I succeeded at last, by submitting to the most scandalous extortion, in finding a Lapp who would venture on the undertaking.

Permit me, kind reader, before I leave a place which for the better part of a year has been intimately associated with my dearest occupation in life, and where I have in these my sketches asked you to share in my impressions,

my thoughts, my joy and sorrow—a place for which I dare to hope you, too, have conceived a modicum of sympathy and interest—permit me, before I say good-bye for ever, to dwell a little on the last few days I spent there.

When I started on my journey thither, it was with a vivid consciousness of having to suffer many a dark, lonely hour, to renounce every comfort, spiritual and physical, and to suffer the merciless climate of the Arctic regions; but I candidly confess the reality was far from being as terrible as anticipated.

To begin with, the intense cold for which these parts of the globe are renowned, and for which I entertained no small amount of respect, did not put in an appearance. True, the thermometer fell sometimes to a degree under which many a Southerner, no doubt, would say human beings would succumb; but a hundred and twenty degrees of frost—by no means uncommon in these parts—I luckily escaped. The lowest temperature I experienced — and survived—was sixty degrees of frost, a respectable cold enough. But man can accustom himself to much, and even a cold of forty degrees of frost appeared to me, after a time, to be quite pleasant, when the air was quiet. Terrible, however, was the frost when accompanied by wind; well, then a man must indeed have good temper to endure with equanimity the stinging pain in the face, the cutting sensation in the benumbed limbs, and the thousand-and-one troubles of handling metal instruments for hours.

The dark hours in the land of the Lapps were terribly depressing. Certainly it was no continuous pitch-dark night, as the Southerner is wont to imagine. I could

thus, even at Christmas, read print out of doors at noon for about an hour; but still the total absence of the sun, the constant use of artificial light, and the total want of the least change for months in a life of monotony, was enough to crush the heart and spirits of the stoutest, weigh down the mind of a man, and drive him to the verge of madness, when brooding on the secrets of life, Death, and Infinity.

Operas, balls, concerts, theatres, circuses, you do not find in Lapland; these and much more you have certainly to renounce if you care to visit these regions; but if you are content to remain for some months among a few excellent and kind-hearted families, who spare no trouble to make you comfortable, you will often forget what you have left behind, and acknowledge that an evening can be spent as pleasantly accompanied by fifty degrees of frost as in the oppressive saloons of a London mansion.

When I now look back through this vista of abnegation, monotony, and silence, along which the days flowed by in Ultima Thule, I behold many a bright spark of joy in the darkness. How many new and strange impressions did I not gather! how many pleasant and amusing experiences do I not treasure of this peculiar, weird world in which I moved, of this interesting race, who formed my daily companions!

And strange as the Lapps, their characteristics and their habits, were to me, stranger still were my mystic pursuits and devil-fostered proceedings to them.

Picture to yourself, you over-educated, electricity-nurtured denizen in the heart of the world, these *naïve*, uncultured people, who know nothing beyond their daily

habits and the changes of the seasons—picture them to yourself; and can you wonder that they treated me with awe and reverence, in fact, as one of the Egyptian magicians of old was treated by the terrified Romans?

Indeed I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that for a century, if the race exists, the Lapps will talk in whispers in their tents and Gammer of *nastiduthke*—the Astrologer—or *nastiherra*—the Lord of the Stars—as I was always called, and the winter he passed in their midst.

In an earlier chapter, I have related how I increased the Lapp conception of wonders with such things as fireworks, balloons, and photography; and that I even went so far as to call into requisition the latest invention of modern science, the telephone, in the snowy deserts of Lapland; and when I discovered that even the most primitive of flying-machines, the kite, was unknown to them, I decided to make one larger than myself, on which I painted two enormous staring eyes terrible to behold. What a delight to these children, great and small, to see it soar high among the clouds, and to be allowed to hold the string, and feel how it tugged!

But I did not rest content with this. I decided to construct the greatest kite which the world had ever seen. I had to discard the orthodox shape, with the semi-curved head, as an iron buckle large enough was not to be obtained at Koutokæino. I made, therefore, two long, slender poles, twelve feet long, which I laid crosswise, and tied the four corners together by means of a rope a quarter of an inch thick. Next I bought at the merchant's eight yards of linen for clothing this monster. The result of my labour

was the production of a wall of canvas, nearly eighty feet square, which, when it was up, I was hardly able to move, on account of its great weight and the force of the wind upon it. Four lines meeting at a point below it, were arranged so that the kite, in spite of its weight, would rise with a fairly strong wind. It came, and of course the kite was at once to be tried. The end of the thick rope which held it was securely fastened to a pole in the ground. But now arose the question: How was I to get a tail for such a giant? An ordinary paper tail would have had as much effect as a match would in the steering of a man-of-war. After some deliberation I made up my mind. I constructed a tail of firewood-ends strung on a rope! At last the solemn moment arrived when the machine was to ascend, and what nobody expected occurred—the monster kite shot up like a rocket. But it was also the signal for a general stampede of the crowd, as well as its constructor, as the colossus with its terrible tail, on account of a certain want of equilibrium, described the wildest and most alarming antics in the air, with a rapidity of motion quite startling, and threatened every moment to come down headlong, to the woe of he whom it struck. He would admire no more kites in this world.

On a later occasion this kite drew five persons up a hill with the greatest ease; on the plain it would have been certain death. I soon learnt, however, that even a monster kite cannot resist the influences of nature. I flew it several times, but every time it became more and more damaged; now the rope broke and down it came with a terrific crash; now it suddenly took into its head

to descend headlong, and the canvas was damaged; and now the wind tore the canvas. It was with my monster kite as with *The Great Eastern*—it was too big. The pleasure and satisfaction of its production was greater than its utility. Probably you wish to know its ultimate fate? Indeed, it was very tragic. It was metamorphosed into—*shirts*. Two parties fought for the honour of becoming its possessor for this purpose, and the school-teacher, Henrik Pentha, became the victor. It was, doubtless, a terrible *mésalliance* to my poor kite.

Never shall I forget the host of amusing Lapp figures, who during the winter camped in the vicinity of Koutokæino, and whose acquaintance I made by degrees, but whose portraits my poor pen fails to depict faithfully.

There was, for instance, Dorba, as he was nicknamed, a most amusing fellow; funny Dorba, who once hit on the genial idea of appearing in church dressed as a woman, to the great displeasure of some, but to the immense amusement of others; Dorba, who some years ago, on account of his confused ideas of *meum* and *tuum*, was on the way to the House of Correction, but found an opportunity to escape from the steamer in a boat, and on being followed by one of the officers, drowned his pursuer; Dorba, whose term of imprisonment became somewhat prolonged on account of this last playful trick, who lost his whole four-legged wealth on the same occasion, and who has ever since been engrossed with only one idea, viz., to prosecute the judge, the administrators of the law, and the whole government; yes, Dorba, who became so angry with me, because I offered him, he asserted,

four shillings for three carved spoons, whereas I had offered him three shillings for four spoons.

There was Rasmus Auda, to whom I once gave a rocket requesting him to hold it tight. I set fire to it, and poor Rasmus fell terror-stricken on his back, to the immense amusement of the bystanders. When he arose, he looked at his blackened hands, stared into the sky for the wonderful object which had felled him to the ground, shook his head at such sorcery, and slunk off in silence.

There was Garre Rastus, who once seen was enough to make any man laugh; there was Giste Aslak, with his soft, polished manners—acquired in the House of Correction—but with the rogue lurking in every lineament; there was Mikkel Bongo, there was Johan Speinsen, there was Elen Marie, and there was the "fair" Thuri Marit.

Yes, here one, there another. One asked me to let him have snow, one to let it thaw, and one to show him the thief who had stolen one of his reindeer.

There was the verger, with his portly figure, and half-a-dozen daughters, rivalling the father, whom, when I saw how well he behaved himself amongst us Norwegians—which is, by-the-bye, the case with all intelligent Lapps—and was told that he lived in the primitive manner of his forefathers at home, I presented with a dozen plates, spoons, knives, and forks, which he promised me solemnly to use for the rest of his life, instead of eating in good old Lapp fashion out of the pot. I am sure he soon became tired of his promise.

There was Henrik Pentha,* the Lapp school-teacher, one of the kindest and most excellent of his race whom

* His name is not Pintha, as some travellers have called him.

I came across. A true and honest fellow, always ready to help others, and with a remarkably versatile disposition. Henrik Pentha had many functions. If the parson wanted firewood cut, Henrik Pentha was the woodcutter; if the sheriff was unable to travel in the execution of his duties, Henrik Pentha was his deputy; if I wanted a telephone wire laid out, Henrik Pentha was the engineer. Henrik Pentha climbed to the top of the church-spire to fix an apparatus for me. Henrik Pentha carried water up and down from my photographic chamber. Whether it was flying a kite, a balloon ascent, or discharging fireworks, Henrik Pentha was the same willing assistant. When I was compelled, on account of my lengthy night work in the cold, to seek a few hours' rest in the morning, I trained Henrik Pentha to make the meteorological morning observations. It was a severe struggle before he mastered it. Fractions, particularly decimal fractions, were monsters he had a respect for bordering on terror. So sometimes he counted fifteen-tenths to a unit, and at others he meant that four were sufficient. For a long time it was a treat to see him go about, look at the sky with a critical mien, in order to gauge the state of the clouds, and mutter to himself, "Eight; no, four; no, no, no—five," and so forth.

When he had at last become acquainted with the meteorological instruments and denominations, he was not a little proud of his knowledge, and went about in the morning with his lantern and pocket-book, as dignified as a general inspecting his defences the morning before battle.

There was the equally amusing Christensen, also a Lapp teacher, whose duty it was to travel from tent to tent, and impart to the Lapp children who could not come to school such fragments of knowledge as he possessed.

About this man I will relate a story, as its point contains a great truth, which deserves not to die with its propounder, and by which the world might benefit.

In consequence of the visit of the archdeacon to Koutokæino, Christensen had to meet him there, to show a little of his knowledge. He was asked to examine the children in reckoning. "Will you permit me, Mr. Pastor, to follow my own method?" he says. "Certainly," the pastor replies. Christensen rushes to the door. The pastor stops him, asking him what he runs away for; "he was to examine the children in reckoning." "Yes, Mr. Pastor, I am only going to fetch an A B C." "What in the world do you want an A B C for to teach the children reckoning?" "Yes; you see, Mr. Pastor, I use it because the A B C is the foundation of all human knowledge!"

Good-bye, my amusing friends! Thanks for all the diverting pictures of your life and nature you let me behold. Thanks for every hour we spent together. We were, you remember, always good friends; were we not? You will, I am sure, as long as I, remember the winter which "Romholta" * passed with you, stood

* The Lapps cannot pronounce two consonants following each other at the beginning of a word, while they are much given to append an "a" to all foreign names.

you drinks, drove with your reindeer, and slept in your tents. Good-bye, all!

And good-bye, most excellent merchant, with your towering form and honest face, who have weathered poverty and suffering in your youth, but are now, after a life of toil and hardship, able to look cheerfully at the future. You, who have shown me so much kindness, and done everything in your power to bring change and diversion into my winter life up yonder. Good-bye, my excellent friend!

And good-bye, worthy sheriff! If by my sojourn in the North, I have succeeded in adding the smallest modicum to the scientific knowledge of our age, it is greatly due to you, who spared no trouble, no exertion in assisting me, and making my stay with you as pleasant as circumstances would permit of. During the long, weary winter hours, I found in you, my friend, a spirit with whom I could exchange ideas, and commune in sympathy. You not only made my stay bearable, but even instructive. I shall always cherish the recollection of you as one of my dearest. Good-bye, my kind and hospitable host!

And good-bye, Koutokæino! Good-bye, you barren, cheerless cliffs of sand, where silence reigns supreme during the long, dark Polar night, and the long, light Polar day. Good-bye, you broad, crystal river, with the white hillocks, and the level shore. Good-bye, you little red church on the hill, and you three Norwegian houses which sheltered me, and in which I enjoyed so much hospitality, you Lapp farms and Gammer. Good-bye, all! Good-bye, Koutokæino!

My journey from Koutokæino to Bossekop I shall never forget. I had in my company, strangely enough, two Lapps, who both bore the name of Mikkel, and two Norwegian servant-girls, both with the name of Dorothea, who had been in service in Koutokæino. But there was also a third fellow-traveller, who proved to be more troublesome than all these four, viz., Rolf.

When, about noon, we were ready to start from Koutokæino, my reindeer and Pulk were placed *in the middle* of the Raide, and Rolf tied to the Pulk, under the suspicious glances of fourteen reindeer-eyes which, doubtless, took him for a wolf; while Rolf, on his side, seemed highly surprised at the novel situation in which he found himself for the first time. Each party waited in the highest expectation for what was to follow.

All clear? Then forward!

Two seconds later the situation was this. I sat at the end of the Pulk in a hole in the ice on the river, one of the Dorotheas lay screaming on the ice, her Pulk capsized where just now her boxes had been lying —they are there no longer; they are taking a swim in the hole wherein I lie. It was Rolf. He had broken his rope, and was capering and barking madly around the terrified animals, who did not know whether to fly or attack him in sheer desperation. The two Mikkels were in a terrible rage.

I was hauled out of the hole, the screaming Dorothea picked up, and her luggage fished out of the water, an operation accompanied by more screaming, which however, only reached its climax when all was up, and

she discovered that a lot of things in a bag were damaged by the water.

The reindeer and Pulks were again put in order, and after half-an-hour's work we were again ready to set out.

We are off at last. Rolf is now *the last* in the Raide, and in this manner it went better, although many a heart would have stood still at the wild, headlong chase down the ice-covered river, where holes yawned on all sides.

By degrees Rolf became tired, and the reindeer more accustomed to him, so that the latter part of the journey was better than the opening had led me to anticipate.

My real Vappus was Mikkel Isaksen Tornensis, a fellow with a face so like a Red Indian's that he might have been taken for "the last of the Mohicans" in Lappish costume. As his reindeer were then many miles to the north, he had persuaded his friend—if such a term can be used between Lapps—Mikkel Isaksen Hætta to drive us the first part of the way to Pingisjavre, whence he would himself convey us to our destination with fresh animals.

The first ten or twelve miles of the way lay down the river, and were soon covered. But the following twenty-five were not so easy. There was hardly a vestige of snow, and where the earth was bare it was covered with water. Consequently we proceeded but slowly: it took us fourteen hours to cover the next thirty miles.

The drive might have been bearable if one had been able to keep the water out, but that was quite impossible. The Pulk was as leaky as a basket, and as the Pæsk absorbs the water like a sponge, it soon becomes a

disgusting, sloppy mass, difficult to move and a torture to carry about. When at starting I sat for some minutes in the above-mentioned hole, I became wet too in one place, viz., that most intimately connected with the Pulk. To drive throughout a whole night in such a manner is not pleasant, believe me. I attempted in every way to mend the shortcomings. First I tucked a handkerchief in the wet place—in a few minutes it was so wet that I had to wring it—another one; the same result; I then stuffed down the cushion in my Lapp cap; that helped for a while—it was both thick and warm—but finally it became as pleasant as a dish of cold porridge by my side; the cap soon followed suit.

I became at last so wet in a dozen places, that I gave up every idea of stemming the familiarity of the water, and made up my mind to become a martyr in a water-butt. To crown all my misery, Mikkel, just before we reached the hut at Pingisjavre, conceived the brilliant idea of driving me right through a foaming river, the water of which was above the rim of the Pulk. When, as you know, you almost lie down in it, the result is better imagined than described. Luckily, it was not far to the hut, otherwise I should never have been able to write this book; as it was, I escaped with a fever of some days' duration. Wetter than I when we arrived at Pingisjavre no human being ever was. Not even a seal or a fish could have been wetter. I had to take every bit of clothing off, wring it, and dry it.

Mikkel No. 2 was, as I might have expected, not at Pingisjavre; I had to wait three whole days before he

turned up. They were three pleasant days, I can tell you, and Whitsuntide, too. The cause of Mikkel's non-appearance was the bad weather which set in soon after we had reached Pingisjavre. For several days we had storms, snow, and thaw, and under these circumstances it was impossible to travel.

What I had to divert myself with during these weary hours is soon told. It was, firstly, with the hope of Mikkel turning up, and, secondly, with the hope of the weather improving. Mikkel came not, and the weather did not change, but, of course, the more reason I had for hoping.

There was, besides these, that of attending to my wet wardrobe, an amusement which lasted as long as my hopes, the water obstinately refusing to leave what it had forcibly taken possession of; yes, the Pæsk was not even dry when I had to start, so I was obliged to put it on wet.

There were also my two female companions in my misfortunes. Both were, as I have stated, named Dorothea, but one was, for convenience sake, called "Dorthe" and the other "Thea." The only accomplishment of the first-named was swearing, which she practised in a manner which might have excited the envy of a Billingsgate porter; she was constantly embellishing her speech with the choicest ornaments of malediction.

Thea, on the other hand, was a quiet, modest girl, and very practical. Without many words, she understood how to clear away a good many of the difficulties which we encountered on our journey, not only for herself, but also for her swearing sister—in name. Yes, she was even

able, now and then, to give me a hand, when I had stuck in a pool of water, or when my harness got out of order. In fact, I doubt whether two women ever surprised me more, the one by her swearing, and the other by her skill in all Lappish accomplishments.

The first day they were both sad and gushing at leaving their people; in tears they expressed their great regret at leaving a place where they had been so comfortable and happy, and people who were so excellent, that they never and nowhere would find their equal.

But it was only the first day that this tune was played. Already the following night — we had, of course, to occupy one and the same room—I heard them, whilst they believed I was asleep, communicate to each other in whispers all the bad points they had discovered in their masters and mistresses, and all the outrageous treatment they had had to endure; there was not a single member of the three Norwegian families at Koutokæino who was spared; every one was weighed and found wanting. Old and new stories were paraded in array, one supplementing what the other left out, and *vice versâ;* stories which, had only a tenth of them been true, would have made me endorse their ever-repeated sigh—Thank God that I am well away from them! Never before or since has the world witnessed such a perfect harmony of two souls as that prevailing this night between the two Dorotheas in reviewing the outrageous treatment they had suffered from their masters and mistresses during the last few years.

The following night the harmony was at an end. Now

they were quarrelling about some matters concerning themselves alone.

In the second room of the hut, reserved for mine host and hostess and their race, the proceedings during the Whitsuntide were of a highly religious character: hymns were sung and the Bible read aloud from morning till night. The lady of the house had just been seized by the modern Læstadian mania, and had, in consequence, prohibited her worthy spouse from tasting alcoholic liquor, which, however, did not prevent him from accepting the drink I offered him in the shape of a glass, or more correctly speaking, cup of grog; but he drank it with as much fear as pleasure, and every time he heard the footsteps of his amiable better-half he quickly hid the cup.

The previously mentioned religious commotion attacked an old woman here to such a degree that I had, for the first time, an opportunity of seeing a person in the peculiar ecstatic state into which Lapps, particularly women, sometimes fall, when the religious mania overpowers them. She was, poor wretch, exactly like one mad; now she screamed at the top of her voice, now she said she had terrible pains all over her body, and now she cried so that the tears flooded her withered old face. In one moment she sighed and wailed, and ejaculated expressions of repentance and mercy, and in the next she was seized with the most intense delight, shouted with joy, and threw her arms and legs about in the greatest ecstasy. Each phase followed the other in rapid succession. And what made the spectacle more disgusting still, was the shameful rudeness and vulgarity with which the

children of the hut, great and small, chaffed the poor old woman when under the influence of the religious malady.

Monday afternoon, Mikkel No. 2 arrived at last with the reindeer. The snow-storm had ceased, and in the evening we started.

As the new reindeer were not acquainted with Rolf, we again underwent many moments of anxiety before we were fairly off. My own reindeer was particularly terror-struck, as Rolf was tied to my Pulk. It made the most reckless, most break-neck jumps in the yard-deep snow; now springing to the left, now to the right, now dashing in between the Pulks in front, now stopping all of a sudden, and now running headlong in the opposite direction to that which we were going. At last it performed a feat which I had never seen or heard of before: it rose on its hind legs, and—threw itself on its back right on the top of me! It lay there with all four legs kicking in the air. I had been in many a strange situation during my journeys, but this one was the most comical so far. Fancy me lying in the low boat-shaped Pulk, with the left hand holding Rolf back, so that he should not rush forward and make matters worse, in the right the rein, while the infuriated reindeer, as if struck by an apoplectic stroke, lay on my stomach, pointing its four legs towards the sky. It seemed like turtles and some insects which cannot get up when on their back; but the ever-watchful Thea was soon by my side, and got it off me.

We drove the greater part of the night, and as the newly-fallen enormous masses of snow had, so to speak, absorbed the water underneath, we arrived without further

accidents, but after a tedious journey, at the mountain-hut Suolovuobme.

It was night before we could leave here. Thick, heavy clouds enveloped Beskades, across which our road lay that night. When we reached the top of this mountain plateau—more than 2000 feet above the sea—the fog was so thick we could not see a yard before us, and the rain came down steadily in a manner which reminded me of a November day in London. But even here the quantity of snow was so great that we had little cause to grumble.

The country through which our road lay after we left the Alten River is desolate and sad in the extreme. Now and then a hill, here and there a few black dwarfish shrubs, peeping melancholily from the snow, is all the eye encounters in every direction. But as soon as the northern slope of Beskades is reached, Nature assumes at once a richer and softer aspect. Pine-forests clothe the steep slopes, groves of birches smile a welcome from the valley.

Here are the renowned Gargia slopes, so dangerous in the winter, which from the plateau lead down to the mountain-hut Gargia, dangerous, not only on account of their steepness and great height, but by their being closely covered with trees and underwood. One has to pay every attention here when driving with reindeer in the winter, if one wishes to get down with a whole skin.

For us there was nothing to fear, for the simple reason that every vestige of snow was gone, and the entire slope furrowed by a thousand foaming brooks. We were, in consequence, two hours in getting down, whereas, when

the snow is good, the distance can be easily covered in six minutes.

When in the early morning we arrived at Gargia, we were told that it was utterly impossible to get further with reindeer, in which I fully concurred when I later on traversed the country. The usual winter road to Bossekop, the Alten River, was in this part of its course completely open; the summer road was without snow, or under water. I was therefore obliged to say good-bye to Mikkel No. 2 and his reindeer, and send a messenger to Alten for horses, which arrived a little later.

It was late in the afternoon when I left Gargia on horseback. The road was almost impassable; in many places it formed a roaring river, in others a soft, dangerous bog. My progress was therefore, of course, slow, and it was first when I had been conveyed on horseback across the big, foaming Eiby River, and got on to the fine new high-road to Alten, that I was able to let my horse canter a bit, and distance the post-boy with the luggage.

The costume in which, in the silent hour of midnight, I rode through the great solemn forests was indeed most remarkable. "He doesn't look like a 'professor' at all, but more like a Lapp," I heard the post-boy say about me at Gargia. Although I don't know what remarkable conception this youth had formed of the general appearance of "professors," I fully agree with him that they do not as a rule appear in the garb I then wore, the production of several races for a variety of seasons. Draw upon your imagination, and picture to yourself a figure made up of the following pieces: on the feet, Lapp summer-komager; the legs in furry winter-

bællinger; around the body the blue Lapp summer-coat with red and yellow borders held together at the waist by a woman's variegated belt; over this a London-made mackintosh; on the head a kind of jockey-cap I bought at Kittilä, and the hands in great Lappish fur gloves, and mounted on a thin horse—I looked like a pig on a broomstick. Luckily it was so late that I met nobody on the road.

At last I am up on the hill. *Θάλασσα, τάλασσα!* Before me lies the lovely, the ever-youthful sea, coloured by the rosy tints of the rising sun.

The gentle murmur of the emerald waves from the Arctic Ocean, as they roll majestically up the shore at my feet and retreat with a deep sigh, is the softest music I have heard for nine weary months.

From the staff at the Polar station the flag flutters in the wind; it is terminal day. One of the members is just mounting the high thermometer cage. "Welcome, welcome back!" he shouts as I ride by. It was my first welcome back to Civilisation.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM ALTEN TO HAMMERFEST.

RETURNING TO CIVILISATION—THE ALTEN FJORD—VISIT TO THE KOMAG FJORD—A HOSPITABLE OLD MAN—CONTENTED PEOPLE—VISIT TO THE LÆRREDS FJORD—THE SEA LAPPS—THEIR PURSUITS, FOOD, DRESS, AND DWELLINGS—MORAL STANDARD—CHARACTERISTICS—SEA LAPP *versus* NORWEGIAN AND KVÆN—EXCITEMENT ON MY ARRIVAL—"MAKING PORTRAITS"—GREAT PREPARATIONS—THE RESULT—THE RETURN—*En route* FOR TALVIK—ON THE FJORD—SEEKING SHELTER—REMARKABLE HOSPITALITY—A MAGNIFICENT VIEW—PROCEEDING—A NASTY VOYAGE—A PLEASANT COMFORT—A LOVELY SPOT—A HAUNTED VICARAGE—A TERRIBLE GHOST STORY—A NIGHT IN THE HAUNTED ROOM—THE KAA FJORD—THE "STRANDLINIER"—AN IMPORTANT GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY—A DARK VIEW—A DESERTED ENGLISH COLONY ON THE ARCTIC SHORES—A DECAYED ENGLISH CHURCHYARD—ENGLISH ENTERPRISE IN THE FAR NORTH—LIFE *versus* DEATH—A ROUND OF PARTING VISITS—AN ALARMING INCIDENT—I AM TAKEN FOR A MADMAN—A DINNER IN MY HONOUR—FESTIVE ARRANGEMENTS—MY THANKS—A WREATH OF ARCTIC FLOWERS—GOOD-BYE—CHARMS OF AN ARCTIC SUMMER'S NIGHT—IN THE OX FJORD—ARRIVING AT HAMMERFEST.

My stay among the nomads of the North was at an end. I was once more in a part of the world where people wear coats, trousers, and boots, travel by steam, and correspond by electricity.

I was again in the lovely Alten, where the broad, majestic river winds through a delta of forests and fields, where the waves of the Arctic Ocean ripple on the white, sandy shore, and where snow-capped, purple-tinted moun-

tains form the frame of the smiling vista in the dreamy fjord, the Italy of the North.

I was again at the Polar station, surrounded by my scientific colleagues, who excelled each other in kindness and hospitality. The scientific work had progressed steadily and without the slightest hitch. The result of the various observations of a good many hours was to be seen in a number of journals, whose pages were covered with figures.

The winter had been comparatively mild, and in consequence of the number of civilised people in Alten, and its connection with the outer world by steam and telegraph, the winter sojourn had not been so monotonous and dreary as might have been expected at a Polar station. Still, the members were looking forward to the expiry of the three remaining months, and the return to their friends and families in the South.

Of the fortnight I remained in Alten, I used a week for visiting some places of interest along the Alten fjord.

Do you care to accompany me on my trip into one of the many bye-fjords? Well, then we will step on board the little steamer which plys on the fjord, and in which the first part of the journey is made.

The Alten fjord proper cuts into the province of Finmarken from north to south, and is about twelve geographical miles in length. To the north it is connected with the Arctic Ocean by three narrow but imposing sounds, Stjern Sound, Rogn Sound, and Varg Sound, formed by the continent and two great islands, Stjernö and Seiland. We speed along the eastern side, past the towering, barren mountains, which fall straight into the

sea, and only now and then recede to make room for a tiny bit of shore, on which nestles a little hut or earthen Gamme on a patch of greensward.

For a few hours we lie to at Jupvig, a little trading station, whose only claim to attention is that it was here the French expedition of 1839 erected an observatory for measuring the height of the Aurora Borealis in conjunction with Bossekop. I have already mentioned that these measurements were futile, caused by the too close proximity of the two stations in proportion to the height of the Aurora Borealis above the earth's crust.

We call at a good many places of this kind, each one as uninteresting as the other. Half a dozen little huts on shore, a man in a boat coming alongside to fetch something—that is all. Sometimes there are three, sometimes only two huts, sometimes there is a parcel for the man in the boat, sometimes nothing—this is the only change. We will, therefore, speed on, until we at about noon enter the Komag fjord, our first halt, where we say good-bye to the steamer, which now steams for Hammerfest.

The Komag fjord is a little bay in the northern part of the Alten fjord, enclosed by lofty mountains. How it obtained this peculiar name—Komag is, as we know, the Lappish name for shoe—I am as unable to say as those of whom I have asked this question. Human eyes will search in vain for something in the fjord resembling the Lappish foot-gear; but probably there is some legend connected with it. Any other point of interest in this place than the name I failed to discover, although there is a flourishing trading-station here.

I decided, however, to stay here for awhile, for two

reasons, viz., because there was a large number of Sea Lapps living in a fjord close by, and because the trading-station is the property and residence of one of the most well-known and hospitable men in Finmarken, i.e., "Old Frandrem."

To have been in Finmarken and not seen "Old Frandrem," would be as great a blunder as having been to Rome and not seen the Pope. Although a perfect stranger, I was received with his customary, never-failing hospitality—a virtue, by-the-bye, I have never seen exercised in such a manner as in these regions—and my host would on no account permit me to proceed without having spent some days under his roof.

Time does not weigh heavily on the guest—the excellent host takes care of that. He is an old man in years, but a youth in mind and body.

In the winter he and his family reside in the distant Karasjok, a hamlet to the north-east of Koutokæino, right down by the Russian frontier, the trading station of which also belongs to him. The summer he spends in the Komag fjord, always the same active worker, always engaged in a variety of pursuits. Several ethnographical museums are indebted to Old Frandrem for valuable presents of Lappish relics, and his own collections have obtained deserved praise and reward at many exhibitions. He has a big box of medals and marks of distinction, and with what touching pride the old man placed them before me—with what charming simplicity he entertained me with interesting narratives from his long life in the Arctic regions!

The landscape around the station cannot boast of much beauty or attraction, as lofty precipitous, jet-black mountains—enclosing the little fjord on nearly all sides—arrest every view; only to the north a glimpse is caught of the enormous emerald-green glacier on the Seiland island—the northernmost glacier in Europe—which, when the sun is setting or rising, holds the spectator spell-bound in wonder and admiration by the marvellous play of light and colour on its crystal surface and towering sides.

Here, as well as in many other places, I learnt that the Flower of Contentment can flourish as well, or perhaps even better, in homes on the wild, barren shores of the Arctic Ocean, as in the most sumptuous marble palaces in the loveliest gardens of the South. Every time I had an opportunity of peeping into the hospitable family circles, I found everybody happy and content with his home; nobody who yearned for softer and less sterile surroundings; nobody who had a wish to exchange his isolation and solitude for a residence in the whirl of the surging world, where man fights his brother-man hand to hand for existence amid the shrieks of steam-engines and the din of factories.

In the company of the sheriff from Talvik, who was also the guest of Old Frandrem, I made a visit by boat to the Lærreds (linen) fjord some ten miles further north. In this case I am able to satisfy curiosity as regards the origin of its name. Look up along the black, precipitous mountain wall, looking like a stratum of coal, and you will discover in the dark hornblende three or four long, narrow stripes of whitish slate running horizontally, to

some extent resembling linen laid out to bleach. Hence its name.*

I now invite you, kind reader, to accompany me on a trip into this fjord, for the purpose of seeing something of the life and habits of the strange people who dwell on its shores.

A cluster of little wooden or earthen huts; a number of wooden rails for the drying of fish; a number of boats on shore and sea; thousands of boulders scattered all around; rotten entrails and bits of fish about, and the scent peculiar to the same—such is a Lapp fishing-village in the Lærreds fjord, and, in fact, everywhere else.

I have in a previous chapter made a casual reference to the Sea Lapps, to which I will now make some additions.

The chief means of livelihood of the Sea Lapps is, as of most of the Norse inhabitants of Finmarken, fishing. In fact this industry is of such importance to the dwellers in these parts, that without the fish no human being would be found here. Not only do the Sea Lapps participate in the "great" fisheries of cod and its species at certain periods of the year, but fishing is their chief occupation throughout the year. From the icy waters of the Arctic Ocean the Sea Lapp fetches his daily bread, and it is seldom that the sea is so chary as to refuse him this poor article of sustenance. He also keeps generally a cow or two, and a few sheep.

* On account of the mixed population in these parts, nearly every place has a double Norwegian and Lappish name, the former being generally a translation or corruption of the latter; as, for instance, Komag fjord—gabmag vuodna—and Lærreds fjord—lini vuodna.

In the way of food the living of the Sea Lapp is very much the same as that of the Norse fisherman in Finmarken. Fish is his usual and most cherished food. Most people eat it once and sometimes twice a day, the semi-dried fish being preferred to the fresh. It is simply boiled in water with a little salt, and eaten without any additional article of nutrition, but generally dipped in the oil of the liver, which is cooked separately. In a few places where potatoes are cultivated, this vegetable is eaten with the fish. Another dish, greatly relished by the Lapps, is a soup of flour and water mixed with bits of meat and lard, which is considered a splendid breakfast dish. Meat the Lapp seldom obtains, as only very few can spare a cow or a sheep for slaughtering.

The dress of the Sea Lapp is, in the main, like that of his brother of the Mountain, but the coats of the men are mostly white or grey, and sometimes European garments are mixed with the national ones. This is still more applicable to the women, who, when they can afford it, deck themselves with gaudy aprons, shawls, and neckerchiefs. The coats of the women are, as a rule, darker in texture than those of mountain women, while the shape of the cap varies a little in different districts.

Many Sea Lapps live in ordinary wooden huts, which are small and poor, but neither better nor worse than those of the Norse fishermen; but sometimes we come across the most primitive dwellings too, somewhat similar to those we have already seen among their brethren inland, viz., the earth Gammer.

The Gamme of the Sea Lapp is generally oblong, and

has then a roof like that of an ordinary house. The rafters and beams are trees about the thickness of an arm, which are raised on end or laid horizontally supporting each other. They are covered with birch-bark in order to keep out the wet, over this turf is laid, which gives the whole the appearance of a small mound. The entrance is very low, and the door made so that it closes of itself. It is either situated at the end of the hut, or in one of the side walls, in which latter case it separates the dwelling into two parts, one being used by the human, the other by the animal inmates.

There are no windows, light being obtained through an opening in the roof, which also serves as an escape for the smoke from the hearth in the middle of the floor. In the winter, and the fire is burning low, the opening is closed for the night with a wooden shutter, and in the daytime with the skin of a fish, the stomach of a turbot, strapped across it, through which the light struggles feebly.

The hearth is simply a few loose stones, around which four poles have been driven into the ground, whereon sticks are laid crosswise for pots and kettles.

The floor is strewn with sprigs and thin branches of birch trees, on which the inmates squat in the day and sleep at night.

If the Gamme consists of two rooms, the first, and generally the largest, is fitted with stalls on each side for the cattle, whilst the family retain the other for their use. Such a Gamme is, of course, more roomy and airy, and in the summer, when the cattle are grazing, not so offensive; but in the winter, when human beings and beasts, with all

their pleasant belongings, crowd the narrow space, the hut is so full of smoke, dirt, and stench, that the traveller who is unable on account of the weather to reach his destination, and has to take refuge here, may indeed ten times prefer the drifting snow and the raging storm without to the shelter offered within, in spite of the kindness and attention which the inmates always extend to him.

Another kind of Gamme consists of one room, about twenty feet square, with bare earthen floor and deal walls, the height being hardly more than a yard. The roof is conical in shape, with a hole at the top for the escape of the smoke. Outside, the roof of the Gamme is covered with turf, which in the summer becomes quite a little field of grass and flowers, the pasture for a couple of goats and sheep, which are tethered on the roof, in order to keep them from falling down. The entrance is formed by two logs raised parallel, which are also covered with turf; it is, however, so low that one has to stoop when entering.

When a visitor steps suddenly from the warm, sunny day without into the gloom of the Gamme, the effect is very striking. The sooty walls, the simple fittings and arrangements, and the peculiar people, at once tell him that he has entered the dwelling of a race which is still in savagedom. There is but one room: sitting-room, bed-room, larder, cattle-pen—all in one. On one side is the family bed, on the other the stalls for the cattle. The bed, if such a name can be applied to a few reindeer-skins thrown on the bare floor, is common to the whole family, entirely regardless of sex and age, and even if a traveller be compelled by the weather to take a temporary

refuge for a night in such a hovel, no change is made in these arrangements. It is evident, therefore, that the moral standard of these people is not a very high one.

Of chairs and tables there are none, but sometimes a log of birch-wood will serve the housewife as chair when occupied with domestic functions. In the middle of the room a fire is always kept burning on a few stones, the smoke from which contributes considerably to arrest the light struggling through the hole in the roof. In this gloom the Lapp woman sits by her spinning-wheel, the dusky, wrinkled face and the jet black eyes being from time to time lit up by a gleam from the lurid fire, while her skeleton fingers pass mysteriously over the slender threads, as if she were some fell witch of old, spinning the thread of Fate.

In East Finmarken, however, I have seen some Gammer of a superior kind. The first I approached had the same primitive appearance as those previously described, but the interior was quite different. Outside it looked like a turf hut, but inside the walls were covered with deals, and there were windows. There was, however, no upper story, and sooty rafters supported the roof. There was only one room for the whole family, which was very hot, as turf is much more heating than wood, and next to it two stalls, separated by doors, for a horse and a couple of cows. This hut, entirely built of turf, was maintained by the laying of a fresh layer of turf on it every year. The selling value of the whole structure was about ten shillings.

From this improved structure we entered one very

peculiar and primitive, being circular and constructed of poles, between which turf was laid.

A SEA LAPP.

Besides these huts, whether of earth or wood, the Sea Lapp has some little wooden sheds in which he keeps his hay, fishing-gear, and boats.

The characteristics and peculiarities of the Sea Lapps are very interesting, differing considerably from those of the Mountain.

It is only natural that the Norwegians in Finmarken, with their superior manners and more developed minds, please the visitor better than the unsophisticated and dirty Sea Lapps; still, the latter are not without their good qualities. They are good-natured, orderly, honest, and confide as much in the word of others as they expect to be confided in themselves. Thus, when a Sea Lapp pays his taxes or tithes, he hands his purse to the magistrate or parson, so that he may take what is due to him, and he never asks for a receipt. The Sea Lapps are gay and lively too, although their emotions are more violent than those of the Norwegians and Kvæns. They are quicker in their movements too, seldom walking, but nearly always running, and their strokes when rowing are very fast. Neither can the Lapp be called rude, or too familiar, as, if he asks any question which may occur to him, interrupts people, walks into a house without knocking, or commits similar blunders every day of his life, it is not from impudence, but because he knows no better. In fact, I must say, that nobody will be treated with impudence or bad language who does not treat the Lapp as a slave; and certainly when the Lapp meets a traveller on the road, and curtseying in his peculiar manner, says: "Good day to you, God's peace be with you," he appears far superior to the arrogant, insolent Kvæn, who will continue sucking his pipe, with his hands deep in his pockets, without either move or greeting.

In connection with this subject, it will not be without interest, by way of comparison, to make a brief reference to the characteristics which distinguish the two other races which inhabit Finmarken, viz., the Norwegians and the Kvæns.

It is, for instance, very remarkable that the Norwegians in a part of Norway so far from the great centres of civilisation, have no dialect. This is chiefly caused by their being immigrants from nearly all parts of the country. They are, on the other hand, distinguished by a very phlegmatic nature, a *laisser aller* sort of disposition, which makes them averse to much exertion of body and mind, beyond what is necessitated by the demands of existence. Not so the Lapp; he is far less averse to work than either the Norwegian or the Kvæn.

The two latter will never attempt to seize an opportunity of doing a good stroke of business, even if unattended by any trouble or exertion; while, although hearing that the fish is standing in large shoals at the mouth of the fjord, they will sit perfectly quiet, and wait until it comes up to the door of the house; and if it does not come at all, they will say that God will probably be more merciful next year.

The regular work is performed from day to day, but nothing beyond, and if this cannot be done from some cause or another, they will never dream of turning their hands to something else. Even if a peasant or fisherman be on a journey, and bad weather prevents him from proceeding, he will loaf about, pipe in mouth, until matters mend, and never think of working in the meantime.

The houses of the Kvæns are generally neat, sometimes neater than those of the Norwegians, while they are remarkable for their cleanliness. These people are distinguished by their great thrift, their industrious, though slow, habits, and their aptitude for various pursuits. They must be said to be the best agriculturists in Finmarken, and their appearance is prepossessing, while the women are very clever in female accomplishments. Such are the characteristics which strike the visitor at first sight, and they are indeed all their good qualities. Against these we must enter their bad ones, viz., arrogance, obstinacy, insincerity, quarrelsomeness, and brutality, which all possess, almost without an exception. I must, however, point out that this is far more the characteristic of the Kvæn, who has said good-bye to his own country, than his half-brother the Finn, who has remained in his native land.

And now we will return to the Lærreds fjord. There was a great stir among the settlers when I produced my apparatus "for making portraits," as the Lapps called my camera. They had never seen such a thing before, and the excitement was as great as if the sea-serpent had suddenly made its appearance in the bay. They looked, and they touched, and they wondered at the apparatus; they asked a hundred questions, and shook their heads with great incredulity. My friend the sheriff from Talvik attempted to impart to my honest admirers some rudiments of the theory of Daguerre and Talbot's noble art, but I am afraid with as little success as if he had attempted to teach a cod-fish mathematics.

He persuaded, however, some men, women, and chil-

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SEA LAPPS.

dren to form a group, but as all of them mustering in their working garb, which was somewhat dilapidated and dirty, he asked them to make themselves a little more tidy, in consideration of the importance of the event, explaining that the portraits I "made" reproduced every detail with faithful accuracy; Mikkel's torn coat as well as the hole on Jossa's knee, Anne's dirty neckerchief as well as the black spot on Elen's nose.

The stir and bustle became now as great as if they had been invited to a Court ball. The heads of all the little ones disappeared in buckets, after which operation the mother's hands served as comb for the whole family. Then the old, dirty rags were exchanged for the newest coats, the jauntiest caps, the smartest aprons, and the gaudiest shawls. When an hour had been spent in these preparations, and another twenty minutes in placing the group—of course, everybody did his best, as on all such occasions, to place himself in the most ridiculous position and assume the strangest expression—I obtained the negative of which you have already seen the reproduction.

Having both returned to the Komag fjord, it was high time to think of getting across to Talvik—a distance of some thirty nautical miles—on the other, western, side of the Alten fjord. There seemed, indeed, very little prospect of getting off, apart from the exertions of our excellent host and his family, who did their very best to prevent us from leaving, as there was not only a strong north wind blowing dead against us, but the currents, too, were running up the fjord. In a fjord as narrow, comparatively speaking, as the Alten fjord and

its environs, the tide produces currents which are sometimes so violent that no rowing or sailing boat can make headway against them. Sometimes it is possible to row up the fjord along the eddies and backwaters in the bays, where the currents set the reverse way, but of course this makes the journey doubly long and fatiguing.

We waited for the currents to turn, and the wind to follow their example. The former were very obliging: the currents changed twice; but the wind refused most obstinately to listen to all our overtures or "whistling." When at last we decided *coûte que coûte* to start, we were unable to get boatmen who would venture on the journey. Luckily, in the afternoon of the second day, a boat arrived at the station pulled by two brothers—one sixteen, the other twelve years of age—who volunteered to row us at all events part of the way. At seven o'clock in the evening we left the hospitable Komag fjord and its excellent inhabitants.

The lads rowed for a time with all the strength they possessed, but the store was soon exhausted, so that when we got mid-fjord, where there blew a stiff breeze dead against us, our progress might have been compared to that of a fly on a tarred broom.

Shortly afterwards one of our youthful navigators let go his oars and declared that he was "done up," in consequence of which the boat evinced a strong disposition to return whence we started. The sheriff now came to the rescue, attempting with his muscular arms to overpower the wind and the currents, in which effort he at last succeeded. True he succeeded, but it took us four hours to cover the distance between the two pro-

montories, Korsklub and Korsnæs—a distance of barely three miles.

It was by this time midnight, and we might indeed be glad that there was a trader at Korsnæs with whom we might obtain shelter. It would have been sheer madness to have attempted to get further that night.

The door of the trader's house we found open, and the sheriff, who knew the people slightly, entered first. He found man, wife, and children in the soundest sleep, and, declaring that it would be a pity to wake them, took, as a matter of course, possession of a room in which there was a bed and a sofa, assigning the former to me and occupying the latter himself. I suggested that it was rather drawing a little too heavily on Norwegian hospitality in such a matter-of-course manner to enter a stranger's house and take possession of his best bedroom, but the sheriff declared that "it was all right; there was no occasion for ceremony."

For a while I lay listening to the wind as it came howling and screeching up the fjord, shaking the house with a savage growl, grateful for not being subject to its anger in an open boat; but soon after I too was as soundly asleep as if I had been lying in my own bed, instead of being the uninvited occupier of that of a man whom I had never seen.

The sheriff was quite right in his estimate of northern hospitality. Our host seemed, indeed, the next morning to think that he was under a great obligation to us for thus coolly taking possession of his house. He could not say enough to thank us, and nothing was too good for us. We were served with good coffee and an excellent

breakfast, for which he refused payment, while he procured two men to convey us to Talvik.

Korsnæs shoots somewhat far into the fjord, and has obtained its name from the circumstance that several fjords and sounds meet here, forming a "Kors" (cross).

From this promontory a view of nearly all parts of the Alten fjord is obtained. To the north the lofty mountain cones on the Seiland Island rise majestically from the blue waters of the fjord, below jet-black in colour, but above crowned with eternal ice and snow-fields, which flash in the rays of the rising sun. To the right of this isolated colossus the eye follows the narrow Varg Sound, and to the left the Rogn Sound divides it from its smaller but equally grand and imposing brother, the island of Stjernö. Let your glance sweep westward, and you behold the emerald-green Polar Ocean, with its thousand jagged mountains springing from the sea.

A little further to the south we have the entrance to the Lang fjord, with the pointed peaks, the Kovetinder, on one side, and just opposite the solitary mountain of Algas raises its crest to the sky.

A little more to the south, and the mountains around Talvik and the Kaa fjord come into view, all still glistening in their winter dress.

The view I gaze on is so grand, so majestic, so bold of outline and varied in colour, that my pen fails to give an adequate idea of its sublimity.

The wind when we set out was rather stiff, but our course was more favourable than the night before.

The sail—a great lug-sail of the kind used in Finmarken—was hoisted, and we shot forward.

We discovered, however, soon, that if we did not wish to lay our bones to rest in the icy Alten fjord, we should have to get another boat, with less inclination to bury her stem in every wave she encountered, and less determination, vulgarly speaking, to "chuck us out" whenever a gust of wind heeled her over. We had again to get ashore, at Jokkeluft, to get another boat and a third man. Both being procured we again set sail.

I shall have to confess I am a great coward in a little skiff under a breeze and sea which would keep many an owner of a one-ton yacht in port; indeed, I was very much inclined to have remained at Korsnæs, in spite of the danger of probably having to stay there for the rest of my life, but I plucked up courage from fear of being thought as great a coward as I really was, and went on board.

However, every time the boat heeled over, so that a gallon or two of water came surging in, I could not help shifting to the opposite side, although I knew quite well how useless my precaution was. Neither did I obtain much consolation from my worthy friend, as he had several times the kindness to remind me what to do in case we should *capsize*, which often seemed imminent enough. His advice was very simple:—climb up on the keel and ride across it. It was the easiest matter possible, of course. A cheering comforter, I thought. When to this pleasant prospect I add that it was pitch dark before we reached our destination, that the wind cut me to the bone, and that we had neither food nor drink with us—ah! how I thought of the goose at the dinner the

previous day—you will understand that I have spent pleasanter days than that crossing the Alten fjord.

The cause of the excessive duration of our journey was the extraordinary capriciousness of the weather. Now it was calm, then a stiff breeze; now we had the wind on the quarter, then dead ahead. At one moment we scuttled along with the speed of a steamer, the sail some inches in the water, and the next we had to beat, without, as it seemed, getting away from the spot; again the sail flopped against the mast, and had to be taken in, and in a few minutes after the sheriff had to veer, in order not to sail boat and all into the big, foaming waves.

There was a constant transition from satisfaction to discontent amongst us, but so that both were always in the boat. When the sail had to be struck, it was the writer who was happy, whilst the others grumbled at having to take to the oars; but when the boat lay with half her sail in the water, satisfaction and discontent changed abodes.

It was late when we reached Talvik, and now we were all happy, which is not to be wondered at, as everybody was famishing and half frozen to death.

The sheriff's supper was excellent, and his warm rooms preferable to the nasty boat and the cold fjord.

A lovely semi-circular bay; upwards green, gentle slopes, the uppermost parts of which are covered with underwood, which even steals up the sombre mountains behind; by the shore a row of pretty houses, some modest and simple, others large and ostentatious—such is Talvik in the days of summer.

The comparatively large number of dwellings and the whole character of the landscape reminds one far more of Sogn and Hardanger than the fjords of Finmarken.

A little way up the verdant hills the wanderer arrives at the great lake of Storvandet, with its crystal surface, and surrounded by luxurious woods, whose water finds an outlet into the fjord through a little noisy, foaming river,

VIEW OF TALVIK.

which hastens onward over the slopes, now and then leaping into a small waterfall. Stand only once, on a calm, lovely day, on the wood-covered slopes here alone, with the great, solitary nature around, whilst the birds chirp gaily in the underwood, the river rushing foamingly downwards, whilst your eye rests with charm on the pensive fjord below and the blue mountains yonder, and

you may imagine that the view you behold is one of the loveliest in the highlands of Scotland or Wales.

A little above the houses lies the church. It was being built at the time of my visit, the former church having the year previously been swallowed up by the fjord, during one of those terrific hurricanes which are in the habit of visiting the shores of Finmarken. It was turned over by the wind, and carried bodily into the sea. The same fate befell two other churches in Finmarken the same night.

Still further up we have the large and comfortable vicarage, where I received a most kind and hospitable welcome from the parson and his young wife.

I had a very particular but strange reason for wanting to pass a night here; i.e., because the house is *haunted*.

This is not only the belief among the people all along the Alten fjord, but I have been told that it is a fact by people who declare that they have experienced the most marrow- and nerve-stirring sensations in this vicarage.

The vicar, who has only been here a short time, told me that he had never experienced anything very unusual, beyond that the doors seemed to have the extraordinary fault of opening of their own accord, and that invisible hands seemed to find great delight in knocking on them during the night.

But listen to the tale of the Talvik sheriff! It was the last day of Anno Domini 1879. He was staying at the vicarage, and went to bed a little before midnight in a room in the house which was most notorious for the pranks of the ghost. He had hardly put out his candle and turned over to go to sleep, when a most diabolic,

blood-curdling "Ha, ha, ha!" burst from one of the corners of the room. He declared afterwards that it could only be compared to the satanic laughter of a strolling actor he had once seen play Asmodeus. The sheriff, a man of iron nerves, was not daunted, and, indifferent to either ghosts or devils, lit a candle, with which he carefully examined the room, outside and inside, floor and ceiling. No, there was nobody.

Again he goes to bed, puts out the light, and lies in great expectation of what is to come next. His eyes are just closing, when suddenly the same satanic, mocking shout breaks forth from another corner—"Ha, ha, ha!" This was rather too much for the sheriff; he felt a cold chill creeping down his back, and retreated under the coverlet of the bed.

Another quarter of an hour drags slowly by; his mind is more at ease, and he actually manages to smile at his silly fears, and persuades himself "that it was all imagination." He is just on the point of reappearing from under the coverlet, when for a third time the voice shouts "Ha, ha, ha!"

This was more than even the sheriff could stand, and he made a jump so violent and sudden that the bars in the bottom of the bed—a large wooden poster—gave way, and the hapless sheriff, with all the bed-clothes, went down on the floor with a terrific crash.

There he lay, without moving a muscle, until sleep overpowered him.

When the servant the next morning—as customary here—came with the coffee, the bed was empty! It was assumed that the sheriff had taken a morning stroll. One

hour, two hours—no sheriff. The girl is again sent into the room—no; the bed was empty. Another hour—still no sheriff. At last the parson himself enters the room. There were his clothes, but where was the sheriff? He examines carefully the bed—there lay the sheriff fast asleep, probably dreaming of his adventure of the night!

Such a tale was enough to rouse my interest to the highest pitch.

I have, to use the words of a celebrated English physiologist, a certain weakness for the incidents of life wherein the natural mingles with the supernatural, and have always had a burning desire once "to see something" myself. Here was the opportunity, and consequently I asked if I might sleep a night in the notorious room, a wish to which the parson readily acceded.

Night came. I examined the room carefully, and looked if anybody be concealed in the cupboard or under the bed; but I found nothing suspicious.

I went to bed, and lay for several hours straining every nerve to catch any supernatural sound; but no, silence reigned around me; not even "the breath of a ghost" did I hear, and on waking in the morning I was as wise as when I went to bed. I was greatly disappointed.

Shortly after noon I said good-bye to my new friends at Talvik, and proceeded by boat for the Kaa fjord, in the southernmost corner of the Alten fjord.

The wind blew so strongly from the south, that even the most sanguine nature would have come to the conclusion that the sail would be of no use; consequently it was left behind, to my great relief.

During this journey nothing noteworthy occurred, and

it would indeed be too much to ask that every page of this work should be filled with accounts of events such as I should feel it my duty to record, if only for the sake of the happy existence of future generations.

On the way to the Kaa fjord, as well as when journeying in other parts of the Alten fjord, the traveller has frequent opportunities of seeing the so-called "Strand linier"—shore lines—i.e., terraces in the mountains which run parallel with the sea. These were formerly believed to be the remains of previous "shore lines," and thus indicating that the land had, in ages gone by, risen from time to time; but this theory has during the last few years been proved untenable by the excellent researches of the celebrated Norwegian geologist, Dr. Karl Pettersen, in the fjords about Tromsö. This *savant*, who for years has given this phenomenon the most careful attention, by examining the fjords of North Norway, has come to the conclusion that these terraces were not made by water, but by *ice*. In fact, he asserts, and with great plausibility, that the terraces were made by icebergs and glaciers, which during the glacial age were carried from the North Pole to Norway and Sweden, and eventually to England and Central Europe. The terraces were formed through the "scouring" of the mountain by the enormous ice-masses which ground the softest strata in the rock to dust, the real power of which is only realised inland, where almost every rock is polished or ground to sand, and boulders, as, for instance, in Norwegian Lapland. It is, however, not within the scope of this work to deal at length with these interesting researches.

In bold letters Nature has engraved her history on

these rocks, and her writings are most striking in the winter, when the snow collecting on the terraces forms long white stripes running parallel with the fjord.

Dark and confined is Nature in the Kaa fjord. Nearly on all sides black, threatening mountains raise their heads to the sky; only to the north the eye is permitted to escape to the Alten fjord and the snowy peaks around it.

In the very recess of the little bay with its stony, barren soil lie a few dark, detached houses, which look, if possible, more melancholy than the landscape itself. A little further to the north we alight on a large white building, whose bright and cheerful appearance promises comfort and hospitality within, and it seems to have got into the neighbourhood by mistake. Approaching nearer we find, however, that it is empty and dilapidated; some of the windows have been smashed, others are closed with shutters and boards.

In front of the house is a large, flat space, where the eye can trace unmistakable signs of a garden having once been laid out in English fashion. Here a sandy carriage-drive has been dug in the verdant lawn, there was once a fish-pond, and there once a neat little bridge ran across a stream; but it is all gone now. The road is covered with weeds, the lawn is long and coarse, the pond is dried up, and the bridge has tumbled down.

We ascend further up the hill, on the top of which lies the church, also English in style; we walk into the desolate, dilapidated churchyard, and read on the many tombstones and crosses around English inscriptions, which inform us that here in Ultima Thule, to the very shores

of the Arctic Ocean, the English race has extended its enterprise, and that some score of its sons sleep their last slumber in a chilly grave far away from the lovely evergreen fields and woods in the homes of their childhood.

If we look from the croft by the church to the north, we seem to have an extensive industrial concern before us. There the furnaces raise their chimneys high above their

THE LATE ENGLISH COLONY AND COPPER WORKS IN THE KAA FJORD.

numerous surroundings, here piles of ore and brick-shaped slag seem only to wait for the steamer to lie-to at the quay and fetch them away, and yonder we discern the holes in the mountain wall, with apparatus for raising and sinking the ore. But no smoke issues from the tall shafts, no sound comes from the ore-breaker, no steamer lies by the quay, no report of blasting reverberates through the

tunnels. All is silent, deserted, dead. Only ruins remain, among which wind and weather rival each other in finishing the work of total destruction.

What I have just attempted to describe is the monument remaining of a once flourishing concern, viz., the Kaa fjord copper-works.

Ever since 1826, when the copper mines here were opened, they have belonged to an association of Englishmen, which for many years derived considerable profit from them; while they were of great importance to the district around, by the commercial life and activity introduced into the province, and the employment they gave to some thousand people. The workmen here were chiefly Kvæns, who formed quite a small town a little to the north of the works. However, since the middle of the century the working of the mines has been attended with so little profit—chiefly on account of the fall in the price of copper abroad—that the owners have been compelled to cease their operations.

A great number of the labourers, who, deprived of all means of existence in these inhospitable parts, scorned to become a burden to the parish, emigrated to America.

It was chiefly the hurricanes previously referred to which wrought such havoc in the place, and gave the whole concern the wretched, tumble-down aspect it has to-day.

Here, where the furnaces once belched forth volumes of black smoke, where the echo of the blastings resounded through the mountains, where steam-engines snorted, while waggons of ore were conveyed to the furnaces, and where English, Finnish, and Norwegian

was heard on all sides from the busy crowd of workmen. Silence now reigns supreme. Only now and then it is broken by the hoarse shrieks of a raven, which alights on the furnace shaft, or stares stupidly at the inscriptions on the tombstones, or peers through the empty windows into the deserted houses, and flies away with an exulting croak. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

From the Kaa fjord to Bossekop the journey is only five miles, which I covered the following day in a boat, being rowed by the same men who had taken me to Talvik. My excursion around the Alten fjord was at an end.

Soon, too, the day came when I had to say good-bye to Bossekop and my friends there. The inn-keeper was kind enough to lend me his horse and trap the last day, in which I therefore paid a round of parting visits. I drove from the parson to the sheriff, from the sheriff to the doctor, from the doctor to the postmaster, from the postmaster to each of the three merchants, from them to the magistrate, and from the magistrate to the Polar station.

During the last-named drive an incident occurred which, though comical, might have prevented me from relating it.

The doctor had on parting presented me with a bottle of chloroform, as a preventive against sea-sickness, which I put in the pocket of my coat, but forgot all about. When leaving the residence of the magistrate, I jumped into the trap, and in the same moment heard something crash underneath me, and driving along the road, felt a peculiar, cooling sensation by my side,

which seemed to proceed from the cushion on which I was sitting. In an instant the situation flashed upon me: I was sitting on a quantity of chloroform large enough to kill an army! Not a moment was to be lost, and realising the danger of taking the coat off and exposing myself to the whole force of the narcotic, I gave the horse the reins, and began to belabour him with the whip, in order, if possible, to reach the station before I became insensible. Whack! Whack! Whack! Faster and faster gallops the horse; a sickly odour ascends to my nose, a kind of mist seems to gather before my eyes. At that moment the station comes into view. A strong effort on my part, and more exertions of the horse. In the next minute we fly into the yard of the station as if pursued by a host of savages. The people, on hearing the terrific rattling of wheels, have come outside, and to them the writer presents the spectacle of an apparently semi-intoxicated man flinging himself out of a trap, tearing off his great-coat, and throwing it as far away as his strength would permit. No wonder they thought I had gone raving mad. I believe it is the first time that anyone has been exposed to being chloroformed in such a manner.

Festive were the arrangements at the Polar station for the last dinner in my honour. Kindness and hospitality held out their hands on all sides, and more than ever I felt how painful it was to say good-bye to these excellent people in Ultima Thule, who, old and young, small and great, had treated me as a friend and brother, from the first moment I set foot in their midst. Overwhelmed by the feelings of the moment, the words in which I re-

turned my thanks for every kindness shown me, with wishes for the future, were poor and incoherent at the moment when the champagne corks measured the distance between table and ceiling; but nevertheless I venture to repeat them, as a tribute to my friends, particularly because it will be the last occasion I shall have an opportunity in this work of referring to the Norwegian circumpolar station, and, in fact, to the scientific labour which drove my friends, as well as myself, to the Far North.

"I thank you, my friends! I thank you! I will twine you a wreath of flowers; but not of the gaudy imitation flowers of flattery, nor of the tinsel leaves of empty oration: I will weave it of the honest flowers of the field, the symbol of an upright heart. First I place in my wreath the blushing rose of the sweetbriar; may the scent from each of its tiny leaves bring you my thanks for every kind word, every kind thought, for all you have done for me. Next in the wreath I wind the coy forget-me-not; it begs you not to forget the stranger who found a home amongst you, as he will never forget you. Then I deck the wreath with the ice-ranunculus, a flower fostered in storm and frost, as a symbol of your having braved the dreaded cold and storms of the Arctic regions, and with minds hardened by scientific enthusiasm, resisted the darkness and depression of the long winter's night. By its side I fasten a sprig of the poor heather, to demonstrate that you did not journey hither for the sake of gold, did not endure want and hardship for courtly distinctions, but did it disinterestedly for the sake of Science. And now

I twist in the wreath the blue amaryllis, the flower of Fidelity. Heavy and fatiguing, monotonous and troublesome your labour has been, but as true servants of Science you never failed in your duties to her. As an appropriate frame for my wreath, I entwine it with the early, tender green leaves of the birch: it is the lovely colour of Hope, expressing the wish that the many wants, the exhausting exertions, the great endurance may be rewarded in the manner—the only one—you as well as every worshipper of Science covets: to have added another stone to her magnificent temple, which the Present raises on the foundations laid by the Past. This is my wreath! It is woven with affection and sympathy, accept it as a token of such!"

Shortly after I stand on the deck of the steamer. The bell rings in the engine-room, the screw revolves, and we speed forward. On shore my friends stand waving their handkerchiefs. Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye! The next moment the vessel rounds a headland. I am again alone.

The journey out through the fjord did not boast much in the way of novelty. The steamer called at most of the places I had visited before, but a lovely, soft, summer serenity held the waters of the fjord captive; it was long after midnight before I could persuade myself to go below. At this time of the year—about the end of May—there is no night in these regions. The sun never sets; even at midnight it looms blood-red above the sparkling surface of the sea.

The next morning we anchored in the Öx fjord, where at night I should catch the mail-steamer for the North.

In the Öx fjord Nature is imposing and wild in the highest degree. Dark, threatening mountains rise precipitously out of the sea on all sides, capped with silvery glaciers, from which pointed jet-black cones spring defiantly to the sky.

Here, too, I found in the house of the merchant a home where kindness and comfort vie with culture and wealth in making the stay of the visitor a pleasant one, and even in the garden there was a magnificent, copious flora of red, yellow, and blue auriculas greeting the traveller, and coyly nodding their tiny heads, as if to persuade him that he was not standing on the shore of the Arctic Ocean.

The mail-steamer arrived at the appointed hour, to the great annoyance of both host and guest, who equally wished it had been delayed a few days.

Another good-bye to a friendly circle. When I awoke the next morning, we were at anchor in Hammerfest, the northernmost town on the globe.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM HAMMERFEST TO VADSÖ.

THE NORTHERNMOST TOWN IN THE WORLD—A SAD BUT BUSY TOWN—A TERRIBLE WINTER—A SPOT OF SCIENTIFIC IMPORTANCE—FISHING BY THE MIDNIGHT SUN—WAITING FOR THE STEAMER—A MIDNIGHT PROMENADE ON THE ARCTIC SHORES—THE CHARMS OF THE MIDNIGHT HOURS—THE MIDNIGHT SUN—A MARVELLOUS SPECTACLE—PHOTOGRAPHING THE SUN—AT THE FOOT OF THE NORTH CAPE—WHICH IS THE NORTHERNMOST PROMONTORY IN EUROPE?—A STRANGE SHIPWRECK—THE KNIVSKJÆRODDE—ASCENDING THE NORTH CAPE—A LOVELY FLORA—AT THE VERGE OF THE EUROPEAN CONTINENT—A SUBLIME VIEW—THE VIOLENCE OF THE WINTER STORMS—A FIND ON THE CAPE—MY REWARD—A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA—LEAVING HAMMERFEST—A ROUGH GOOD-BYE—AN EXCITING SCENE—THE LAST BEACON ON THE GLOBE—AGAIN BY THE NORTH CAPE—A DESERTED ISLAND—A TALE OF RUSSIAN BARBARITY—A BIRD MOUNTAIN—A WONDERFUL SIGHT—NORTH KYN—LOVELY WEATHER—STEAMING ALONG THE COAST—A SERIOUS DRAWBACK—AN ARCTIC FISHING VILLAGE—TO VARDÖ—THE EASTERNMOST TOWN IN LAPLAND—IN THE STREETS AT MIDNIGHT—THE NORTHERNMOST FORTRESS ON THE GLOBE—A TALE OF SHEEP—TO VADSÖ.

JUST behind the northern promontory of the Kval island there is a little semi-circular bay, with a shore covered with weeds, and surrounded by barren mountains. Along the foot of the same lies a group of houses, which are partly protected on the western side by a rugged promontory. In the bay the flags of several nations may be seen, and in the streets various tongues may be heard. Oil-mills puff by the shore, and bundles of fish, sacks of

flour, and barrels of oil pass in and out of the store-houses. Hammerfest—the name of this little town, the northernmost in the world (lat. 70½° N.)—hiding behind the mountains, does not impress the visitor favourably; he sees only dark, barren mountains; hears only the hideous shriek of the sea-birds or the brawling songs of Russian sailors; smells only oil; he feels a chill; everything around indicates that he is in a true Arctic town. And this impression does not disappear even if he seek Nature in the environs of the town; Hammerfest possesses

VIEW OF HAMMERFEST—THE NORTHERNMOST TOWN IN THE WORLD.

no nature; bleak mountains, boggy, flora-less dales, and an isolated lake—Storvandet. These are the substitutes for forests, fields, flowers, and life.

The harbour may be said to be almost unprotected. True, to the north it is sheltered by a low mountain ridge, finishing in a promontory, Fuglenæsset—the Bird promontory—on which a little battery has been erected; but

to the west it is almost open, being only protected by a few islands in the distance.

Around nearly the entire town and harbour runs a ridge of sterile mountains, where only a solitary dwarf-birch now and then stretches forth its stunted, knotty branches over the reindeer moss, or a pale sickly patch of green covers a boulder or two in the stone-strewn glen. The dark waters of the bay are the haunts of thousands of sea-birds, which, in storm and calm, in rain and snow, disport themselves there, and fill the air with their sad shrieks, greatly contributing to the depressing influence of the surroundings. And, as I have said, even away from the town the feeling is the same; no birds sing here by the prattling brook, no wild-flowers ornament the valley, only now and then the wanderer is startled by a mocking, jarring croak by his side from a raven, the only bird whose voice breaks the silence in these desolate wastes.

But in spite of the bleakness of the spot, there is an active commercial life in Hammerfest. Russian schooners and Nordland sloops arrive and depart, and many a craft plies in the harbour laden with sacks of flour, hailing from the land of the Czar, and dried fish from Norway. On the deck of a vessel the Russian skipper paces rapidly up and down with the Norwegian merchant at his side. It may be concluded, from the quick gestures, that the conversation is one of much importance, as the Russian from time to time strokes his long, black beard in an impetuous manner, and casts suspicious glances at the fluent orator by his side: there can be no mistake about it; they are discussing the prices of flour and fish.

There we have some Sea Lapps coming into port in their small, open boats, with every sail set. The boats are heavily laden, as the dried fish is stacked high up along the mast, and covers several barrels of oil in the bottom. The Lapp himself sits at the tiller, in his white coat with variegated ornaments, giving some orders in his sonorous tongue to his wife, who sits by the main-sail in her pointed, green cap, carefully watching the land, and as skilled in the craft of the sailor as her lord and master.

On the quays and by the custom-house the bustle and activity is, however, greatest. The merchants pass hurriedly to and fro, exchanging a word or two in passing. They have no time for conversation, as they are continually besieged by clients. Here a Russian is examining the skin of a fox or a wolf with the eye of a *connoisseur*, and there a Nordland fisherman is remonstrating with a merchant because he has not yet received some flour he has purchased, while in the background the Lapp waits humbly, cap in hand, until these high notabilities may have concluded their business.

The Hammerfest merchant possesses a remarkable tact for getting rid of people, or concluding bargains with them. Experience, and the short summer, has taught him expeditiousness, and business is done quickly. Sales, purchases, and contracts, which in the south of Norway would be discussed for hours and days, are here concluded in a couple of minutes. He knows that Father Winter will soon pay his visit, and arrest the machinery of commerce with his icy breath. But the light season is short, and the business to be done so great, that the midnight sun may sometimes contribute his share for the

dispatch of business equally well with that of noon-day.

To the traveller it is exceedingly interesting to watch this busy commercial life at the very extremity of the Old World, which never ceases as long as the sun stands in the sky and thaws the white shroud of snow by the shore. It may fitly be compared to a mountain torrent which is hurrying to join the ocean before it is arrested by King Frost.

About a hundred years ago there were not a dozen people living in Hammerfest, but the Danish Crown—to whom Norway then belonged—in 1787 granting this town, as well as Vardö and Tromsö, the rights and privileges of a borough, some traders, artisans and labourers settled here, and the new-fledged village soon began to assume the appearance of a town. At the beginning of the present century it had only eighty inhabitants, and now it boasts about 2,500.

The appearance of the town itself is, however, like that of most towns in the north of Norway. The frame is a number of store-houses facing the sea, most of which were swept into the sea by a storm some years ago, and behind these some evidence of attempts at road-making; here and there is a tiny garden, one even boasting a small fountain. All the houses are of wood, and most of them small, but those belonging to dignitaries in the place are larger and neatly finished. In the eastern part of the town by a little river we encounter a couple of earth-huts, which strongly bespeak their Lappish origin.

As I have already said, the town and its surroundings do not impress one with any idea of beauty or charm,

and what particularly contributes to give the town its bleak, desolate appearance is the ugly, barren mountain of Salen, covered with boulders, which rises scowlingly just behind the town, and by its position makes the winter's night twice as long as Nature has intended. Behind the Salen again stands another mountain, still higher, which, on account of the sunshine it deprives Hammerfest of, has very appropriately been named Tyven—the thief.

Even in the height of the short summer no cheerful green covers the steep slopes of the mountain, no tree, no flowers attempt to hide the bleak, sterile rock.

As all along the coast of Arctic Norway, the sea is, on account of the Gulf-stream—as is generally known—never covered with ice in the winter; but nobody must therefore imagine that the temperature in the summer is proportionately high. I will, in order to give the reader an idea of what existence sometimes means in the northernmost town on the globe, make the following extracts from the local paper of what occurred in Hammerfest in 1867.

Under July 2nd, 1867, this journal says: "During the last few days our streets have, by the exertions of the authorities and the householders, been cleared of the enormous mass of snow which has now for nearly nine consecutive months covered the town, but around, the outlook is still gloomy. Wherever we turn we see drifts of snow eight to ten feet in depth, and only in a very few places a few dark knolls appear above the layer. The Storvand is covered with a solid layer of ice two feet in thickness and six inches of snow above it, and would,

we feel sure, offer a splendid field for a sleighing party."

A fortnight later, July 16th, we read: "The weather during the month has been cold and foggy, which has greatly retarded the melting of the snow. The ice still covers the Storvand, and the people living around it have a poor prospect of a summer."

It is, however, not so bad every year. Thus, during my stay here in the beginning of June, Spring had already long ago put Winter to flight. Every trace of ice and snow had disappeared, and the temperature was pleasant throughout the twenty-four hours of constant daylight.

There are here, besides the Protestant church, some meeting-houses, in which the Kvæns exercise their riotous and licentious Læstadian worship; there is a Catholic chapel here, the town being the northernmost stronghold of the Church of Rome in the world.

Along the little bay on the southern side of which the town lies, a road—the only one running into or out of the town—leads to the promontory Fuglenæsset, where the British Consul has erected a spacious and comfortable house, and in the vicinity of the latter stands a fine, polished column of granite and bronze, viz., the meridian column at Hammerfest.

The inscription upon it is in Norwegian and Latin, and informs us of what scientific importance this spot is, and in honour of what scientific achievement the column was raised. It is as follows:—

"The northern end of a meridian of 25° 20′ from the Arctic Ocean to the river Danube, through Norway,

Sweden, and Russia. Measured, at the instance of their Majesties King Oscar I. and the Emperors Alexander I. and Nicolaus I., by the geometricians of the three countries, after a continuous labour from 1816 to 1852. Latitude 70° 40′ 11″3."

I spent four very pleasant days in Hammerfest. I had a few acquaintances here, and such being in most

THE MERIDIAN COLUMN AT HAMMERFEST.

northern towns the key to every house, I learnt that wealth, comfort, and kindness flourish as well within a few miles of the North Cape as in the great centres of civilisation.

I shall never forget the pleasant hours I spent when towards midnight we started in a couple of boats for a fishing tour on the fjord, land and sea tinted in the rosy colours of the never-setting sun, and having caught what

we desired, landed on the stony, uninhabited shore, lit a bonfire, and cooked the magnificent fresh produce of the sea, which we consumed with the rays of the midnight sun sparkling in our wine-glasses, while mirth and laughter were borne by the balmy air across the slumbering waters. In such moments of enjoyment I felt that however ugly and uninviting Hammerfest is, and however charily Nature has endowed its surroundings, life here in the halcyon days of summer has attractions which many a southern town, far more picturesquely situated, might envy.

The charming calmness of a summer night in the Far North lies over the little ugly town which lies nearer to the North Pole than any other in the world. Not a breath of air ruffles the crystal surface of the pensive fjord, in which the blue heaven and the dark mountains are reflected as though another landscape lay beneath its waters. The rays of the never-setting sun play on the great, slumbering surface as if it were shot with threads of gold and purple, while thousands of snow-white gulls whirl in great flocks through the air, the lofty islands of Höia and Hjelmen in the distance being veiled in a lovely, rosy tint. On a little hill near the town, ladies and gentlemen are promenading in the balmy summer's air, on the look-out for the mail-steamer from the South. The steamer is coming! The steamer is coming from the great world without, with news, letters, papers, and goods! Her coming is one of the great events which breaks the monotony of existence here, and makes the blood course quicker through the veins. Everybody has some interest in the event, from the blushing

maiden of eighteen summers, who expects an amorous missive from her sweetheart in the South, to the sedate merchant, who is anxiously looking forward to hear of "the state of the market" from his business friends there. What wonder, then, that the whole of the little town is abroad during the lovely Arctic night, scanning the calm, broad expanse for the welcome object?

A sudden bustle in the throng: far down in the horizon a faint streak of smoke is seen. There she is! Higher and higher the black column ascends into the transparent air, the lofty masts appear above the sea, the polished funnel, which shines like burnished gold in the sun, comes out of the water, and the hull soon follows. Smaller and smaller becomes the distance, greater and greater the objects: now it is even possible with a telescope to discern people on deck. Boats set off, the people gather on the quay, and shortly after *Kong Carl* glides softly into the little bay.

Some of the steamers, which, running from Christiania and Hamburg along the Norwegian coast, and not proceeding beyond Hammerfest, generally make in the summer, soon after their arrival, a trip to the North Cape, in order to enable the tourists on board to ascend the famous promontory. *Kong Carl* being one of these, remained, therefore, only a few minutes in the harbour, and as a visit to the northernmost extremity of the Land of the Lapps was one of the principal points of my programme, I had to make haste to get on board, and in such a hurry was this decision carried out, that I went off in one boat, my luggage in another, and my trusted

Rolf in a third. But we finally got all safe on board, which was the principal thing.

A few minutes later we are steaming for the North Cape.

There is a most charming attraction in the light summer nights of the North, when the weather is fine, the sky clear, and the sun is above the horizon. The midnight hours are the most pleasant of day and night, and whether a lover of Nature or not, no one can resist being enraptured with the silent charm which she breathes from land, heaven, and sea during these mystic hours, as the steamer feels her way slowly between roseate islands and skerries. It seems a profanation of Nature's sublimity and force to go to sleep before this lovely spectacle.

And add to this the marvel of beholding the sun at midnight. How many thousands of tourists journey for weeks and months for the purpose of witnessing this wonderful spectacle of Nature—to be disappointed, more or less, in their expectations. Misled by exaggerated descriptions and fantastic illustrations, most people expect far more than Nature is capable of producing. The fact is, as everybody may understand, that the midnight sun is not very different in appearance to the sun anywhere else on the globe when it is near the horizon. The only difference is, that, instead of sinking below, it moves along the horizon. But if the spectator happen to be in the midst of some of Nature's grandest surroundings, as for instance, by the snow-crested Alpine peaks of the Lofodden Islands, and the air be charged with vapours, which imparts to the sun at midnight a ruddy glow, then the spectacle is grand in the extreme; then a magic

glimmer veils land and sea, the snow-white glaciers lie enveloped in the most gorgeous colours, and the mind becomes filled with a sense of admiration and wonder of Nature's greatness and glory which can hardly be inspired by any other spectacle on earth.

From the gloomy upland, which faces the Arctic Ocean, and looks straight towards the Pole, the glorious Orb of Day is seen, as it were, floating on the sleeping waves. The spectator stands upon a bare and lifeless cliff, and his vision ranges along a broken but monotonous headland enveloped in the rosy tint of the mysterious sun. Nothing draws the mind away from the hour of midnight—the hour between sleeping and waking—from the contemplation of the vast expanse of water and sky over which the sun holds sway.

Many a traveller has attempted to paint in words the weird splendour of the scene, when, at midnight, the purple orb hangs above the horizon diffusing over all a rich yet mysterious glow with an effect words cannot describe. The light is that of day, but it is not day, and Nature seems to sleep as if shrouded in darkness.

The impression cannot be conveyed in words, but the picture has again and again been delineated by those who have been fortunate enough to witness the spectacle; by nobody better, perhaps, than Bayard Taylor, who describes it thus:—

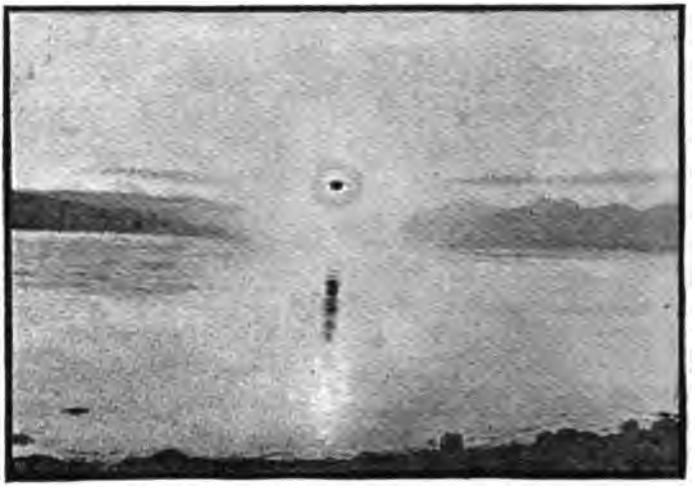
"Eddies of returning birds gleamed golden in the nocturnal sun, like drifts of dead leaves in the October air. Far to the north the sun lay in a bed of saffron light over the clear horizon of the Arctic Ocean. A few bars

of dazzling orange clouds floated above me, and still higher in the sky, where the saffron melted through delicate rose colour into blue, hung like wreaths of vapour, tinted with pearly opaline flushes of pink and golden grey. The sea is a web of pale slate colour, shot through with threads of orange and saffron, the air filled with a soft mysterious glow, and between the headlands stands the midnight sun shining on us with subdued fires, and with the gorgeous colouring of an hour for which we have no name, since it is neither sunset nor sunrise, but the blended loveliness of both."

But far deeper than any impression made by physical beauty must be that which is inspired by the thought of the dark sleeping world behind, out of which the traveller has come to "look through golden vistas into heaven." This is the idea upon which Carlyle seized when placing Teufelsdröckh at the northernmost limit of the continent.

"Silence as of death, for midnight, even in the Arctic latitude, has its character; nothing but the granite cliffs, ruddy-tinged; the peaceable gurgle of that slow, heaving Polar Ocean, over which, in the utmost North, the great sun hangs low and lazy, as if he too was slumbering. Yet is his cloud-couch wrought of crimson and cloth of gold, yet does his light stream over the mirror of waters, like a tremendous fire pillar, shooting downwards to the abyss, and hide itself under my feet. In such moments, solitude also is invaluable, for who would speak or be looked upon, when behind him lies all Europe and Africa fast asleep, except the watchmen, and before him the silent Immensity and Palace of the Eternal, whereof our sun is but a porch-lamp?"

But there are not many travellers who are so fortunate as to witness this sublime spectacle; many are far more unfortunate, as they end their long journey without having seen the faintest glimpse of the midnight sun—without having seen anything but rain, watery clouds, and chilly fogs. Nature on the Arctic shores smiles only occasionally; as a rule there lies a dark, stern severity



THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

over her face; but he who does see her smile will never forget it.

Not one of the least piquant features of the midnight sun is that one may light a cigar with a burning-glass at midnight, write and read, and even photograph as at mid-day.

One of the greatest peculiarities of photographing the midnight sun is, however, that by the process the body

of the sun, on account of its great brightness, will appear black, and the outlines to melt away into the air. It is also very seldom possible to reproduce the so-called "Solar Corona."

In spite of the great charms of the midnight sun and the lovely nights of the North, I am obliged to confess that this continuous day becomes tiresome after a length of

THE NORTH CAPE, LOOKING WEST.

time. One always gets very late, or rather early, to bed, and when there it is impossible to sleep. An ocean of light comes streaming into the room, and, in spite of all curtains or shutters, the sun-rays penetrate every opening and chink. There are, indeed, moments when the would-be sleeper can fully realize the feeling which prompted Lord Dufferin's celebrated cook to commit suicide in sheer disgust, or wishes for the long Polar

night in preference to this long, never-changing day. Man is never content.

Now in the open Polar Ocean, now, between islands and tiny skerries, the steamer speeds on during the splendid balmy summer's night. The journey lasts about six hours, and at five o'clock in the morning we cast anchor at the foot of the North Cape.

The grand, imposing headland is situated on the northernmost island in Europe and Norway, the Magerö, a continuous mass of rock, which at a distance seems to form a single level plateau, the sides of which fall abruptly into the sea. In several places, however, the rock is cleft, and deep fjords cut into the island, all running in the direction of the centre.

Wanting in other points of advantage over other people, the few dwellers on the island possess that of living nearer to the North Pole than any other inhabitants of Europe and Asia—I may almost say than any on the globe—an advantage, however, which they do not value very highly, and would, no doubt, gladly exchange for a patch of grazing or a bit of forest. A few wretched huts at Tuenæs, a little to the west of the Cape, indicate the northernmost spot where Europeans have settled.

Still, the North Cape is not the northernmost promontory of Europe. Perhaps that surprises you? It is stated, you will say, in all books of travel, and taught by all geographers. It is no use. Chimborazo was, for centuries, accredited with being the highest mountain on the earth, and had to cede the place to Mount Everest. So, too, it is with the North Cape. It has been obliged to renounce this distinction in favour of another pro-

montory, the Knivskjærodde, i.e., the "knife-skerry-point."

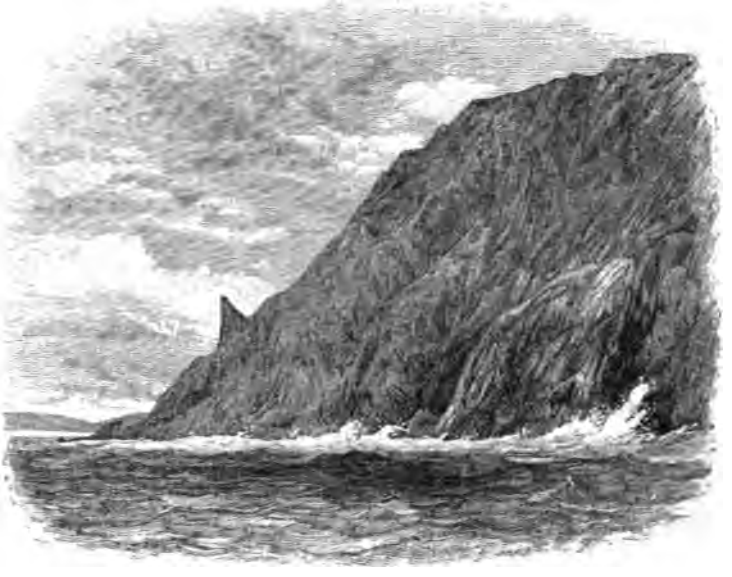
This promontory, which lies a little to the west of the North Cape, and separated from it by a deep bay, stretches its pointed beak a little further north than the North Cape, a distance recently scientifically proved to be about a thousand feet.

THE KNIVSKJÆRODDE, THE NORTHERNMOST PROMONTORY IN EUROPE.

It is, however, not likely that the North Cape will suffer much in its reputation or lose any of its attraction from the recent artful discovery by trigonometricians, as its new competitor cannot boast any of the former's grandeur or height.

Some years ago the steamer *Nordstjernen* took it into her

head to mount the very nose of the Knivskjærodde, as she was returning with a number of tourists from the North Cape. The mount proved rather expensive to the owners, as the rider fell off the horse, and was never seen again. They had to console themselves with the circumstance that their uninsured vessel had selected one of the most



VIEW OF THE NORTH CAPE, WITH "THE HORN."

interesting points in Europe for her exploit, and the poor passengers to cheer themselves with a similar comfort during the long hours they had to spend on the cold and barren rock. In connection with this shipwreck I will relate a strange occurrence in another chapter.

The North Cape, in lat. 71° 11′ 40″ N., is almost

exactly a thousand feet in height, and falls on all sides apparently straight into the sea, which, together with the level surface, gives the mountain its sombre but striking appearance. Majestically it rises from the waters of the Arctic Ocean; the sides, withered and rent, are furrowed by clefts and fissures. It is only accessible from the Eastern side, where it forms a little bay, Hornvigen—the "horn-bay," a name derived from a very remarkable protuberance on the side of the mountain, called "The Horn." I succeeded in obtaining a faithful illustration of it by means of the camera.

This peculiar formation of rock reminds one somewhat of the horn of a rhinoceros, and may by imaginative natures be taken as a symbol of the weapon whereby the North Cape fights the raging elements of sea and air.

Kong Carl had cast anchor in the Hornvig, and whilst some passengers remained on board to fish for cod, the rest of us, about half-a-dozen, went ashore for the purpose of ascending the mountain.

Fatiguing the ascent is, in the highest degree, as even in the most favourable place the declivity is very steep, and most climbers are exhausted long before the plateau is reached. The path follows the course of a little brook, which in miniature falls leaps down the precipitous side. In some clefts there is still some snow, but black and dirty on the surface. But what a wonderfully copious flora along the banks of the brook, nearly right up to the top! Close and succulent grass covers the slopes with a lovely green, while thousands of wildflowers peep therefrom. What a delicious sight, what charming colours! Do I dream? Do I stand at the northernmost promontory

in Europe, or in some southern field? Here are forget-me-nots, violets, butter-cups, saxifragas, and sweet-briar. I cannot resist the temptation. I gather a large bouquet of gorgeous wildflowers, which have since furnished tangible proof that I was not dreaming.

After a long and laborious climbing, sometimes on all fours, we stand on the plateau at last. Far down below us lies the steamer—a pretty little toy.

We have still to walk a quarter of an hour before we reach the point of the Cape, but the walk is not very fatiguing, as the surface is as hard and level as a floor. Yes, a dance might, indeed, be given here; there is no trace of snow, only now and then we come across a little pool of water, from which we obtain a delicious draught after the exhausting ascent.

At last I stand at the verge of the European continent. Maybe human imagination is contributory to all our impressions, and probably there are views on the earth as striking and sublime as this, but I confess I have never experienced such an overpowering—I must say solemn, sensation as that which held me spell-bound in the early morning on the brink of the North Cape.

I stood silent, lost in contemplation of the wondrous spectacle; silent, heedless of my companions, gazing at the awe-inspiring view spread before me. It seemed a profanation to utter even a word of admiration.

Below lies the majestic, the enigmatical, the unknown Arctic Ocean, indigo-blue in colour, melting into the horizon, a mirror at my foot; no breeze durst ruffle the crystal surface, to wake the slumbering giant forces which are hidden in its deep.

Desolate as a desert, the wide expanse spreads before me; no ship arrests the eye, no boat breaks the immense survey. Imposing ocean! Imposing when you roar in wrath, imposing when you slumber and dream one of your beautiful dreams of summer!

And the eye wanders across the grand, desolate and sombre landscape which bounds the icy waters of the Arctic Ocean. Seen from here, in bird's-eye view, it is like a map in relief. To the right the Sværholtklub and Nordkyn stretch their long, wedged headlands into the sea; and to the left the Knivskjærodde juts forward with the lofty mountain on the Hjelmsö and Rolfsö in the background; only to the south the view is arrested by the lofty Magerö.

Above it all stretches the blue canopy of heaven, and from the north-east the sun sheds a golden glimmer over land and sea.

Near the brink of the Cape stands a column of granite, about a dozen feet high, raised in memory of the visit of Oscar II. in 1873, and as an example of the force of the terrible storms which sometimes sweep over the headland, I may mention that it was blown clean over during the winter 1881–1882, in spite of its solid foundation.

At the foot of it we find a bottle with some written scraps of paper inside, which we break, and read the more or less apocryphal names of people who some time before us have visited the spot and seemed to have felt a desire to leave this testimony of their visit behind for the benefit of coming generations. We follow their example, and place our own more or less apocryphal

names in another bottle, which will, no doubt, suffer a similar fate at the hands of the next batch of visitors.

I found something very remarkable on the North Cape, viz., a large bunch of keys; they were of steel, iron, and brass, large and small. Nobody of the company had lost them. We pitied the unfortunate man, who on his return from the North Cape would stand helpless before his numerous trunks and boxes without being able to get at their contents. Although little prospect of a reward existed, I put the lot in my pocket as a *souvenir* from the North Cape.

To conclude. The scramble down from the Cape was as difficult as the upward one, particularly as I had my hands full of flowers and my pockets full of stones and keys. The great secret of a safe descent seems to be to take care that the head is higher than the feet.

When we were again on board I heard a terrible commotion among those members of the ship's *personelle* who are no less important than the crew, more so after a climbing excursion of a dozen hours, viz., the stewards. The chief steward had lost his keys! And it was soon rumoured what a find I had made on the Cape, which turned out to be those of the larder, cellar, and closets of the ship. The chief steward had been with us to the top, but was some way off when I discovered the keys he had lost. I was fully rewarded by the thanks of half-a-dozen famishing passengers for my care in taking them with me. It was indeed luck. Without them we might have had neither lunch nor dinner.

The passengers on board had in our absence caught some magnificent cod, which, thanks to the finding of the

keys, formed an excellent part of our lunch, to which we did ample justice; in fact, I should recommend any one suffering from want of appetite to try the climbing and descent of the North Cape as a cure.

The anchor is up; the machinery in motion; the screw revolves; we are again under weigh. In the evening we are again at anchor at Hammerfest.

A few days after this excursion I started on my journey along the coast to the easternmost town in Lapland.

It was a rough morning. The storm howled between mountains, half hidden in masses of clouds, lashed the sea into foam, while the heavens seemed to have opened their flood-gates afull. It was a cheerless prospect for the journey I had in view, as the Magerö is the last in the chain of islands which forms the solid bulwark against the fury of the ocean along nearly the entire Norwegian coast. East of the North Cape, however, continent and sea embrace each other; the steamer enters upon an unequal struggle, and the wretched passenger suffering from sea-sickness has no other consolation than to think of the calm passages in store for him in the long fjords. I, being a bad sailor, thought the best I could do was to try to sleep, and went below.

A quarter of an hour after we were in motion I hear a great commotion and shouting on deck, people running backwards and forwards; the engines stop. Certain that we are about to be run down, I rush on deck, where the first sight which arrests my attention is the lowering of the life-boat. In the next moment I have ascertained that there is nothing wrong with the ship; but, quick! quick! down with the boat—human life is at stake.

There, within a stone's-throw lies a capsized boat tossed by the raging waves; her crew, two poor Sea Lapps, have scrambled up on to the turned-up keel, across which they ride, their hands clutching the straw of safety, and their faces distorted in the agony of death, as one wave after another sweep over them with a sullen, deep roar and drown them in a sea of froth. Pull! Pull! every moment is valuable; the convulsive clutch seems to be weakened; the waves sweep over the men with renewed vigour and fury: two minutes longer and you will possess your spoil. A breathless silence reigns on board. But the life-boat cleaves the waves gallantly, driven by strong arms; in the next moment it turns against the other in the heavy sea with a crash; the capsized boat disappears, and in the same moment the two poor Lapps are—saved.

They are put on shore, the life-boat hoisted up, and we are again off.

The episode was not one to encourage a heart already trembling at the prospect of a four days' sea voyage in such a storm, and I decline to dwell on the terrible dreams and sufferings I should have endured had not the weather changed soon after we rounded the North Cape. It became charming summer weather; calm air, sunshine, and a quiet sea, which lasted throughout the voyage.

The two last islands on this side of the North Cape are Rolfsö and Hjelmsö, and during the voyage between these, the remarkable lighthouse of Fruholmen is seen far out in the Polar Ocean, remarkable as being the northernmost beacon on the globe.

Trim and cheerful, this little Tower of Philanthropy

now glistens in the summer sun; but fancy what existence here must be during the long, pitch-dark Polar night, when the wind from the Pole shakes the structure in its very foundation, and urges the sea to overthrow the intruder into unknown regions, as it sends the mountain waves hissingly up to the lamp whose blink is the guardian star, the solitary ray of light in the darkness, to the skipper who heads for the North Cape.

Wild and frowning are these rugged shores in such weather as that in which we left Hammerfest; poor and wretched the few aspects of life we encounter at the places of call. Roaring and hissing, the froth-crested waves break incessantly over the polished rocks; the wind moans mournfully between the mountains; and the sea-birds mingle their mournful cry with the roar of wind and sea; while dark, rent clouds hasten southwards, as if anxiously hurrying to reach less sterile surroundings. Water drizzles from the turf-roof of the wretched hut; water drips from the clothes of the poor fisherman; water washes down the mountain side, the boulders, and over the stunted flora which tries to hide the barcness and sterility of the earth. The spectator wonders how human beings are able to exist under such conditions in a constant, never-ceasing battle with the severe and inhospitable elements of nature, for such a poor reward, and suffering so many hardships.

On leaving Gjesvær—just one of these sad and depressing spots, on some islands right under Magerö—there are two roads for the steamer, viz., either south of Magerö, through the Magerö Sound, or north of the island, past the North Cape. Both routes are equally

long, and the weather therefore decides the choice. The wind on this occasion being southerly, we followed the northern route.

Again I beheld the North Cape, but its aspect was very different from that of my former visit. Dark and threatening, the mountain reared its gigantic form, below encircled by a ring of foamy breakers, above half hidden in heavy, grey clouds, while thousands of rills hastened down every crevice.

A little after the steamer takes a more southerly course, and arrives at the little trading-station Kjelvig. A more lonely, isolated, and depressing spot human imagination cannot conceive. Half a dozen huts on a tiny patch of green between the waves and the lofty precipitous mountains at the back—such is Kjelvig. The few small huts which have found room in the bay are enclosed by mountains on all sides but one, and the vista open in that direction is formed of the deserted ocean and the bleak headlands Sværholt and North Kyn. The mountain-high seas and the terrific storms from the Arctic Ocean penetrate through the opening into the bay in all their fury, and from the west the wind rushes into it with no less violence, through a gap in the rocky wall. The church and the huts have for this reason been, so to speak, "moored" to the ground by means of stout ropes, which prevent them from being either blown up the mountain or swept into the sea. The church here, the only one on the island of Magerö, was also, if I recollect rightly, blown down during the last cycle of hurricanes visiting East Finmarken.

This great island was formerly much better populated;

and there were six churches; Kjelvig being then a place of far greater importance than at present, but the incessant fights with the Russians last century had the effect of dispersing the population.

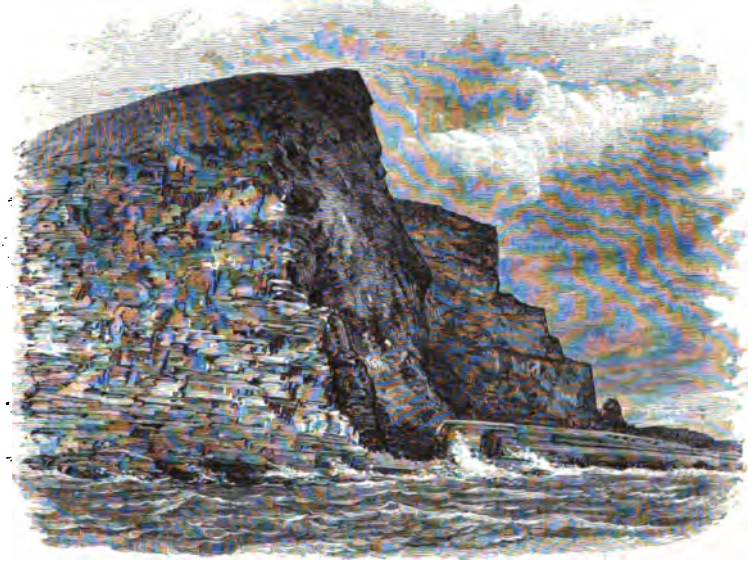
Of that period the following story is related at Kjelvig. A large number of Russians had arrived at Honningsvaag, about three miles south-west of Kjelvig, for the purpose of murdering and plundering, eight of whom compelled a Lapp—friendly to the Norwegians—to guide them across the mountain to Kjelvig during the night, with a view to killing the population in the darkness and pillaging their houses. The Lapp walks in front with a torch in his hand; nearing the precipice facing Kjelvig, he increases his pace, at the same time calling upon the Russians to follow quickly, and, arrived at the brink, throws the torch into the abyss, at the same moment clambering to a projecting rock. The Russians seeing nothing in the darkness but the light descending, step over the cliff and are killed. A cross marks the spot where this ghastly occurrence took place.

By Kjelvig the long and broad Porsanger fjord cuts into the land; it is one of the greatest in Norway. Its great width and straight course, which enable the winds from the Polar Sea to rage unchecked along the fjord, and also the eye to look from the bottom straight into the ocean, cause the exterior parts to be bare and rugged. But further in, they lose their wild and bleak character, the steep inclines so characteristic of these regions being softened into gentle slopes with luxuriant greensward and groves of birch-trees.

Kistrand—to which reference has been made in an

earlier part of this work—on the western side, and the southernmost point which we call at, is situated very prettily on such a slope, and the imposing buildings of the dignitaries, and the telegraph-office, look quite cheerful in the verdant surroundings.

The eastern shore of the fjord, along which we are



THE BIRD-MOUNTAIN, SVÆRHOLTKLUB.

steaming, without, however, calling at any of the few spots where human beings dwell, is even more uninteresting than the western. The eye sees but a continuous lofty mountain wall falling straight into the sea. The long, narrow peninsula, or rather mountain mass, which separates the Porsanger from the Laxe fjord, looks

from the sea as level as if it were cut with a knife above.

In a few hours and we round the cape of the peninsula, viz., the famous bird-mountain Sværholtklub, jet black in colour, one of the most remarkable sights in the world.

The mountain rises to a height of very nearly a thousand feet, exhibiting bold and fantastic contours and steep cliffs, while the base is lined with boulders. But what forms the attraction and interest of the rock are the millions of sea-birds which nest on it. Along every one of the innumerable terraces, caused by the stratiform formation of the mountain, and all of which run nearly horizontally, white birds sit in rows, like the porcelain jars in a chemist's shop, one above the other, so close that the mountain in many places has the appearance of being covered with snow. A word of command sounds on board, a jet of smoke issues from the port side, and the next moment the report of a gun reverberates through the air. In a second we gaze on one of the grandest and most marvellous spectacles it is given human eyes to behold. From every terrace and cavity in the mountain snow-white birds issue in millions—looking at first like a gigantic foaming torrent—which rise and descend in enormous flocks with deafening cries, and so great is their numbers that at times mountain, sky, and sun are obscured.

It is chiefly a kind of gull (*Larus tridactylus*) which forms the largest portion of the feathered inhabitants.

The steamer is again steering southwards, and having called at Sværholt, where of course the steward pur-

chased gulls' eggs to enable us to taste this delicacy, we steam into another of the great Finmarken fjords, the Laxe fjord. Here we only call at Lebesby, whose little church, vicarage, and trading-station, surrounded by green fields and underwood, look quite charming.

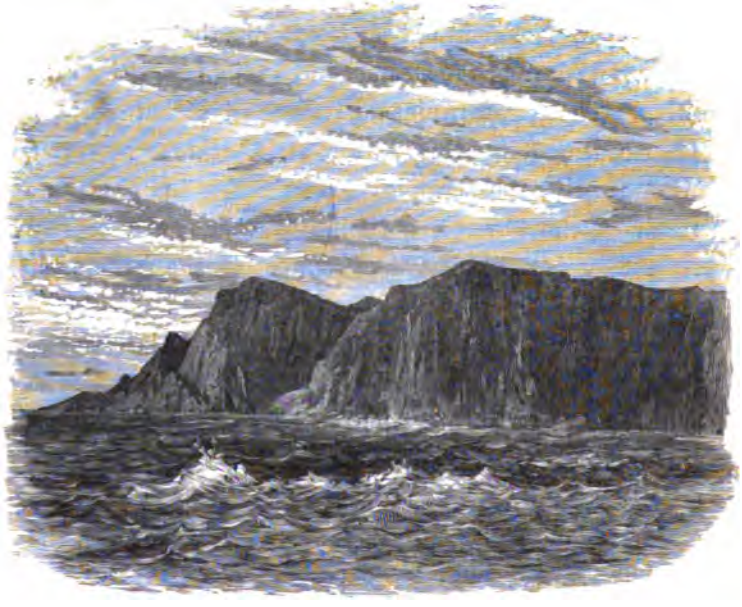
In the northern part of the fjord an arm of it runs eastward, the bottom of which is separated by a strip of land, only about a thousand yards broad, from a similar one which the Fana fjord sends out from the west, so that one can look from the steamer in one fjord right into the other. The great peninsula, connected with the European continent by this narrow strip, which is called Kjorgosh-Njarg—a Lappish denomination—reminds one much of the Magerö, a similarity which will be still more apparent when, as is contemplated, the isthmus is cut through.

When out of the Laxe fjord, and running into Kjölle fjord on the western side of Kjorgosh-Njarg, we pass the so-called "Finnekirker" (Finn churches), viz., two or three peculiarly-shaped rocks standing by the shore, which, even close by, seem to be the ruins of a church or convent, and which formerly were worshipped by the heathen Lapps.

Again the journey lies eastward along the jagged Kjorgosh-Njarg, and a little after we have reached the northernmost promontory of the European continent, viz., North Kyn, or, as it is also called, Kinnerodden. In form and size it reminds one of the North Cape; it is the same level plateau above, the same bold, striking fall into the sea, the same dark, sombre rock furrowed by thousands of crevices. Look westward and you see his

half-brother, the North Cape, shoot his giant form boldly into the ocean.

It is, indeed, one of the most charming and interesting features of this voyage along the northernmost shore of Europe, that, in fine weather, the visitor can survey at a glance every detail of the formation of the land; for



NORTH KYN. THE NORTHERNMOST PROMONTORY OF THE EUROPEAN CONTINENT.

hours, aye, for days, he has every point of prominence as clearly before him as on a map in relief. Here are no islands to bar the view or break its continuity, while the headlands and mountains are so high that they may be discerned at a very great distance. I have journeyed a

hundred times and more on the fjords in southern Norway, so famous for their beauty, and enjoyed the *dolce far niente* life of a calm steam passage in the most magnificent weather, but the pleasure of the former was as naught to this smooth voyage along the rugged shores of the extremity of Europe, now on the broad expanse of the fjord, now with the great, silent Polar Ocean on one side, and majestic, sombre mountains on the other. The wide ocean lies before me as calm as a lake; great pink medusæ move lazily through the crystal azure element, while shoals of whales play hide-and-seek around the steamer, lashing the sea into foam as they descend, and sending spouts of water high into the air on reappearing, their enormous blue bodies glistening in the rays of the sun, while above, in the balmy transparent air, thousands of shrieking sea-birds whirl in pursuit of fish.

It was one of the strangest but loveliest spectacles I ever beheld; but I hasten to say, in case the reader of these lines should feel inclined to make the same journey, that one thing he must bespeak beforehand, viz., fine weather, such as I was favoured with; without that he will find little to attract him in these parts, and probably, greatly disappointed, bring an action against the writer for fraud and deception.

When the mighty ocean is lashed into fury, when the wind howls and shrieks among the mountain clefts, and the heavens open their flood-gates, do not think of visiting the weather-beaten shores of Arctic Norway; but when the sun smiles from the azure sky, and the light, shining clouds are reflected in the crystal deep,

then come and see, and you will stand lost in admiration.

The coast and fjords of Norway are like the sea-anemone: when it contracts it is an ugly, inanimate lump of flesh, but when it opens its wreath of variegated arms, the spectator is lost in admiration of the startling display of colour. It seems impossible to believe that it is the same creature.

One of the drawbacks, however, of travelling eastward, even if the weather be ever so fine, is that it shortens one's life and ruins one's watch. Thus, the degrees of longitude are here, so near to the Pole, exceedingly small; one need only travel twenty geographical miles eastward in order to be in a degree greater longitude. That is in itself not so very remarkable, but the consequences are serious. Let us assume, for instance, that we take two hours to cover the twenty miles; we start at four o'clock, and when, after two hours' steam, we are twenty miles further east, the time in this place is not six o'clock, but four minutes past six. Of course, the watch can be put forward, but who compensates me for the four minutes of my life of which I have been cheated, and which are irrecoverably lost? My hour has only fifty-eight minutes, while other human beings boast of a plethora of sixty! A deduction of two minutes off every hour makes forty-eight per day, and a loss of twenty-four hours a month. My year is twelve days shorter than everybody else's. That this is a most iniquitous tax to pay for being permitted to travel by this route everybody will admit, I am sure. But I have one satisfaction in my misfortune, viz., that I will make

up for the loss when I again journey westward; then the rest of the inhabitants of the earth shall learn with envy that my hour has sixty-two minutes and my year 377 days.

Worse still is the case near the North Pole. Fancy that you were near enough to travel around it in twenty-four hours. If you then travel eastward you deprive yourself of your entire future, as the time will always remain the same as at starting. If, on the other hand, you travel westward, you have two days in one. How absurd the case would be at the North Pole one dares hardly contemplate, from fear of mental aberration. It wants a strong mind to resist such facts, that the time at the Pole is one, two, three, four—up to twelve all at once, in fact, everything time can be and still nothing at all, and that by turning either right or left, in a few seconds you may deprive yourself of days and months of your life, or add to it. I said right or left, and not east or west, as there is another humorous peculiarity about the North Pole, viz., that there is no east, west, or north; there is but one point, *i.e.*, south, and that is in every direction. Do you follow?

Again our journey lies south, past Kjorgosh-Njargs' deep fjords and lofty crest, where here and there a patch of snow still lingers in the crevices. We round the eastern point of the peninsula, and are on great broad Tana fjord. We keep close to the western shore, and a little before reaching the village of Finkongkjeilen we pass another bird-mountain. Again the guns roar across the waters, the steam-whistle sounds, and again the air is filled with clouds of feathered beings. The

number of birds is, however, far smaller than at the Sværholtklub.

Finkongkjeilen, where I went ashore for a few hours, is the very pattern of a Finmarken fishing-village. On three sides it is encircled by great mountains, so lofty that only in the morning is the sun able to throw some rays into this *cul-de-sac* in the rock, where the snow even at this season still lies in some places in large drifts down to the shore. Everything else is fish, or related to fish. Live fish, dead fish, dried fish, cured fish, fish-heads, fish-entrails, smell of fish, stink of fish, vessels which bring fish, and vessels which fetch fish, people who buy fish, and people who sell fish, people who only live for fish, people who only live on fish, only speak, think, and dream of fish—nothing else.

The village boasts, in the way of dwellings, a trading station, and a considerable number of little huts principally inhabited by Sea Lapps. The pyramidal piles seen in this place are characteristic of such fishing marts, being formed of the long, narrow poles on which the fish is hung to dry. If there be many of these piles the prospects are not good, as they indicate scarcity of fish.

We now steam up the fjord, nearly to the bottom, to Stangnæs, and a little further south lies the greatest trading station here, viz., Guldholmen, or Tanen, but thither the steamer is unable to get, on account of the numerous shoals of sand which the Tana River forms in its estuary. This river, the greatest in Finmarken, is celebrated for its splendid salmon and lovely romantic shores. The mountains in the interior of the fjord rise to a great height, some being 2,500 feet, and offer by

their distinct stratiform formation, *bizarre* contours and precipitous declivities, a most striking and interesting sight.

We now steam northwards, and having rounded the headland of Tanaholm, speed along the northern side of the great peninsula Vargak-Njarg, formed by the Tana and Varanger fjord. The whole northern shore is without interest; the mountains form the same monotonous table-shaped structures which are characteristic of the North Cape, but by degrees they become lower and lower, and more and more uninteresting. One headland shoots into the sea behind another as far the eye can reach, every one similar in form and construction. There are a few good fishing grounds along here, but otherwise there is nothing to attract the traveller particularly, as he is generally satiated with the beauty and charms of the sights he has already enjoyed.

At midnight we cast anchor at Vardö, the easternmost town in Scandinavia. The steamer stayed here only a few hours, during which I went ashore and sauntered through the few empty streets in the light summer's night, and took some photographs. I have, therefore, but little of interest to relate of this town, and I doubt whether anybody else has.

Vardö is situated on a little island outside the Varanger promontory, and separated from the same by a narrow sound. It was at first a little fishing village, but became later on one of the most important commercial towns in Finmarken. Thus from, in 1825, having only 88 inhabitants, it boasts now more than 2,000. The *nervus rerum* of the town is like every other in Finmarken—fish.

It is in the middle of that district in which the great Finmarken fisheries take place every year—in April and May—when the cod-fish comes close in-shore in enormous shoals in pursuit of a tiny kind of herring called "Lodde" (*Mallotus arcticus*), which is its most cherished food. At this time some four or five thousand fishermen come to Vardö from distant parts.

Two bays, one from the north, the other from the south, separate the island on which Vardö lies from the mainland connected by a narrow isthmus. The northern of these is the harbour proper, the southern being chiefly used as a refuge harbour for boats.

Few towns are, I should say, less favoured by Nature than Vardö. Without any protection whatever of islands or mountain ridges, it lies exposed to all the winds of the terrible Polar sea; a raw cold spot when the wind, fostered on the Siberian *tundra* and the ice-choked Kara sea, sweeps into the harbour, and, whipping the icy water into froth, sends the spray right over the town; or when the clammy fog from the Arctic Ocean descends, destroying every trace of summer. Only rarely the weather is as fine and pleasant as during my short stay; but on the other hand, the winter cold is not so great, measured in degrees, as the position of the town would lead one to imagine, irrespective of the Gulf stream.

As in most other Norwegian towns, the steamer was, as soon as we had cast anchor, surrounded by a number of boats, the crews of which, with shouts and gesticulations, rivalled in offering their assistance to us for being put ashore. Leaving three of them to fight for the possession of my person, I went into the boat of a fourth, who rowed

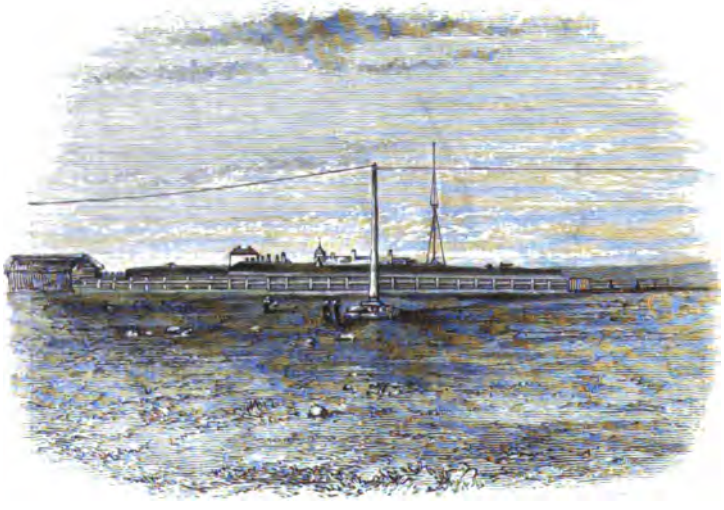
me to the long wooden quay which ornaments the eastern side of the harbour. Long and frightfully steep ladders lead from the sea to the top, up which we crawl, in imminent danger of making a backward summersault into the sea.

A miniature London or Paris Vardö is not. The visitor will not be overwhelmed by wonderful architec-

THE CHURCH IN VARDÖ.
(*From a photograph taken by the Midnight Sun.*)

tural structures, nor by art galleries or museums. There are only simple, honest, wooden huts here, the monotony of which is only broken now and then by a sign-board informing people in general that here boots may be had, there clothes, there bread, there grocery. No, Vardö boasts no streets lighted by electricity, and *cafes* flashing with glass and gold, thronged by noisy crowds in the

hour of midnight, only Nature's golden orb sheds a mystic purple light over the town, where the only sign of life is a party of belated guests returning from a convivial gathering, whose footsteps resound through the silent streets, and who stare in curious wonder at me as I raise my photographic apparatus in the middle of the street.



VARDÖHUS. THE NORTHERNMOST FORTRESS IN THE WORLD.
(From a photograph taken at Midnight.)

On the western peninsula lies the northernmost fortress in the world, Vardöhus.

The northernmost fortress on earth consists of a couple of houses, half hidden behind a parapet, two or three iron tubes, honoured with the distinguished denomination guns, a flag-staff, a little powder for saluting on the King's birthday, a commander and twenty soldiers, who

during peace find employment as fishermen. It does not look very terrible, indeed it looks rather amiable; it stares thoughtfully into the Polar sea as if ruminating why and how it got there, and for what purpose.

I had taken into my head to try and get a photograph of the northernmost fortress on earth at midnight, and I succeeded, as may be seen. It was precisely twelve o'clock when I took it.

Vardö, the little insignificant Vardö, has, however, once had its name inscribed on the scroll of Science, and indeed contributed a share to solve one of the greatest problems of astronomy, viz., the distance of the sun from the earth. Thus, the passage of Venus across the sun was observed from this spot in 1769, by the Austrian astronomer Hell, who was despatched hither by the King of Denmark, as being one of the few places where it could be observed, and where he sojourned nearly a year.

Hell raised his observatory on the isthmus, and behind it, by the present boat-harbour, he built two columns for the purpose of ascertaining if the land was rising. It is greatly to be regretted that so little attention has been paid to the same that they have entirely disappeared.

In my endeavours to relate something interesting about Vardö, I cannot refrain from informing you as to how sheep are bred here, according to "an authority."

He says, that as the ground is nearly free from snow in the winter, the sheep are let at large during this season, and that they thrive very well on a couple of small islands near the town. Sometimes, however, it happens that the evaporation from the animals, when having

taken shelter against some rocks, will form into ice and keep them captive, or they have to leave parts of their skin adhering to the stone in tearing themselves away. It is therefore customary to pay the poor animals a visit from time to time, in order to "patch up" their torn coats. *Se non è vero è ben trovato.*

And with this addition to our knowledge of the conditions under which sheep exist in some parts of the world, we leave Vardö, sleep four hours during the voyage along the low, bleak shore of Vargak-Njarg, and awake the next morning in Vadsö, the last town on the Norwegian coast, and in Europe.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM VADSÖ TO RUSSIAN LAPLAND.

THE MOST LUCRATIVE CALLINGS IN VADSÖ—A TOWN WITH MANY NAMES—FISH! FISH!—THE WHALING INDUSTRY—A NOVEL MODE OF HUNTING—A REMARKABLE GUN—A DRIVE WITH A WHALE—CUTTING UP A WHALE—WHALE STEAK—AN UNINTERESTING TOWN—A WALK—AN ALARMING DISCOVERY—EXCURSION IN THE VARANGER FJORD—SENSITIVE LAPPS—EXTRAORDINARY VOYAGE OF A BOX—THE LAST VILLAGE IN NORWAY—ANOTHER EXCURSION—A LOVELY DAY BY THE ARCTIC SHORES—A SPLENDID SALMON RIVER—NORWEGIAN SHERIFFS—A STRANGE CONTRAST—ANOTHER RUSSIAN "WEDGE"—A TRIP INTO RUSSIAN LAPLAND—A RUSSIAN PRIEST AND HIS WIFE—A GOOD OARSWOMAN—CROSSING THE FRONTIER—HOSPITABLE PEOPLE—THE NORTHERNMOST GREEK CHURCH IN EUROPE—RUSSIAN LAPPS—AN ALTAR OF SACRIFICE—SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF—FAITH *versus* GREED—GOOD-BYE TO A PAIR OF LOVELY EYES—GOOD-BYE TO THE LAND OF THE LAPPS.

IF I were not Alexander I would wish to be Diogenes; if I were not what I am, I would be boatman in Vadsö. It must be one of the most lucrative occupations in the world. I have travelled a good deal, and experienced much in the way of extortion, but the voyage from the steamer to the landing-stage in Vadsö is the most expensive I ever undertook.

Next to that of being boatman in Vadsö I should wish to be hotel-proprietor there. I lived for a week under the impression that I was staying at an hotel of eighth or tenth class; but when I was presented with my

bill, I discovered that I had been greatly mistaken, the figures demonstrating beyond a doubt that in the way of charges this hotel would put any of the finest hotels in London or Paris to shame. It was a veritable "lawyer's bill."

For eight days I remained in Vadsö, viz., seven too many, as a single day would have been quite sufficient for seeing what there is of interest in the town. But

THE STREET IN VADSÖ.

there was no steamer till the week after my arrival, so I was compelled to wait. Fortunately the time was pleasantly shortened by the kindness and hospitality of the inhabitants; had this not been the case, I believe I should have died from *ennui*.

Make a knot in the middle of a bit of string and you have the ground-plan of Vadsö. The knot is "the city"

of the town; here the Norwegian population dwells, the *élite* of the community; the merchants and the civil dignitaries. Here are a few neat houses, and signs of abortive attempts at making streets. At the ends of the string are two rows of tiny wooden houses, lining the shore in opposite directions, in which the Finns, i.e., the Kvæns, who chiefly during recent years have immigrated from Finland, and are now the Norwegians' superior in numbers. The eastern row is called the "outer," and the western the "inner" Kvæn-village.

In fact, Vadsö is more of a Finnish than a Norwegian town, and the Finnish language is heard in the streets and shops oftener than the Norwegian. Two other tongues are also frequently heard in this peculiar town, particularly during the fishing season, viz., Lappish and Russian. The merchants are, in consequence, obliged to understand all four languages, while this miniature Babel on the Arctic shores can boast of four names, viz., in Norwegian, Vadsö; in Lappish, Tjatse-suolo; in Finnish, Vesi-saari; and in Russian, Vasino.

The most characteristic features of the town are the two Kvæn-villages, while more than in any other town in the north the visitor is reminded that fish is the Alpha and Omega of the population. The narrow strip of shore between *the* street and the sea is covered with "Hjælds," nets, and lines, while all kinds of fishing-gear embellish the streets and the roofs of the houses. Everywhere the eye encounters gigantic barrels in which cod-liver oil is fermenting, and huge cauldrons in which this article is boiled, while half-rotten fish, entrails, and dried heads and bones fill every spare patch of ground.

The surroundings of the town are bleak and *triste* in the highest degree. Not a shrub, not the tiniest tree, breaks the flat, monotonous landscape. Just outside the town lies a somewhat large island, Kirkeöen, "the church-island," as barren and bleak as any other part of the town. The sound thus formed is the harbour of the town. At low-water the island is really only a péninsula, as it is possible to walk across to the town; but at high-water it is navigable for boats and small vessels.

Kirkeöen, where a good view of the town is obtained, of the knot as well as the long, narrow appendices, has during the last few years become a place of interest and importance, by being the centre of the great whaling industry which the celebrated Norwegian whale-hunter Sven Foyn has founded here.

During my stay in Vadsö a large whale was caught, which gave me an opportunity of witnessing this interesting process, and taking some photographs of the same. Foyn's operations of hunting and preparing whales being without equal, and his mode of proceeding highly original, I venture to give a description of both from my own observations and from information supplied to me.

The manner in which the whale was formerly hunted was, as is generally known, by pursuing it in boats belonging to whaling-ships, whence a harpoon was thrown into the animal from a certain distance. Such a harpoon was provided with a shaft of iron or wood, and with a strong barbed point at one end and a ring with a rope in at the other, the latter being held by the harpooner. As soon as the animal was wounded it descended so rapidly that the harpooner had great difficulty in keeping the

rope from getting entangled as it was paid out, as otherwise the boat would have been dragged under water. When the animal reappeared several more harpoons were thrown into it, while it was speared by the crew until death ensued from loss of blood.

Apart from the barbarity of this method, it had other drawbacks, as, for instance, the dangers of having to leave the ships in small boats in the open ocean, and that of the latter being crushed when too close to these monsters.

Foyn has entirely discarded this old method, and hunts the whales—*in steamers!*

The vessels are specially constructed, and measure from 80 to 100 feet in length, with powerful engines, but their most interesting feature is doubtless the gun by which the whales are harpooned and killed. It is mounted on a platform right in the stem, so that it can be turned in all directions. To this novel piece of artillery belongs a shaft which is inserted into the gun, leaving a small portion outside the muzzle, carrying four moveable hooks pointing towards the gun and placed crosswise, each being about eight inches long. In front of these a large iron ball, or shell, with a steel point is affixed, which is filled with an explosive substance. On the shaft runs an iron ring, to which a cable is attached, about the thickness of an arm, which, when the shaft is inserted in the gun, is run up close to the muzzle-end, where it is secured by a cord.

Thus equipped the steamer starts in search of whales. When sufficiently near the animal the gun is pointed at one of the softer parts of its body, the fuse lighted, and

the terrible projectile launched into the whale. The tremendous jerk of the rope is diminished somewhat by the cord holding the ring breaking, which thereby runs up to the top of the shaft. As soon as the wounded animal makes the first pull at the cable the hooks on the shaft spring into a horizontal position, by which action, through an ingenious mechanism, the substance in the shell is fired, and the latter explodes with such force that death is almost instantaneous. This is Foyn's invention, on which he has spent large sums, and many years of his life.

The gun was, when first constructed, not so perfect as it is at present; but the inventor has, by gradual improvements, brought it to perfection. That this was the case may be gathered from the following incident during the first year of his operations.

One day a whale was shot, but the shell did not explode, and the consequences were that the whale, with the harpoon in its body, made off with the steamer in tow, a vessel of some twenty-horse-power! The engines were ordered full-speed astern, but with no more success in arresting the career of the whale than if it had been an ironclad at full speed. The wounded animal making for the open ocean, dead against the wind, Foyn had a sail set in order to check its speed; but it had hardly been hoisted taut, when it was rent to shreds by the velocity of the progress against the wind. The wind increased to a storm, with high sea, but still the Giant of the Ocean kept up his speed, while sea after sea swept the steamer. The situation became serious, and several of the crew asked Foyn to cut the cable; he

was, however, evidently bent upon testing his apparatus, perhaps in the hope of the shell exploding. But no; on went the mad drive over the Polar Ocean for *ten hours:* it was as if the mighty God of the Sea himself had been harpooned, so terribly swift was the progress, so unabating the speed. At last the cable snapped—to the great relief of all on board.

When the whale is dead a chain is slung round its lower jaw, the animal hauled alongside the steamer, the chain secured, and she tows it to Vadsö.

Since 1868 Sven Foyn has killed a great many whales yearly with his steamers, and a few years ago he captured in one summer very nearly a hundred; but during the last few years the number has, through scarcity or migration of whales, greatly decreased; thus the whale killed during my stay at Vadsö was only the third that season.

There are chiefly two kinds of whales caught in these waters, viz., the common "fin" whale (*Balœnoptera musculus*), which attains a length of 60 to 70 feet, and the so-called "blue" whale (*Balœnoptera sibbaldii*), which sometimes attains a length of 100 feet. They both belong to the family of whales which have been named "fin" whales, from a fin on the back. These two varieties were formerly not hunted, partly on account of their great strength and swiftness, which rendered them difficult of capture, and partly from their poor yield. Thus, whilst a "Greenland" whale (*Balœna mysticetus*) may realise from £400 to £600, a "blue" whale will hardly fetch above £250.

In front of the factory at Kirkeöen is a smooth, sloping

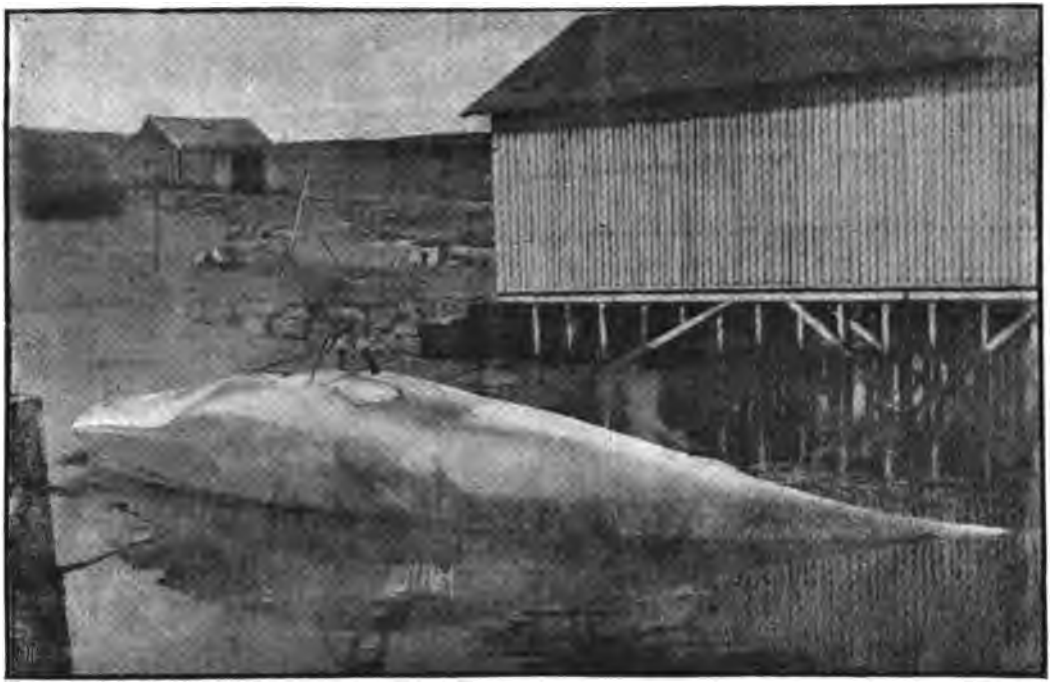
beach, which at high-tide is under water, but at low-tide dry. When the tide is at its highest, the dead whale is hauled, head first and on its back, up on the beach. In this position lay the whale I saw at Vadsö, the tail only being under water, as shown on the first illustration.

It is very difficult, even from the best illustration, to form an idea of the appearance of one of these mammalian monsters; only he who has seen it can do so. The specimen in question was not one of the largest; still, one felt one's own littleness by the side of this flesh colossus. The fin alone was longer than a man.

When the water had fallen sufficiently the process of cutting up commenced, by means of large knives fixed on long sticks. A fin was first detached, the flesh around being cut away and a chain slung around it, it was hauled out by means of a winch on the beach whilst the sinews were cut through with knives. The belly is, as may be seen, white, and has a lot of grooves running perpendicularly, the use or advantage of which to the animal still remains a mystery.

When the fin has been cut out, the blubber is cut through to the flesh, in strips about a foot wide running from head to tail, and one end of a chain being fastened to the tail end and the other to the winch at the head, each one is torn off in turn, the knives assisting in the process.

In this manner all the blubber on the exposed parts is taken off—as shown in the second illustration—but the back has to be left for the present, as there is no power here capable of turning the whale when on the beach. The next stage is the removal of the thin, beautiful layer



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CUTTING UP A WHALE (1).

of muscles which lies on the belly between the blubber and the flesh, which is done by the same agencies. The whale loses more and more of its grandeur. The fleshy parts in the lower jaw are then cut away, and the tongue falls out, which is so soft that it trembles at the slightest touch, and if one steps on to it, the boots sink down to the ankles. The mouth is now open and one sees the baleen plates in the upper jaw. Finally the breast and belly are opened. During the quarter of an hour this operation lasts, it is not safe to remain near the whale, as it becomes a kind of animal volcano; nasty smells rush violently through every fissure, while columns of blood and dirt are thrown out like intermittent geysers. It roars and wheezes in the carcass, as if a steam engine was at work inside, while jets of steam ascend from the blood and entrails. In spite of it being thirty hours since the animal was killed, the internal parts have retained their natural temperature. The entrails being now taken out through the enormous throat, the blood rushes down the beach in veritable torrents, and the whale, which a few hours ago impressed the spectator by its noble, giant proportions, is reduced to a miserable ruin.

When the baleen plates have been cut away, the rest is left till high-tide, when it is turned, and the same process gone through on the back.

The whole operation finished, the trunk of the animal is removed to another part of the factory, where the flesh is separated from the bones, cut to pieces, and the fat removed by boiling. The remains are then dried and pulverised and sold as guano, while the blubber and fat are melted to oil.

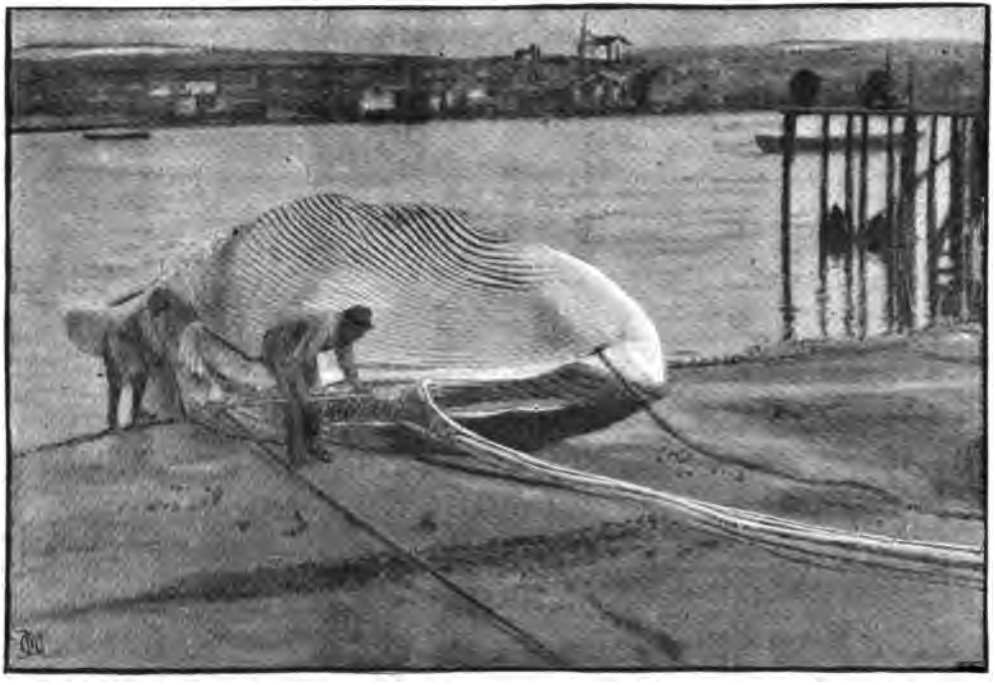
From this description it will be understood that Foyn, in opposition to all other whale-hunters, utilises every part of the animal except the entrails; but even these are not quite wasted, as they are towed far out to sea, and serve, no doubt, as food for thousands of hungry stomachs in the deep.

The baleen plates of these two kinds of whale are not of much value, on account of their coarseness and inelasticity, compared with those of the Greenland whale. They cannot be used for the purpose which makes the latter so much valued by ladies.

I consider that the flesh of the whale, the least productive part, ought to be put to a better use than that of serving for guano. At my request one of the men cut me a large piece—it looked like beef, but with a little coarser grain—which I had cooked at the hotel as a steak, and although, of course, it could not for a moment be compared to the best English meat, I, as well as my friends who tasted it, agreed that we had tasted worse. Moreover, I have been told that dried, pulverised, and preserved in tins, it is far superior to the so-called American pemmican.

When it is considered what enormous quantities of this excellent flesh are to be had, and its low price, it is to be wished that the population in these parts would overcome their silly prejudice against it, and not scorn a splendid article of sustenance which may be had almost for the asking.

Other diversions than seeing the cutting up of whales Vadsö boasts not, and even that is only enjoyed by the stranger, as the inhabitants are too accustomed to



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CUTTING UP A WHALE (2).

it; in fact, would rather not be present, on account of the unpleasant odours.

One day, being more than usual *ennuyé*, I decided to go for a drive along the new and—according to report so excellent—high-road by the Varanger fjord running to Nyborg. There was, I was told, in the whole town only a single vehicle, which the owner perhaps would let me hire, "if he was in good temper." I sent an humble message to this individual, to which he replied that the vehicle was being painted; so there was no drive.

The first day I was in the town I went out innocently with my photographic apparatus to take some views, followed by Rolf; but I soon discovered that neither had been seen before in this excellent town. Five minutes after leaving my lodgings, I had more than half the juvenile population at my heels, while fathers, brothers, mothers, sisters, aunts, followed me with their eyes from every door and window. An unpleasant sensation took possession of me by being the object of so much attention, viz., of being taken for a street juggler with his performing dog, so I retired precipitately to the hotel, and the three objects were never again seen together in the good town of Vadsö.

The pleasantest days of my stay in Vadsö were those I did not spend there. Thus, in the local steamer which plys on the Varanger fjord I made two excursions, in order to see as much of the coast as possible during my short sojourn. I trust you will again accompany me, kind reader.

The first of them will not occupy us very long; it lies up the Varanger fjord, which from Vadsö stretches twenty-five miles westward. We steam along the

northern shore, where the country again rises a little, and where the eye rests again with pleasure on indications of a flora. The shore is well populated, one place of call lying close to another; most insignificant in appearance, but with strange names, such as Andersby, Mukkenæs, Paddeby, Kariel, Finnæs, Perlarsenvig, Klubben, etc. We stay a while here and a while there; take on board a barrel here and land one there; a passenger here, two there; and as the weather is a little foggy, most of the morning is spent in these proceedings. At last we arrive at Næsseby, in the bottom of the fjord, where I land, whilst the steamer proceeds, returning in the afternoon. I pay a visit to the parson, whom I met a few days previously in Vadsö, when he requested me to come and see him.

At Næsseby there are, besides the comfortable vicarage, a church, which I did not, however, see, as the fog hid everything without a radius of a couple of yards, and some earth Gammer and Sea Lapps, invisible through the same cause.

I was desirous of taking some portraits of the Lapps, but it was with great difficulty I succeeded, not on account of the *fog*, but for another, very strange, reason. It was this: that the previous year a French expedition, under Pouchet, had paid this place a visit, and having obtained some portraits of the people, published them in a French journal. It had been forwarded to the parson, who showed it to the Lapps. Their rage knew no bounds. It was an insult to them to be thus paraded before the whole world, and they had conceived a great disgust of the noble art of photography!

Should my friends at Koutokæino and elsewhere be equally sensitive, and come to see their likenesses in this work, I am afraid that my follower, if I ever shall have one, will have a ticklish task to accomplish.

I succeeded at last, after a great deal of bargaining, and on the condition that the parson took his seat in the midst of them, in obtaining the photograph of a group, and subsequently induced, for a bright, tempting silver coin, the jovial Mikkel Eriksen to sit solus before the camera, whose handsome likeness you have already seen in another chapter as "A Sea Lapp."

I will now relate the promised story connected with the remarkable shipwreck at the Knivskjærodde.

A couple of months after the disaster the parson at Næsseby was out in his boat on the Varanger fjord. Suddenly he sees a little box floating on the water, and having got it safely on board, who can describe his surprise on seeing his own address upon it! The box had been consigned to him from Christiania, and the steamer *Nordstjernen* finishing her journey by the Cape Knivskjærodde, leaving the cargo to take care of itself, the little box evidently decided to reach its destination by itself.

It was cast hither and thither by the fierce waves, while currents playfully carried it out of its course, but, determined, it never lost sight of its destination. It worked its way foot by foot the two hundred geographical miles of its journey; passed the North Cape in safety, rounded the Sværholtklub and North Kyn, resisted every invitation to pay a visit to either of the many fjords, turned the corner nicely at Vardö, entered

the Varanger fjord, and finally floated into the arms of its owner!

Wasn't this cleverly done by the little box? If anybody doubts the story, let him pay a visit to the vicarage at Næsseby, where this scientifically important occurrence will not only be confirmed, but the doubter may see the very table-cloth spread on one of the tables which the box so faithfully conveyed to its destination.

The pleasant hours I could spare here were, as such hours always are, gone too quickly. The steamer's fog-horn calls me angrily from the fjord—see the vessel I could not, on account of the fog—and the parson having himself set me on board, the course is shaped for the southern shore, running with half speed so as not to run down anything, or on to the headlands. Suddenly it brightens before us; we are close to the shore; a gust of wind and the sun comes out in all his glory on the azure sky; behind us stands the fog like a wall of grey sandstone. We are at Latnæringen, one of the last fishing villages on the Norwegian coast.

Rural fertility or charm you do not find here. The innermost creek of the Varanger fjord is a bleak, monotonous mountain mass. But an active and animated life you will find here; a swarm of elegant craft with high stems you will find here; endless fields of fish drying on rails you will find here; a quantity of noisy, good-natured Lapps you will find here; fish, smell of fish, offal of fish, and everything relating to fish you will find here.

The steamer has her cargo of fish on board, and we steam northwards. We are again in the fog, and have

to proceed under half speed. We again stay a little while there, a little while here; we take again a barrel on board, or leave one; again a two- or four-legged passenger, and at night we are again at Vadsö. The future millionaire, the greedy Caron of the Arctic waters, adds another extortion to his long list.

Two mornings later we again go on board the same

VIEW OF LATNÆRINGEN.

little steamer, and cross the fjord, here about six miles wide, to Bugönæs, lying just opposite Vadsö. Eastwards the coast is cut up by deep fjords between mountains rising to a height of nearly two thousand feet. The country around these fjords, the last parish in Norway, is called Syd (south) Varanger.

We enter the Bög fjord; the country assumes at once

a softer character, and one may fancy oneself in far more southern latitudes. The little village of Kirkenæs, with the church and the vicarage, is prettily situated on the peninsula formed by the two arms of the Bög fjord. We enter the eastern, at the bottom of which lies Elvenæs, the seat of the sheriff.

I have before me a difficult task, which I shall not be able to execute, at all events, satisfactorily: I have to describe the loveliest day I spent in the Land of the Lapps. But I fear that words will only give a faint interpretation of the beauteous harmonies which held me captive on that never-to-be-forgotten day: a poor picture of reality.

How can I picture the warm, golden sunshine, which enveloped fjord and mountains with its glory; the emerald sea, and the birch-groves which clothe the undulating hills; the noisy, foaming river, which hastens through the valley; the rich, hospitable home, where comfort and elegance reign, where culture and kindness speak from every heart—those clear blue maiden's eyes; clear as the crystal river, blue as the sky above?

How can I picture this to you as I beheld it; the dream I dreamt?

Yes, a lovely dream I dreamt this day in the furthest corner of the North, where nature and people rival each other in surprising the visitor. And, indeed, no greater surprise can be prepared for him than a few miles from Vadsö, where the air reeks with the vapours of fish and oil; from the barren, rocky shore of North Varanger, where no tree grows, no plant is able to thrive—to find an oasis where a southern flora covers hill and dale.

The Pasvik River, the offspring of the lake Enare, in the wilds of Finland, rich in salmon and waterfalls, and which for a long distance forms the boundary between Norway and Russia, joins the sea at Elvenæs. The number of salmon I do not know, that of the falls is twenty-nine. The river is rather a series of lakes than a river, following each other in succession, and joined by means of calm-flowing sounds, roaring waterfalls, or swift currents; before the thunder of one fall is lost to the ear that of another is heard. As in the greater part of its course, the river at Elvenæs flows through woods and fields; the softly rounded hills are covered nearly to the top with groves, where the noble birch raises its slender, snow-white stem by the side of ash, willow, and blackberry. As in Alten, the spectator exclaims, Can this be under the 70th degree of latitude?

And I became no less surprised by the remarkable difference which exists between Norwegian sheriffs. In the southern parts of the country one finds sheriffs who, as regards living and intellectual status, do not stand higher than the commonest peasants. What a tremendous gap between them and my excellent friends at Ḳoutokæino and Elvenæs! Owner of a little steam-yacht, a house like that of a landed proprietor, where even a king has been a guest, a bearing, knowledge, and tuition like a statesman, of which the varied library, representing half a dozen languages, bears proof—such are the surroundings of the sheriff at Elvenæs. A rough log-house, two rooms with bare walls, an unpainted bed-poster, a couple of unpainted chairs, a Bible, a book of hymns, a catechism, food at which a beggar would

turn up his nose, without servants, carrying the grass on his own shoulders from the dizzy heights above—such I have found sheriffs in southern Norway.

The cause of this enormous difference in a class is, no doubt, due to the circumstances that the sheriffs in Finmarken are paid better than in any other part of Norway, and that they are the only representatives of the Crown within a great distance, whereby their position becomes far more important and influential.

When the steamer laid-to at Elvenæs I saw among the people waiting on the shore a peculiar, foreign-looking person in a long coat and with a "wideawake" on his head. He stood there as the representative of another nation. It was the parson from Boris-Gleb in Russia, who had come to fetch his letters.

Russia, to whose fondness for the "wedge" I have previously referred, shoots another one nearly right up to Elvenæs, encroaching even a little bit on the western shore of the Pasvik River. In this spot stands the new elegant church and the little chapel named after the two Saints Boris and Gleb. The boundary here was, in 1826, given this divergency, in order to enable the church to remain Russian. It was, I was told, originally built in the sixteenth century by a monk from Novogorod, by name Trifan, who was the first missionary among the Russian Lapps.

As I was very anxious to enter the Land of the Czar on this side also, and see something of his Majesty's Lapp subjects, I accepted with pleasure the invitation of the Russian priest and his wife to return with them to Boris-Gleb.

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THE RUSSIAN CHURCH AT BORIS-GLEB.

We went, all three, into a boat, the wife taking the oars—in fact, she seemed far her husband's superior in all ordinary accomplishments. She could even speak a little Norwegian, whilst her husband only knew a dozen words. In spite of this, he evinced a great inclination for conversing with me, and when the dozen words were exhausted—which he, by-the-bye, always declined with Russian tenses—he supplemented his argument with pure Russian. As my knowledge of Russian was as limited as his of Norwegian, it is not to be wondered at that our conversation sometimes lagged, or rather became as intelligible to him as to me, but then his wife came to the rescue. He seemed, however, to be good-nature itself; when I said something he laughed, when he said something he laughed doubly, and when his wife explained what neither of us had understood, he laughed outright.

The wife is hard at the oars; it is one of the long elastic river boats, which requires great skill in handling, as not only is the current very strong in some places, but boulders and shoals abound on every side.

We now pass the Russian frontier, and shortly after the pretty church with its cupolas and glittering stars rises from among a grove of verdant birch trees. The sight of this pretty structure, situated so romantically, was as striking as that of Elvenæs.

I became the guest of the priest, and his wife treated me to a real Russian tea, which had never smelt the sea —no mixture of "leavings" and milk—strong tea in long glasses, with sugar and lemon.

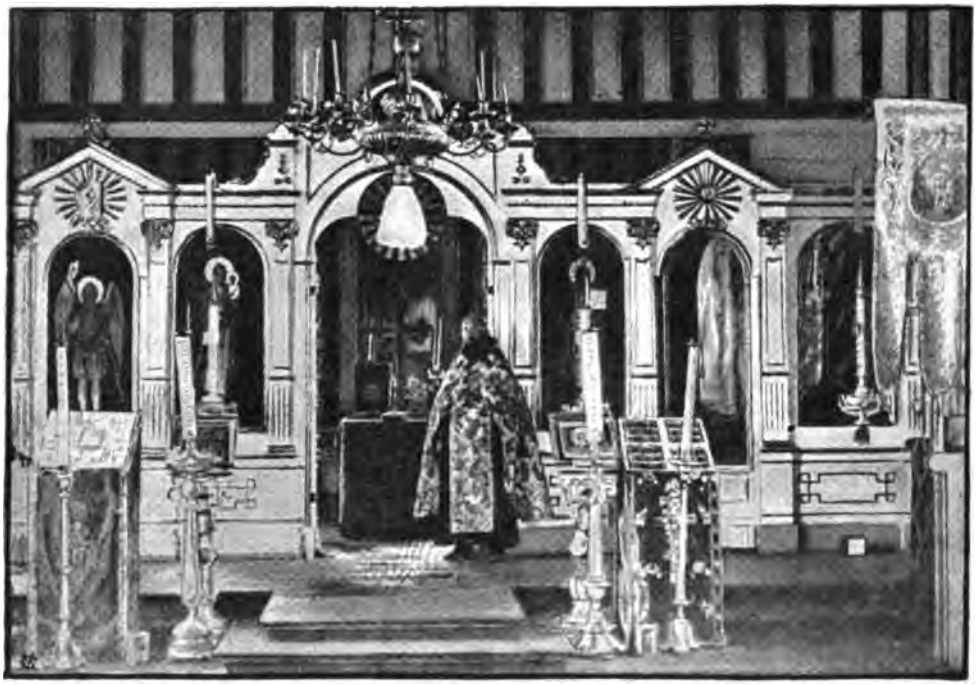
I was obliged, in spite of the hot weather, to finish

one glass after another of the scorching but excellent beverage, in order not to offend the good people, who exerted themselves to the utmost to make me at home.

The priest donned one of his ordinary robes of office, and asked me if I would photograph him in the church. He took me into the interior, where the eye is dazzled by the splendour and glitter of gold and silver, banners and paintings, and eventually into the room which no woman must enter, and finally, so that I might peep into it, opened the door for the *sanctum sanctorum*, which only the Czar and himself are permitted to enter. Assuming a splendid robe, shot with gold and silver, and decked with gems, he placed himself at the door, and I succeeded in taking the accompanying illustration.

That the Russian Government have decorated this church so magnificently—the poor Lapps might be content with less—is due to the circumstance that it is the corner-stone of the Russian faith in the Far North, the spiritual mile-post which indicates that here begins the Russian Empire, and the only Road to Heaven.

Close to the church, and almost hidden by the trees, lies a little wooden chapel, which is considered so sacred by the Russians that its position caused the true boundary —the river—to be violated. One half is a little higher than the other, and on the latter is mounted a Greek-Catholic cross. I did not see the interior. By the side of it is the churchyard, studded with similar crosses. Near these stand some wretched wooden huts on poles, in which a dozen Russian-Lapp families dwell. From every nook and corner they swarmed on my arrival, one more ugly and dirty than the other. What a herd of



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THE INTERIOR OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH AT BORIS-GLEB.

children! most having nothing else to cover them than a torn shirt; it sounds almost incredible that they could exist in the 70th degree of latitude with hardly any better protection than savages at the Equator. There was then only one man in the village; the rest were away fishing.

In conclusion, I will give some particulars of the land and habits of the Russian-Lapps.

Russian Lapland, chiefly consisting of the peninsula of Kola, is very sparsely populated, and the mode of living of the Lapps here differs but little from that of the Lapps in Norway and Sweden. They live chiefly by fishing—in the summer spread along the shores of the lakes, rivers, and sea—in little huts; in the autumn, however, they move to their winter dwellings, which form generally little villages or settlements. This mode of concentration shows that the Russian-Lapps cannot possess large herds of reindeer, as the latter would soon exhaust the moss-grazings, which would drive the settlers to other parts. The number of reindeer kept by the Lapps in Russia is so small that they may reside in the same place for a good many years.

There are two reasons why the Russian-Lapps have given up reindeer-raising in preference for fishing: firstly, that the Arctic Ocean and the White Sea, the two great lakes Imandra and Notozero, and a number of smaller ones, are real gold-mines by their richness in fish, much easier turned to profit than the products of the reindeer; and, secondly, that the Russian religion for nearly half the year—every other day is a saint's day—prohibits them from eating meat.

A little above the Lapp village at Boris-Gleb is the first of the many falls in the Pasvik River. It is not very high—only some twenty feet—but its great breadth makes it very imposing, and it forms a great ornament to the landscape.

The only man left at Boris-Gleb rowed me back to Elvenæs, and with him I could converse better than the priest, as, although the dialect here varies somewhat from that at Koutokæino, we understood each other and managed to keep up a fair conversation.

Near the mouth of the river are some holes in the mountain, near the water's surface, which are due to the withering away of the rock. One of these is called "Trifan's Cave," after the Saint previously referred to, In the interior, which is only reached by climbing the straight wall, hangs a coarse linen curtain, behind which is the *sanctum*, in which is hung a small painting of the Madonna and a white curtain embroidered with a golden cross. In front stood two thin wax candles and on a tray lay half-a-dozen kopek pieces. Here the Lapps offer money and candles to Trifan when they start for the fisheries, in order that he shall give them a good take; but I am told, that if their expectations are not realised, they will re-pocket the deposit.

When I attempted just now to describe the loveliest day I spent north of the Polar Circle, I am afraid my words were vague, my drawing defective—it was the skeleton instead of the animated living being, the frame instead of the painting. But even if my words fail to picture you in true colours, lovely Elvenæs, I beg you

will accept my thanks for the day I spent there. Accept my thanks to your verdant, birch-covered slopes, where the scent of flowers blends with the aroma of summer leaves; accept my thanks, you prattling river, with the gold-laden, rippling waves; my thanks, you hospitable dwelling, where culture and harmony reign; my warmest thanks, you lovely young maiden, who wove the dearest forget-me-not in the wreath of *souvenirs* I brought with me from the Land of the Lapps!

The signal-horn of the steamer booms across the fjord; the last pressure of the hand, the last.

Sad at heart I stand on the deck of the vessel, gazing at the world of beauty yonder, where I have been a guest so long, and which I now quit. Sad in mind, I waft a last farewell to the woods, the slopes, the river, and the deep, blue eyes on the shore, until all is hidden from view—for ever.

CHAPTER X.

GOOD-BYE.

WITH sadness, too, patient reader, I now grasp the pen for the last time to say good-bye to you here from the verge of Europe. I have written as one friend writes to another, and you have patiently and—may I hope so?—with interest and sympathy followed me on my journeys in the regions of the Far North; therefore I part from you with sadness.

I have, I said, written as one friend writes to another; judge my production in the same spirit.

I have had no sublime language, no grand ideas to offer you, no profound discourses; what I have tendered you is but a simple narrative of life and nature in the Polar regions where the fir-clad Nomad of the Frigid Zone roams with his strange herd over snow-white wastes under the rays of the flaming Aurora Borealis.

Have I succeeded herein my reward is earned. I desire no other.

Finally, accept my thanks for every sympathetic thought you may have bestowed on me during my life in the Land of the Lapps. And now—good-bye!

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THE AUTHOR.

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